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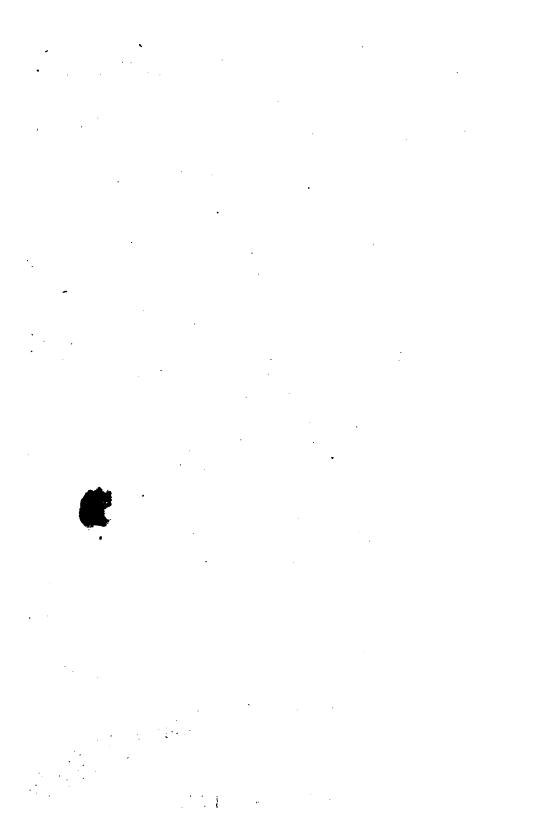
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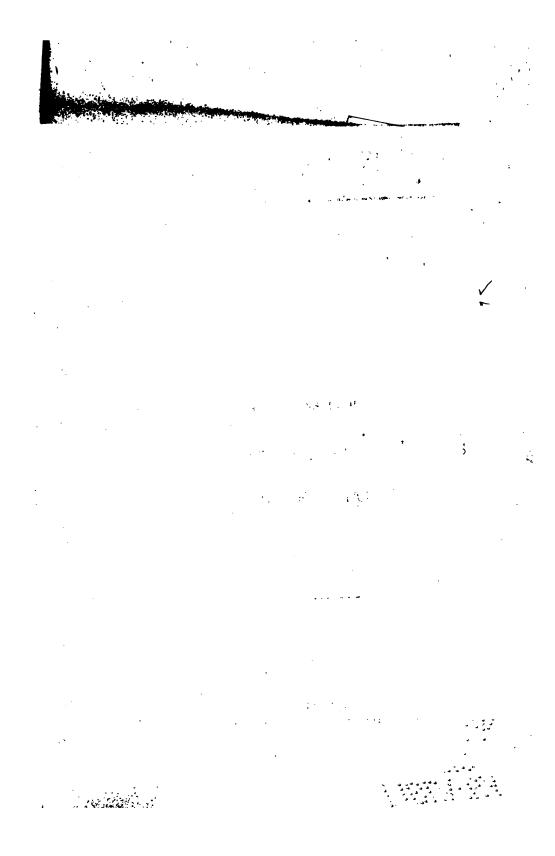
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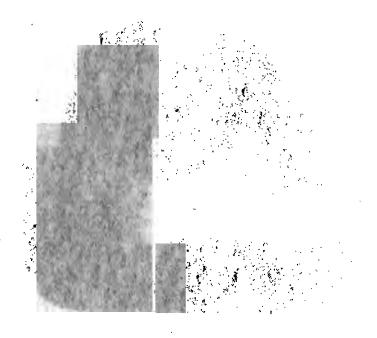
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Julia A. Grant. 1885.



Endre J. Polko





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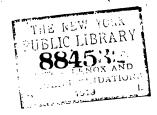
#### SELECTIONS FROM

LITERARY CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE PRESS

By Mrs. E. J. POLK.

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# Her Beloved Husband,

THESE

## Piterany Selegtions

ARE DEDICATED

With the heartfelt, affectionate devotion

-OF--

THE AUTHOR.

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#### A LEAF FROM MY LIFE.

ERHAPS the experience of one who has partly succeeded where so many others have failed, may warn others "how strait is the gate, and narrow the way" that leads to authorship, and "how few there be that find it." I am not addressing those who can lock themselves in libraries free from interruption, with no heavier cares weighing upon them, dividing their thoughts alternately between their real and imaginary worlds.

I speak to those to whom the rising sun brings daily work; whose responsibilities as wife, mother, hostess and friend press heavily upon them; my fair sisters who are like fair lilies at sixteen, and so like withered ones at thirty, by an overtax of their mental and physical powers. I do not remember the period that I did

not have a disposition to write. the fondest dream of my early childhood; for oft would I leave the loved home-circle, where I was ever a petted child, and go to the garret or some place of seclusion and there, with a crumpled piece of paper and pencil, put my thoughts down in pot-hook style and worse composition.

In girl-hood, this day-dream still thrilled my whole being. To be an authoress was the lovely mark to which all my ambi-tions tended. While in boarding school, two years' hard study kept down the af-flatus—but it was not dead, but sleeping. I was always high in composition there and helped others through the dreaded Fridays, which rendered me quite a favorite where, otherwise, I would have been scarce companionable, owing to my

haughty disposition.

My first appearance in print was in composition form—the subject, "My School-mates Ten Years Hence"—published in the Western Recorder, a religious periodical. This composition caused me many hours' hard study, as it was written in French and translated into English. But I was amply remunerated for all my pains one morning, on picking up the paper and finding my composition in print, which my kind preceptor had published as a pleasant surprise for me. I imagined the letters were emblazoned, and the more I gazed upon them, the brighter they became, until I imagined myself no ordinary being. I had a mission to fill. Yes! I must write—I must win fame! I would must write—I must win fame! I would sued from my pen garlanded with rays so make a Hannah Moore, Number Two. bright that one would fail to find them

Already I could raise the misty vail of the future, and see my brow festooned with the draperies of classic lore, and wreathed with the rare flowers of litera-ture. Yes! I could see myself standing upon the lofty pinnacles of fame, far above the rugged crags of doubt and difficulty, whose walls were scarred with the tokens of old wars, and flaming with names carved upon them by earnest determina-nation. Nay! I could see myself drinking rich draughts from the fount where earth's million's strive vainly for a single drop to cool their fevered ambitions. could even see gifted though less fortunate ones, groping for keys to unlock the mysteries which I had solved. A dangerous and fearful height for a boarding school miss of scarce sixteen summers to ascend.

Take warning, my young co-laborers in the field, and don't ascend too rapidly, lest you get a fall from the dizzy heights, which will so cripple you that it will take a whole life of toil to get high enough to even get a glimpse of the lofty pinnacles of fame, where you once stood in such gor-

geous splendor-in imagination!

Such has been the fate of your numble servant. My father was a minister of fine literary attainmenis and taste, and he would often tell me that I had a superior gift of composition and, if I would cultivate it, I would make a woman he would be proud of some day. This only added a new impulse to my overwrought imaginative power, for I always regarded my father with a reverence bordering on idolatry, and to secure his happiness and approbation I would toil with a maddening fury

My mother was a woman of superior intellect, and could, perhaps, see at a glance that her daughter was only an ordinary composition of flesh and blood, and if she reached forth her hand to pluck a laurel from the wreath of fame, she would withdraw it pierced with many a thorn, and only a broken lily in her grasp—which has proved true. I kept up scribbling with unwearied zeal, writing essays and short stories, until 1 married, which occurred a short time after I graduated. In the golden days of honey-moon, love guided my fingers, and many a story is-

five years of my married life, so fraught with housekeeping and baby-tending, the furor scribendi was pretty well kept down, but the inherent disease, though long con-

One day I was embroidering some soft merino for one of my little ones. I said to

myself:
"My life is too narrow—so common, so poor! I will break through it once more, and see if I cannot bring forth something brilliant that my husband will be proud of-that he will not be ashamed to point me out to his friends and say: 'She

is my wife.' "

I could at least reach forth and cull the wayside flowers that I had so much enjoyed in earlier life, and twine them in a simple wreath about my brow that it might look fresher. By consulting my mirror, I could see the lines of care impressed upon my face—so I imagined that by festooning my brow with an evergreen of literature, I should never grow old. One day I read in a literary paper published in the East an offer of two hundred and fifty dollars for the best story of American life. There! if I could write a prize-story, it would at once give me a place in the literary world. I went to work immediately—had plenty of materials to use, it being in the beginning of the late civil war. I laid my plot in Dixie's sunny land and, contrary to my own political predilections and social sympathies, drew a terrible picture of Southern despotism. I wrote on and on, scarce noting time in its flight; and far worse, my husband and children had almost learned to whisper when they came near my sanctum, lest they should interrupt me, and thereby incur my frowns. Fortunately, I had in my house at that time, that rare prodigy, a good servant, who took more interest in my domestic affairs than I did myself; consequently my husband was not driven to a restaurant for his meals, and my children were kept as tidy as my neighbors'. Well, my story was at last finished and sent to the editor, and I anxiously awaited news from it. I kept my own counsel, as I wished to surprise my husband if I succeeded, and didn't want his sympathies if I failed. In truth, I wanted to ascertain the true estimate that he placed upon my writings, as I sent that story with a new signature.

My anxiety was soon put to flight, for in less than two weeks, I received a polite note of acceptance from the editor, accom-

on this terrestrial globe. But in the first | ho! I was nearly beside myself with joy. I did not care a cent for the check. Fame was the bauble I was reaching after, and I now had hold upon it, and I meant but the inherent disease, though long con-cealed, is sure as death, and will come lized some of my fondly cherished daydreams. Alexander, when he had conquered the world, did not feel that he had accomplished more than I had, when I gave the paper to my husband one morning with the story commenced, written by a new authoress. He gave a gruff "hum!" when he saw the heading, for he had no very keen relish for Northern literature founded on the rebellion. ever, he read the story closely for two or three weeks, and I watched him carefully. Finally, one evening I asked him how he liked it. He replied that "it was an effort gotten up by some starved authoress, who had seized the present state of affairs to win a name by showing false color-, knowing that lies would always sell better than truths," but he admitted that the plot was well gotten up. But his closing remarks to me did nor heal the wound. They were these: "I want my little wife to save her pen and paper and have her brain refreshed to heal the ghastly wounds made by the cruel inroads of war.

That story, with my husband's criticism, taught me an important lesson, that I would in future keep out of the roaring billows of politics, and lay my plots in social life, leaving the field clear for great ships, such as Harriet Beecher Stowe. made a full confession to my husband, who urged ne to keep on, which I did, devoting myself with a mad fury, bordering on maniac frenzy, for three years, forgetting my responsibilities to my God, my home, and my fellow creatures. At last I was aroused by a visit from the Angel of Death, who culled one of the brightest jewels that encircled love's coronet, and added it as a new trophy to his crown, and left me with a sad feeling at my heart. But I severed the shackles that held me with such an iron grasp, and devoted my time alternately between my family and pen, endeavoring to lighten up the dark places in my home, which had been darkened by my seclusion from the family cir-The grim monster still claimed another victim from my household band. With unerring aim he pointed his sickle at the husband and father, and then my heart was made to sigh a mournful, melancholy dirge, and I longed to loose the clay fetters which bound me to earth, that I might soar far above the sordid things of time, where I would no longer be faspanied by a check for the money Heigh-cinated by the glittering bauble of fame,

whose shining pinnacles and burnished parapets were ever beckoning me onward. Ah. well I knew that the gorgeous wall which encircled the edifice of fame, concealed sackcloth and ashes for all who covered its treasures. There is no palace on this broad green earth where the reaper does not come. No temple so lofty where jewels can be stored which the hand of time cannot demolish.

Many of the massive stones which once formed the coveted summit of the Temple of Fame have, little by little, crumbled away, and the names inscribed thereon have sunk into the sea of forgetfulness to give place to others far more or less

brilliant.

Feeling all this, yet my mania still remained to write, which I continued to do, though in moderation. I kept down the mad fury, which guided me the first few years of my life, as an authoress. Instead of my sleep being murdered by the constant tax on my brains, absent-minded, nervous, and ho low-eyed, I slept in halcyon quiet, conversed with life and vigor, engaged in romps with my children, and enjoyed life vigorously.
While breathing this new atmosphere, I

again yielded to the soft, sweet pleadings of love, and gave my happiness into the keeping of one whose melting blue eyes and sunny temper completely won my heart; and, with poverty staring me in the face, I married him, whose only fortune was a noble, generous heart, unwavering principle, and a highly cultivated

intellect.

Now I come to the practical part of my I want my sisters in the field to turn a deaf ear to the continual harangue that house-keeping and story-writing will not go together, no more than oil and water will unite. It is all stuff, gotten up by some masculine despot to discourage sensitive women. I do not believe the world will ever produce a female Shakespeare or Milton, nor a woman's hand write grand orations, or create beauty like Apollo's; but I do believe it is just as necessary to have her pen wielded to soften the hard, rough places in life, as it is to have her presence to light up the home of man with joy and sunshine. Let the pen of man be strong and stirring-wielding a mighty influence over the hideous forms of despotism, tearing up by the roots every fibre of tyranny that may dare shoot forth a poisonous sprig in the genial garden of Liberty. But let the pen of woman be wielded in strewing soft, sweet flowers over bloody battle grounds, and smoothing down deep turrows made by shot and and write to enlarge your faculties, to cul-

shell. Let her theme be soft, sweet and beautiful. Let her open a gate in the garden of Nature, where tired spirits can enter, and revel amid roses so bright and fragrant that the atmosphere will be laden with sweet odor. Let her pen be used as a refiner—purifying and ennobling so-ciety, removing everything that is coarse and rough, as the refiner's fire that separates the dross from the pure gold. And when you hear a masculine laugh sarcas. tically, and nudge his companion, saying, "There goes an authores—I will wager that her stockings are minus heels." No such stuff, sir. You doubtless get your information (or slang, more properly termed) from that pretty, doll-faced wife of yours, who never had an idea higher than ribbons and laces; and, in truth, no room for brains inside of a head that carries so large a waterfall; besides, no time for aught else save dressing and making fashionable calls. Take your wife, sir, and place her within the circle of a reading club, composed of intellectual gentlemen and ladies, who meet, perhaps, once a week, to read classic literature, or discuss some subject of a high order, calculated to expand the mind, and she will lack just as much as you imagine our sister's stockings do of heels. Don't think, because we scribble a little, that it disqualifies us for every other duty. It is true that writing can be carried to excess, as I did in the first years of my experience. Just in the same manner can woman bow at the shrine of fashion, until she will become crazed, and not only render her husband's home barren of sunshine, but bankrupt in purse. I can fulfill my domestic duties, laugh and romp with my children, converse with my husband, and not only darn my stockings, but wash them, and then have surplus to devote half my

time to writing.

When I have become weary of the duties of life, and feel a little irritable, then just let me unbar the gate of my writing sanctum, and get one fleeting glimpse of what is within, to tune my lyre, then I can come forth refreshed and invigorated to begin the battles of life anew, ready to meet my husband with a smile, and my

children with caresses.

Then, sister-laborers in the field, don't wear your bodies out, and overwork your brains, seeking for fame, for it is a bauble that will burst in your grasp, and dissolve in vapid air.

The cypress of disappointment lurks beneath the most gorgeous flowers of fame. Turn away from the shrine as a devotee,

tivate your mental being, and gradually God will aid you to strew soft, sweet flowers all along the highway, and as others pass, they will be regaled with the sweet perfume arising from them. Devote a few hours each day to feed your intellect, and you will not only be progressing but advancing others. By so doing you will engraven your name on the hearts of thousands of way-worn travelers. something that will soothe a convulsed heart, that will calm a troubled spirit, that will give rest to a tired soul. In a word, gentle sisters, endeavor to raise the mind of man higher than merely the accumulation of dollars and cents; tell him to leave care in his counting-room, and give him something nice to read, by which his mind will become refreshed. Teach him, woman, to seek a higher and more exalted domestic or social enjoyment, far field in which to move than merely to it only enlarges your capabilities to promenade the streets, with the body life on a larger and grander scale.

decked with ribbons and laces, while the mind is an uncultivated garden of foul weeds. But don't exclude the light from your own home circle while dispensing it to others. Let your little ones go in and out at will, take your pen, and mark your paper if they choose, only tell them that they will cause you trouble if they do, and they will learn to respect your rights from

If your husband wants a button sewed on, lay your pen down and perform that duty with a smiling face, and I will insure you that the first time you ask him for a good book you will find it on your table

soon after.

If God has given you the glorious gift to write, don't abuse it, but improve it; do not imagine that it disqualifies you for domestic or social enjoyment, far from it; it only enlarges your capabilities to enjoy

## GEMS:"



#### NORA MAR.

HAT a lovely night it was—a glimpse of paradise in this lower world of ours, so clear, so soft, so balcony, tired of the hot, crowded ball room, and with half closed eyes, leaned against the pillars and listened. The band was playing Weber's last waltz, and the sweet, sad strain harmonized well with the still, tranquil beauty of the moonlight night, and filled my breast with that strange melancholy which music so often inspires.

There were two large glass doors opening out on the balcony on which I stood, and I watched the figures of the dancers as they floated lightly around the long room. One in particular I watched—the belle of the ball room—the reigning beauty and toast, and the most confirmed flirt that ever made havoc in a gentleman's heart. She looked like a queen, so regal and beautiful, shining in velvet and diamonds, and right royally she reigned over the crowd of adorers, by whom she was ever surrounded. We had been schoolmates together, Nora and I; and in those happy days, when we ate chalk and slate pencils, I little dreamed that she, my warm-hearted little friend, would ever turn out the heartless flirt she was now.

The dance was over, and I saw her take her partner's arm with an indolent grace that became her so well, for a promenade. I did not wonder at the earnest devotion with which that partner hung over her; for never did a more bewitching syren lead the lords of creation to destruction. The dark handsome face with its lustrous midnight eyes, and red, smiling lips-ah! how fair and how treacherous it was. The words of a poem I had many times read came to me as I watched her:

"There was a tender beauty in her face, A smile like magic, A mystic smile in her soft dark eyes Half gay, half tragic, As if the better angel of life At times were grieving
To find that one so fair and young could be
Ever deceiving.''

With a half sigh I turned away, and looked at the high solemn stars, and listening to the dreamy, delicious music, fell into a reverie wherein Nora Mar, the belle and coquette, had no part, when a small hand fell lightly on my shoulder, and a silvery voice sounded in my ear. I looked up, and Nora, in her dark regal beauty, stood before me.

"Dreaming, mon cher, or composing a sonnet to the moon—which?"

"Neither, Nora; but was, in truth, wondering how many hearts you had broken Come, confess to your old

to-night friend.'

"Well, let me see," said Nora, begin-ning to count on her fingers mockingly, "there's Mr. Sloan, the conceited Southern gentleman—he's one, and Mr. Earl, the millionaire—he's two, and the be-witching Will Courtney—he's three; that is all, I think, my dear, and they have followed me like my shadow the whole evening. Heaven defend me from more this time. Oh, dear, how tired I am.

"Tired of flirting, I hope. Oh, Nora Mar, I wonder that you are not ashamed of yourself, deluding poor, artless, unsuspecting young men in this fashion. Where do you expect to go to, I should like to know, when you cross the dark river?"

She laughed a short wicked laugh, and

played with her fan.

"What would you have, Daisy? They will make love to me, and how can I help it? If I don't jilt them, they will jilt me; and so—and so I prefer being on the safe side; fair in war, isn't it?"
"What a delightful opinion you have of

mankind. Are you altogether heartless, Nora, please tell me?"

"By no means; I flatter myself I have as much of that romantic appendage as most of my fellow worms. Like Mrs. Skewton, I am all heart." and she laughed her quiet, malicious laugh again.

"Then why don't you fall in love like a reasonable being, and get married, and have done with it, and not keep shilly-

shallying with a score at a time."

"Fall in love indeed! I had rather be excused," said Nora, with an expressive shrug. "I tried that once, and got enough of it to last me my life time. It is a game

I will never play again, never."
"You in love," said I, incredulously;
"are the heavens about to fall? You who don't know the meaning of the word except from your dictionary; fie, for shame, Nora Mar."

"And yet it is true, strange as it may seem, and you will laugh, but I tell you truly, the thought of it gives me a pain at my heart even to-night. I am done with loving for my life-time, Daisy."

"Well, wonders will never cease. Do tell me about it, Nora, dear."

"Would you really care to know about this miracle?"

"I really would."

"It is not interesting, or strange, or even The most everyday story you ever heard, Daisy."

"No matter, I should like to hear it, Nora Mar in love! Ha! ha! what a par-

agon he must have been."
"He was no paragon, either of beauty or genius. Wait, I will show you his por-

trait,"

I had noticed that Nora had always worn a small gold chain around her neck, but I never knew what was in the locket attached. Now she handed it to me and told me to look inside. I did so, and saw a handsome, fair, resolute, and somewhat boyish face. The large clear eyes looked up with a gay, laughing light, and the dark, curling hair was brushed carelessly off a high, bold forehead. The mouth was perfect, and was just shaded by a dark moustache, and altogether it was a frank, bright and handsome face as I ever looked on—the face of a happy, careless, free-hearted boy. Something in his laughing eye produced an answering smile from me, and Nora, leaning against the balcony, saw it and quietly said, "Well, does it please you?"

"Yes, I like it; it is handsome, frank and expressive of a bright genial heart. It pleases me particularly. And you loved

him, Nora?"
"With my whole heart, as I will never love again, Daisy."

"And did he love you, my beautiful

"No. I thought he did once, but I know he never did. Ah, it was a pleasant dream, and the sharpest pang I ever felt was the awakening from it. Would you was the awakening from it. think, Daisy, the owner of those soft, clear eyes could be a practical, confirmed male flirt?"

"No, indeed. Was he, Nora?"
"Yes, as I found to my cost. Do you

know he jilted me, ma chere?"

She smiled as she spoke, but there was a dark, bitter look in her large eyes which told the whole story. I glanced at the beautiful girl in open wonder.

"Discarded you! Oh, Nora, it is im-

possible."

"Do you think so? If it was I would have been a far different woman to-day. What a pity those we love do not always love us. <sup>\*</sup> Listen, do you hear that?"

It was the German band within playing "Love Not." She drew a long breath, and looked up at the night sky, which was

so quiet.
"I have never heard it since we parted, Daisy, but it brings back the dull, heavy heart ache with which I listened to it then. And he—I wonder what he thinks when he hears it?"

"What was his name, Nora?"

"Willis Sanford. Do you know it is two years since I have spoken the name before, Daisy?"

"Where did you meet him? I wish you

would tell me all about it."

"I promised to, didn't !? Well, it is over two years since I went to Saratoga, one summer, with Aunt Mary and the Ah! that summer; it was the happiest of my life. I was no flirt then, Daisy.'

"I wish you could say the same now, Nora.''

"So do I, with all my heart; but never mind. I had only come out the previous winter, and had not yet become blase. entered into all the excursions and parties with delightful zest—believed in everything and every one with child-like confidence. What a pity that one loses faith

in the world as one grows older."
"Grows older! And how old do you

happen to be, Mrs. Methusala?"
"Twenty. I am falling in the sere and yellow leaf, you perceive," she said with a laugh.

"You are, with avengeance. Well, go on." "The week after our arrival he came. Ah, I remember the evening so well; we were indulging in a hop in the saloon, when I heard an unusual bustle and excitement near the door, and gay voices were giving gay welcomes in laughing tones. Wondering what new arrivals the merry greeting was for, I threw myself on a seat and watched the group until they suddenly dispersed; and I saw my cousin Nettie coming toward me leaning on his arm—the one love of my life. What are you laughing at, Daisy?"

"Your sentimental tones—go on, Nora,

pray pardon me."

"Ah, you may laugh at such things, Daisy, but it was no laughing thing to me. I thought as you did just now—that I never saw a handsomer face. But I knew, even with my short experience, the proprieties too well to let him see I thought so. Nettie introduced us, and Willis asked me to waltz with him, and I did. Such a beautiful waltzer he was-so graceful and easy. Well, what are you laughing at

now, you prosaic creature?"
"Your enthusiasm; the idea of your going into ecstacies over a man's dancing. Who would think, Nora, you were ever

such a goose?"

"I tell you again, it is no small matter for a man to be a good dancer, in my eyes, and in that of most girls, too-and Willis. I never saw such a beautiful dancer. I thought so then and I have thought so ever since, Daisy, and I will ever think the same while I live."

"Oh, of course, he was perfection. Every girl thinks the individual she happens to be in love with is. A happy delusion, from which they awaken a week or so after they are married to this precious darling, to this model hero, to this paragon of excellence. What next, pray go

ón."

Nora started up in a passion—"Upon my word, Daisy, you are the most provoking, sarcastic, disagreeable girl I ever had the misfortune to meet. If you don't stop your sneering, sarcastic tone, I won't say another word."
"I cry your mercy," said I laughingly.

"I surrender at discretion. Go on, did you fall in love with him or his dancing first?"

"I don't know. I did not know what love meant, save from hear-say, until that night. We waltzed, then strolled together to look at the moonlight, and talk, and quote poetry, and listen to the music, which all had a new and dreamy delight to me—the old story, you see. Dalsy, were you ever in love?

"Me! Heaven forbid. Why?"

"Because if you want to keep heart-whole, never stroll by moonlight with a handsome fellow, who quotes poetry and sings 'Love Not.' If you do, your doom is sealed."

"Did Willis sing 'Love Not'?"

"Yes; how that band recalls it now. had heard it often before, but never as he sung it on that night-it did sound the most touching thing on earth. You may laugh-you are given to that sort of thing you know—but my eyes were full of tears—when he stopped."

"You were a little goose, and he"-"He smiled and said he liked 'Jim Crow' Wasn't that a confession to make?"

"Yes; but go on."

"That evening I learned my first lesson in love. I listened to the song of 'Love Not,' and heard the last note of it with an additional blending of pleasure and pain. I know the gentle pressure of his hand at parting sent a thrill to my very heart; and under the bright, penetrating glance of his clear, blue eyes, my own fell in soft blushes. I don't think I could blush now blushes. I don't if I tried, Daisy."

"I don't think you could, either. Who ever heard of a fashionable belle blushing? Did Willis cast his eyes down and blush,

too, Nora?"

"No, indeed! Don't ask such absurd questions. Hark! What was that?"

The balcony door was ajar, and I fancied I saw some one come out and disappear in the shadow near.

came out.

"It was nothing," said I. "Some one ame out. Go on; I am anxious." "I am afraid my dreams were disturbed that night by the glances of blue eyes, and the gleaming of curling hair; and that his name was the first in my heart when I awoke. I am afraid, too, that the thought of seeing him at breakfast table caused me to take particular pains with my toilet, and hurry down in such a flutter of spirits. If so, my haste was rewarded, for he was the first person I met, and there was a second edition of the blushing and cast down of eyes of the previous evening performed on the spot."

"Why, Nora," I exclaimed, "what a simpleton you must have been. Why, he could tell with half an eye that you were dead in love with him, couldn't he?"

"Of course he could—he knew it from the first as well as you do now; but how was I to help it; it was no new thing for him, though, for the girls fell in love with him wherever he went-and I was as great an idiot as any of the rest. I cannot tell how it was. I had seen men far handsomer in my time, and I never gave them a thought, but there was a nameless fascination about Willis-agay, dashing, careless freedom, that irresistibly won all hearts, and I was so charmed by his way that I loved him long before I knew it, with no flimsy school-girl love, either; but one that is destined to last for a life time. Is all this sentiment boring you, Daisy?"

"Oh, go on; it is no matter, I can stand it, I guess. I will take a dose of strengthening cordial on retiring to brace my over-taxed nerves," said I with a yawa.

Nora looked daggers at me for a moment, then burst out into a loud laugh,

exclaiming

"Well, I don't wonder at your credulity. Sentiment from Nora Mar must sound rather oddly; but the past comes looming up before me so strangely to-night that I hardly know myself. And that morning, it seems only like yesterday, Willis proposed a walk, and we went, I don't know where nor what we talked about; but I do know we were gone two hours, and that we talked all the way, and that I came back with a happy glow on my face and a warm flutter at my heart that I never felt before. Some half a dozen were lounging about the piazza of the hotel as we came up, and smiles and glances were ex-changed as they saw us."

"'Here come our truants.' cried Nettie. 'We thought we never were going to see you again. Why, Nora, what has come to you this morning. Look at her, good tolks, one would think she had received a

baptism. What a radiant face.'

'Perhaps Mr. Sanford can account for it, 'said another. 'A morning walk seems to agree with our pretty Nora

"Blushing, and half angry, I broke away from them, and ran up to my room, fol-

lowed by Nettie."

"My dear Nora,' she said, half laughing, half serious, "do take care of your heart, and don't let Willis Sanford get it, for, I promise you, it will be lost love. He is not a marrying man, for one thing, and he is a professional flirt—perfect lady-killer. So take care, ma chere cousine."

"No danger," said I, pettishly. "I am not afraid of him. Falling in love is a complaint I am not much troubled with,

is it?

"Well, I always thought so up to the present,' said Nettie; 'but you certainly betrayed incipient symptoms of it this morning. So I, at least thought, Nora, and I deem it no harm to put you on your

"Forewarned is forearmed, laughed I, as I hastened down to breakfast. I will heed my cousin's warning, and be on my

guard."

"But, though I laughed at it, Daisy, the words of my Nettie gave me a miserable could not account for. What was it to me, I said to myself, whether Willis Sanford was a first or not? He and I were only chance acquaintances—would never be more-it could not make the slightest possible difference to me. If he wanted to flirt could not I return the compliment? Other girls did it, why not I? Very

plausible sophistry, was it not, Daisy?" "Very. Did you put it into practice, my dear?"

"I tried to; but, alas, it is not so easy flirting when you are so desperately in love as I was. We were inseparable the love as I was. We were inseparable the next two weeks—ever together, dancing, walking or riding, and people began to say we were engaged, or I was the veriest simpleton that ever wore a crinoline. Aunt Mary tried to find out how matters stood, but I managed somehow to avoid her, and kept my own counsel. We were not engaged. He had never in his life said in so many words, 'Nora, I love you,' but his eyes said it a thousand times; and I, idiot as I was, believed their soft glances, false as they were, and thought myself the hap-piest girl in the world. If false to others, I thought he would be true to me."

"Well, you were undeceived before long,

I presume?"

"Yes. A new star rose in the horizon, and he turned towards it. A Miss Vane came, a small fairy-like pink and white doll, with yellow curls and violet eyes, an heiress, and heaven knows what else. Well, Daisy, the moment she came I was neglected, forgotten, forsaken. I was to him as if I had never been. He mot me with a cool bow, and parted with the same, and the dainty little princess, Frostina, as they called her, became his all-absorbing idol. Oh, Daisy, I nearly went wild. Aunt received a hasty summons back to the city, and departed hurriedly, taking me with her; and so ended my first love dream, and a bitter one it has been to me, darling friend. Pride took the place of love, mingled with an intense, burning desire for vengeance; and so I became what I am—what I have been ever since—a confirmed coquette. That is my story; how do you like it, Daisy?"
"Ah, indeed. Have you ever met him since?"

"Yes, once. "Oh, Daisy, pity me; I have opened the wound, and my heart aches wretchedly to-night."

"Where did you see him, dear?" said I,

a little touched.

"Here, to-night," she replied.

in yonder ball room now."
"Oh, Nora, did he speak to you? Is he

married?"

"No, to both questions. I don't think he saw me, for I came out as soon as I saw him."

"I wonder he is not married," said I, again.

"So do I; but it is nothing to me

"Nora, do you love him still?"

"Yes, more than I will ever care for any

one else in this world, Daisy."
"Thank heaven for that," fervently exclaimed a third voice, and the dark figure I had seen emerged from the shadow and stood beside Nora. He looked in her eyes for a moment and exclaimed.

"Oh, Nora! Nora! My precious darling, and I have loved you all these years, too."
She uttered a faint, plaintive cry, and

turned so white I thought she was going to faint. Perhaps Willis Sanford thought so too, for he caught her in his arms, and pressed pure, burning kisses on her brow and lips. I saw in him the original of the beautiful picture I had looked at a few minutes before.

I waited to see no more; I imagine it was just as well. Dear reader, don't you think I acted wisely when I left them to their own tete-a-tete?

And Nora and Willis were left to come to a mutual understanding as best they might. It however took them a great while to do it, but their conference ended at last, and Nora sought me before going to bed to tell me the sequel of her tale, her eyes and face all radiant with joy.

And then it turned out that Willis had

been as desperately in love with her as she was with him; and that Miss Vane, with all her baby-faced beauty was only his cousin, and he had only flirted with her to make Nora jealous, and, consequently, a

little more in love with him.

Then he was startled by her hasty de-parture, and his business had prevented him following her immediately, and the next he heard of her was her desperate flirting, and he had set himself down as her life.

one of her many victims, and labored under the dismal decision that she had only been amusing herself with him, as well as the rest of her numerous admirers, until he accidently heard our conversation on the balcony.

"Lots of other things he said, too," said Nora, "but I will not tell you all, nor how many times he kissed me; for that is our business, Daisy, for he is my assanced husband, and oh, I am so happy. Done for-ever with this tiresome flirting, and this seeming heartlessness. Oh, Daisy, what will the world say when they learn that the beautiful icicle is warmed—that Nora Mar is positively going to get married. Heigh-ho, won't sympathetic mammas feel immensely comfortable in regard to their love-sick sons. I am really surprised myself, Daisy, but I believe I have talked you to sleep; so good-night. Remember, just two weeks from this, I solicit your services as bridesmaid. Will you believe it, darling, Willis urged me to consent to marry in a few days. Shocking! What would Mrs. Grundy say to such indecent haste?"

Well, I attended the wedding, and had a real good time; ate cake and drank wine to the health and long life of the regallybeautiful bride, who shone in indescribable splendor in diamonds and rich laces. And I am happy to inform you, gentle reader, that Willis Sanford made a model husband. She, my friend Nora, loved her husband dearly, and made his home a perfect paradise with her fond devotion to him, and she often tells me she never regretted confessing to me the one love of

#### HEARTS AND HANDS.

HAT in the world are you perched up in the window for, Nell, at this time of night?—tinkering and it time to dress for the party. Are

you crazy, child?"

"O Kathie! I am so glad you have come. Do show me how to fix these provoking

"I must warm myself first. I am almost frozen. John wouldn't drive fast because that beloved 'bay' of his had a shoe loose."

blush that mantled the pretty face of Nellie Page. "Where is he now?"

"Oh, gone down to Ned Standish's chambers to rig up. The men are just as vain as we are—only they won't own to it."

"I don't think John is vain," said Nellie

hesitatingly.

"Ah, my innocent Abigail; you don't know everything yet. You never had a brother who would persist in combing his handsome head at your glass, Sunday mornings, because it was the most becom-"Ah, John is going to the parly, then," mornings, because it was the most becom-and the fast-gathering twilight hid the

on tiptoe-thankful if you caught even a glimpse of your phiz over his shoulderor just when you were slyly trying on your new bonnet, have him rush in, frantically, after some pins, and coolly monopolize the mirror again, whilst he pinned his collar to his liking—tinishing up by saying, "Do pull down my pantaloons, Kathic, a little more over my boots—they seem short. There—that will do—I am in such a hurry. I want to carry Nellie to church in my new buggy. Then be off like a shot—upsetting your band-box in his flight, and while on keep swallowing down something that keeps rising in your throat at the thought of the new buggy that would once have carried you first, and the new love that once was all your own. Aye, Nellie, what are you blushing for? I am willing he should love you best now, my precious darling, but at first it was hard."

"I wonder if Ned Standish has not something to do with your wonderful resigna-tion, 'said the demure Nellie.

The tables were turned, now, on Kathie,

who rose, saying snappishly:
"Do get up, Nell, and get to work.
Don't you want to see my new dress?—or do you take an interest in anything, tonight?"

"Oh yes, Kathie, let me see your dress," said Nell, woman-like, and, springing up, she rang the bell; and to the servant who

entered, said:

"George, light the gas quick, and then go down stairs and bring up Miss Ledvard's box.

Soon the gas flashed its cheerful light over the room; then exit well-trained servant, who returned, in a twinkling, with

the box, and the words:
"Mr. Ledyard is below, miss, and wishes

to see his sister a moment."

"Come down, Nell, and see John."

"How can I, and no hoops on; you for-

"It serves you just right for being so And with these consoling words Kathie left, while Nellie flung herself on the bed in a pet because she couldn't go down to see John.

"Oh! see what John brought me! Now, Nell, you are too bad, lying there with your arms under your head, doing nothing; and your hoops to fix yet."
"But, Kathie, what did your brother

bring you?"

"Just see-the most beautiful necklace of pearls! Isn't he the dearest, darlingest John that ever lived?"

Nell thought he was, but did not say so. "John would have been delighted to present you with its fellow, Nell; but as

you refused to accept the watch, he does not dare to offer you a gift."

"Mother does not approve of my accepting gifts from gentlemen, Kathie; and your brother's was such a costly one. Had it been some simple gift I should not have hesitated to accept it from such an old friend.

"Well then, John commissioned me to beg your acceptance of this trifle," said the girl, bringing her hand from behind her back, where she had held it. "It is a papier mache box (as Mrs. Delany would call it), with a dozen pairs of Levy's assorted kids in it—No. 6's—to fit your fairy paw. Also this bouquet."

"John is most generous. Yes, I will accept his gift this time. The flowers—are they not beautiful?"

"Hurry up now, Nellie, I will help you fix your hoops, for we must be there by nine o'clock.

'I don't believe I'll go, Kathie."

"Now, Nell Page, you know that's a point-blank lie," said the eccentric Kate; "there is not a rope in the city strong enough to tie you at home to-night—and it is your birth-night. I should say these hoops were in a rather forlorn condition. This is a regular compound fracture, Nell. Give me a couple of pieces of whalebone and a string, and I'll soon doctor it up. Now, just tell me why you didn't get a new set? There is something under this. You that have your allowance of pinmoney every month.'

"Oh! because I am broke -spent all my money, and did not like to present an empty purse to papa again this month.'

Just at that moment, a curly-head peeped round the foot of the bed; and Mary, the household pet, said:

"I can tell 'ou why sister Nellie didn't dit new hoops; 'cause she dived all her money to the 'ittle rad-picker dirl-'cause mamma her was sick. Mamie saw her diven it.'

"That's just like you, Nell. I knew it was something of that kind. You will give the clothes off your back, next. Nell, for all I am a harum-scarum thing, I revere-yes, that's the word-I revere you for your nobleness of heart, your benevolence and true piety."

"Picty! Oh, Nell, don't—and I preparing for a party!"
"Humph! And pray what harm does going to a party do your religion? Nell, your religion is purer—more deeply engrafted in your heart—than half those long-visaged saints who are heard for their 'much speaking.' Do you think a sociable gathering—such as we will meet at Rivers' to-night—a sin?'

"That is just my trouble, Kathie. Every party I go to, my conscience hurts me. cannot feel right about it; and I think if it was right for me to go, I would not feel so. Mother says if it has this effect upon me I should not go, and thereby do vio-

lence to my conscience."
"Well, I've no time to take a philosophical view of the subject to-night. I believe you are nearer the Kingdom, Nellie, than you dream. I sometimes wish, dearie, that you were not quite so sober." Then, archly: "But you will make all the better wife for John."

A flush rose to the fair brow.

"I will never be his wife, Kathie. In the first place, he has never asked me; and 1 have, besides, a presentiment that on earth we will never be more to each other than

we are now,"

"Pshaw! I don't believe in 'presenti-ments'—it's your digestion impaired, or dyspepsia—or something, Nell. I tell you, you are made for one another. John is always hesitating about going to a party, or to the opera, or to any other place of amusement, talking about his 'inner teelings'—his 'sense of right,' etc. I believe the trouble with you both is your liver; for I can't possibly see any harm in going to parties."
"Well, I don't know, Kathie. I will tell

you just what I think—don't laugh, Kathie, but listen; I think—in both John's case and mine—it is wrong to fight against our own sense of right. What hurts our conscience must be wrong, Kathie. I believe it is as much 'grieving the spirit' as though we did some act that the world would deem a far greater wrong; and, Kathie, I have this night decided, that this is the last large party I will ever attend."

"Well, Nellie, we won't argue further to-night, for this night you must go. I want you to outshine Mabel Bell. She is making a dead set at John, and I want him to love no one but my darling Nellie."

The sweet, patient face flushed, then

faded, as she said:

"Kathie, you pain me. You are blinded, dear, by your own wishes, or you could see that John is learning fast to love Mabel, while he loves me as only the friend of his boyhood. I will not deny to you, dear friend, that I love John. You have known that since we were almost children. I know that you will not betray me to him -first your own high sense of honor would prevent; and secondly, you know it would only injure my cause. You know if we 'fly love it will follow us,' and vice versa. If I am ever John's wife, it must be his own free will and choice. I will

never try to win him. As for Mabel, she is talented, and oh, so handsome! and I

can see that she loves him."

"You must wear a pair of John's gloves to-night, and carry his bouquet. Oh, I fairly despise Mabel Bell! she has grown so insufferably proud; and she tries to 'win' John hard enough, (here, hook my dress, and tie my sash in a bow-knot). You are so stiff, you won't try to be my sister," and tears started in the saucy black eyes.

"Never mind, dearie. If John marries Mabel, you will come to live with me. Won't that do, Kathie? We will be old maids together. Oh, I forgot Ned Standish altogether."

Kathié smiled through her tears.

"Hark! there is the door-bell-and it is John's voice—and my face all tears. Run down, Nellie, and entertain him for a few moments."

Nellie entered the well-lighted parlors looking like an angel-only angels have not such a rich bloom on their cheeks.

"Ah, Nellie! you are passing beautiful

to-night!"

And pressing the little hand within his own, he led her to a seat. Lovingly he looked into the beautiful brown eyes-those wells of truth and purity. Mabel Bell was forgotten, and John thought the half-hour he spent alone there with Nellie was one of the most pleasant of his life.

All is mirth and revelry within a splendid mansion "down town." Beautiful forms are floating hither and thither. Music and flowers, jewels and perfume, intellectual conversation and small-talk mingle together. As one paces up and down the handsome rooms, one catches a little here and there on vastly different subjects, which—like reading across the columns of a newspaper—is sometimes vastly amusing. In one corner, stands two wrinkled, parchment-skinned Wall street "shavers;" and, as we pass, we eatch the words "on change," and "strocks". Again a tall hald-headed man "stocks." Again, a tall, bald-headed man passes us, and we catch the tail-end of a philosophical essay, here a smattering of theology, there a half-dozen words on pantheisin, etc. We weary of this, and pass down the other side, where the mammas and their dear Arabellas or Aramintas are seated or standing. Here we catch a trifle of moonlight and eternal constancy; of diamonds, brocade, and the trials of servant girls. Pass we on to an alcove, and we are just in time to see a fair hand raised to a moustached lip, and hear the words:

"Dear Nellie, you have been my guard-

ian-angel from a boy. I have something to say to you, Nellie—but not here. I—"
"John, where are you? Mrs. Rivers wants you and I to sing. Pest! if Mabel

Bell had been here, I should not have been pressed to 'Do, dear Miss Ledyard, sing for us-that's a darling.' Ugh! John, I am getting to despise society."

"I am happy to hear it, my sister."

As the trio passed down the room, they saw, standing close by the piano, the haughty, regal Mabel Bell. Kate bit her lip, and the slightest shade of pallor settled round the sweet lips of Nellie Page.

'Tis two hours later. The tide, as it ebbs and flows through the handsome rooms, has grown lazy, the hum of conversation sounds afar off, and the flowers -human and exotic-droop their pretty heads languidly. A little way off, within the conservatory, stands a man and woman-perhaps I should write it gentleman and lady, as the word woman, I am told, is obsolete! He was tall and nobly formed, and the misty splendor of his eyes thrilled one through and through. And the lady? "O ye gods and little fishes!" (a la Kathie Ledyard) she was radiant! splendid! magnificent! of a beauty indescribable! The midnight of her eyes and hair, combined with the intense pallor of the beautiful face, was startling—a kind of beauty that would win men from their integrity in spite of themselves. But alas! the robe of black velvet covered a false, cold heart, and the bandeau of oriental pearls upon the marble brow were not more senseless and void of soul than she. Angels, as they gazed upon so fair a temple, might have wept over the priceless jewels within, perverted and neglected.

"Mabel, darling, your beauty is resplendent, to-night. O Mabel! one forgets everything but your own peerless self, longing to fall down and worship so

fair a structure."

The lady thought the opportunity a good one to bring him "to the point;" so, letting her regal head fall upon his shoulder, she murmured:

"John-dear John!"

Then came the eclaircissement-Nellie, everything, was forgotten; and gathering his beautiful destiny close to his heart, John Ledyard poured forth burning words of love and adoration. As he did so the moon crept under a cloud, and the very flowers seemed to droop their heads languidly, as though in sorrow; and their perfume, that before had been so pure and refreshing, now made one faint, as though some deadly miasma were floating in the

Visit we now another spot. 'Tis a pleasant, cheerful home-chamber—pure and beautiful. The carpet is a white ground, with blue flowers trailing over it. Cottage furniture of white, with a border of blue forget-me-nots, a writing-desk, a small book-case, a few pictures, and a small Psyche mirror. A niche in the wall, in which hung a bracket, supporting a Cupid, these are the appointments of that pretty room. Over the bed, from the white heart of a tulip, burnt a faint light. Beside the bed knelt Nellie Page; and as the words: "John, dear John," fell from the lips of the beautiful Circe in the conservatory many blocks away, from Nellie's came the words:

"Bless him, my beloved one, O Father! and let his feet never stumble by the

The very atmosphere of that pleasant room was pure—pure as the young girl that knelt to pray. Though her heart was swelling high with sorrow, Nellie was at peace. And wherefore? Because her earth path led "beside the still waters."

The guests are assembled in the house of Mrs. Bell-Mabel's aunt. The man of God was there to join hands and hearts together. John Ledyard, the noble but blinded man, gave his heart, Mabel her hand. Heart she had none to give; it had been divided among a score of lovers long ago. The play was: "Hands, not hearts." The lady gave a lily hand in exchange for a noble heart and a full coffer. Ledyard nad the before-mentioned lily hand, great beauty, and nothing else—for her soul would fit neatly in a thimble.

In an upper chamber stands the haughty bride in the usual bridal array - diamonds, lace, satin, orange flowers. Almost inveloping her figure was a vail of the richest lace—a vail whose gorgeous pattern almost concealed the triumphant face be-Triumphant, because she had now a rich husband, and because she had won him from Nellie Page. She chose Nellie and Kathie for bridesmaids, and they both accepted. Kathie, because she could not help herself; Nellie, because by so doing she thought to conceal the anguish at her heart. In an inner room sat Nellie, purely beautiful in rose-colored silk and pearls. At the farthest extremity of the apartment paced Kathie, looking saucy and co-quettish, in blue brocade and point-lace.

"Why don't you sit down, Kathie? You make me nervous, tearing up and down like a caged lioness. Do sit down."

'Let me alone, Nell; I can't be quiet; and besides, I have no sitting place with all this stiff rigging about me: I do hate

to be dressed up so fine. The truth of it is, Nellie, I am ready to explode. I despise Mabel Bell, and very nearly despise John for being such a fool. I don't know how you can take it so quietly."

Then looking upon the patient face she thought of why she took it so quiet; and stooping down she kissed the white brow,

saying:
"Forgive me, darling, it is for you I feel so angry and grieved."
"I know it, Kathie, my old friend."

"I presume it is time to go down stairs

and see this farce played out. John I see, has just gone into Mabel's room."

From the half-opened door, poor Nellie

could see and hear all that passed between her heart's idol and Mabel Bell.

"Oh! my royal lady!—my Venus di Medicis!—my darling!" And John Ledyard passed his arm around the beautiful

woman, lovingly.
"Do be careful, Mr. Ledyard. You will crush my robe."

A pang shot to the man's heart; and he silently gave his arm to the proud woman and the bridal party went below. A few moments more, and the magic words were spoken that made them one. Then the bridal vail was removed from the beautiful bride, and she stood in her peerless beauty to receive the congratulations of her friends. The evening was one of triumph for Mabel, one of inward anguish for Nellie, and of anger and regret for Kate. Ned Standish wondered at the spasmodic twitchings of his merry, sunny-hearted Kate; and the stranger that stood with Nellie noticed that once or twice she leaned heavily upon his arm.

On the morrow, the "happy couple" left for Europe—the bride wishing to spend her honeymoon there, and to spend part of her husband's money for French robes. Like all the rest of the bon ton, she must go "abroad." Of their departure, or of their wanderings on trans-atlantic shores, we will not speak. Your tour through Europe, my friend, was like theirs; your parting may have been more sad, for Mabel Ledyard left none she loved behind her; her aunt, the only friend she had, returned with them to her home in England.

Five years have passed away. 'Tis midsummer. In a beautiful home, a few miles from Philadelphia, we find Mr. and Mrs. John Ledyard. The lady's beauty is unimpaired; but the husband looked pale, and frail. His large eyes were sunken, and his white temples hollow, and every little while a racking cough shook his

"I am perfectly sick of America, Mr. Ledyard. I do wish you would sell out, and let us go to England. I think, when you know that I wish it, and that my friends there wish me to come, that it is very stiff and selfish of you to refuse me."

"I am very sorry you think so, Mabel. I have not intended to be selfish. But, ma belle, even were it prudent on account of my health, I could not for other reasons. Oh, my wife! if I could see you happy! I am failing day by day, and my weakness is augmented on account of my You know, dear, that my busibusiness. ness affairs are sadly disarranged. I fear every hour that the crash may come. O Mabel! what will become of you, my proud-petted darling, if I die and leave you poor? O Mabel! come and put your arms about me, for this beautiful summer night I feel most wretched."

But the woman only shrugged her white

shoulders, and said:

"Pshaw, John, you are nervous, and have a touch of the hypo, that is all; and as for your business, that is fair enoughyou are growing close and miserly.'

Three months from that time, the red flag of the auctioneer hung from the window of the Ledyard mansion. A fortnight later, and we find our friends domesticated in a small, but tasteful cottage, a mile be-

yond.

Once again it is spring-time—almost a year from the time the Ledyard mansion was sold. It is now late in May. Let us enter the pleasant cottage, and look upon our friends once more. Upon a lounge reclines that well-beloved John of Nellie A fearful flush is on his and Kathie. cheek, and his laugh falls harshly upon There is no one in the pleasant the ear. sitting-room but the invalid and his sister. Kathle shook up the snowy pillows, and pressed a kiss upon the dear brow; then sat down to read aloud. The summer wind creeps in the low lattice, and stirs the invalid's damp hair-refreshing to the feverish cheek and brow. The sweet, clear voice is soothing—and, by and by, grew fainter and fainter to his listening ear; and the Father above "giveth his beloved sleep"—not the sleep of death, but the calm, refreshing slumber that he had been needing all day long. And as Kathie reads: "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters"—wondering at the unusual stillness, she raised her eyes and found he was sleeping. How thankful she was to see his poor frame at rest, for he had been suffering more than usual and had been unable to sleep. Rising, she soft-ly closed the inside shutters, and left him to repose.

And where is Mabel Ledyard, now that her husband is ill and dying? About six months ago, she had gone to visit her friends in England, and had never returned. Her haughty pride could not brook his altered fortunes. With her friends she has found ease; and it is not hard for her to teach herself forgetfulness of the dying man at home.

As Kathie entered the pleasant kitchen, shadow darkened the doorway, and Nellie Page entered.

"How is John, to-day, Kathie?"

Kathie burst into tears.

"Nellie, there is no use in you and I deceiving ourselves any longer. John is fad-ing day by day. Sometimes I feel almost resigned. John is a true christian now; and if he lives he will never be happy; for Mabel Ledyard is a woman that no man be ninety!" and she will live to "Have you written her of his extreme illness, Kathie?" could be happy with; and she will live to

Yes—and she writes that her health is too delicate for her to cross the ocean, unless we are sure he cannot recover-to give him her love, and please keep her apprised as to the state of his health. Nellie, she never loved him. It was his money she sought, and when it was gone she cared nothing for him. O my noble, precious brother! O Nellie, if you had been his wife!'

"Hush! Kathie!" It was all the pale

lips could utter.

"He loved you, Nellie. It was only her glorious beauty and arts that won him from you. Do not weep, Nell; I feel that it is no harm to tell of it, now that you are to lose him so soon. He told me not to tell you until he died; but I thought, perhaps, it would help you to bear the parting. His mind wanders at times; one moment calling for Mabel, the next pleading with you for forgiveness."

At this moment the sick man called.

Kathie flew into the room:

"What is it, my brother?"
"Kathie, I thought I heard Nellie's voice. If she is here, dear, I want to see her. My precious, pure-hearted Nellie! It is no harm to love her now, sister; for Mabel has deserted me, and I am almost

done with earth. Nay, Kathie, never weep, child; it is better so."

So Nellie came and sat by him for an hour, talking of many things; of the pleasant night, with its perfume; of the far heaven to which he was going, but not one word of the love swelling their

had ever loved; the splendor of his glorious eyes dimmed; the rich, dark locks that would form themselves into curls in spite of his brushing, now lying damp and lustreless upon the pillow scarce whiter than the lofty brow it sup-ported. Nellie looked without and saw the beauty of that pleasant home; saw the flowers, and trees, and beautiful river; heard the sweet country sounds of birds, and leaf-music; the drone-like music of the river frogs; the hum of the insects; then looked at the dying man, and thought with a bursting heart of what might have been. Ah, that dreary might have been! God help us all, for He holds us in the hollow of His hand. Poor Nellie! she could illy brook this sorrow; it was her first; she had not drank enough from that bitter cup to be calm. Those to whose lips it is presented often learn to drink it silently even tearlessly, crushed into quietness because of the depth of their woe. To Nellie it was so new, she felt like flinging it off, like making outcries and bitter moanings. There have been others such as she, who learned, in after years, to hold back their tears, and watch with tearless anguish the last breath flutter out from loved lips, dearer far than their own life. Poor Nellie! The evening star looking in upon them so pleasantly seemed a bitter mockery. Memory was at work; it always is busy in such hours as these. As the sweet-scented apple-blossoms came drifting in at the window and lodging upon her dress, she thought of the night five years ago, when he who now lay stricken with death, first told her he loved her. She remembered that he made a wreath of the pale apple-blossoms and bound it about her brow, and that just as he placed it there, Mabel Bell came up and prevented further conversation.

After this Nellie came and sat with the sick man every day—her mother taking her place at night. Bitter tears the mother of Nellie shed over the son of her old school friend; and often as she bent over him at night, when exhausted by those terrible night-sweats, his pale lips sylla-bled the sweet name of "mother." It was with her consent that Nellie came every day to sit with him. She saw that he was passing away, and saw no impropriety in her child helping to smoothe his passage to the grave. No engagement had ever passed between the two, but Ledyard had loved her from a boy, and continued te love her until won away by the bewildering beauty and feigned sweetness of Mabel Bell. But hearts. Nellie's heart was at the flood. the sad end was near at hand; he had lived There lay dying the only one she much longer than they had expected; but now he failed rapidly, and those who loved him best saw that the dread hour drew on

apace.

Summer drifted into autumn; and when the crimson and gold sheen of that beautiful and sad season painted forest and treetop with its glory, the change came. Propped up with pillows the dying man lay, life ebbing with every breath. It was hard to pass away, and life so full of beauty; but beyond this dark valley lay the golden city. Beside him sat Mrs. Page, and kneeling close by him was Nellie. Kathie stood with folded arms, looking upon that precious brother whose name had been seldom off her lips. Hers was one of those strong, self-reliant natures that cannot weep their grief away; but such ones often madden.

"Kathie, will Mabel come—my beautiful

Mabel?"

"There is no letter yet, brother; but,

you know, she promised to come."

"I shall never see her more, and Mabel will regret it when it is too late. She loved me once. Where is Nellie, my faithful one? Come closer, dear ones; growing dim—earth is fading." life is

It was sad to watch that death-scene. The noble man, with the death-dew gathering on his white forehead, the weeping Nellie, and the tearless Kathie. But why dwell on such a scene? Few households so happy as not to have furnished its counf terpart. A little while—a brief hour o anguish—and all was over. Ah! this cruel, relentless death! We know our friends are "not lost, but gone before;" know they are not wholly gone from us. We see across the river of death, in the blue distance, the smoke of his cottage. But oh, after all this is said, the loneliness and desolation is left all the same.

It is evening. The sun is just sinking to rest, as a traveling carriage draws up to the cottage door, and from it alights Mabel Ledyard. To Kathie, who met her atthe door, she said, carelessly:

"How is John?"

"He is better, madam-better than he has ever been before. It is my wish, madam, that you re-enter that carriage and return to your friends. You shall not see my brother."

'Stand aside, Miss Ledyard, and let me pass. I would see my husband. 1 will

inform him of this disrespect."

A sudden thought struck the girl, and she let the haughty woman pass. Entering the darkened room, she could not see plainly at first, but followed a streak of sunlight that fell aslant the room, till it led her to the window-then she saw the sunlight fall aslant a white brow, and dark locks, that she had once loved to thread with her white fingers. She drew closer, and oh! horror! she looked upon the white face of the dead! The beautiful lips were in repose—the glorious eyes closed—the kind voice hushed forever! What passed within the heart of that erring wife none ever knew. Alone with the beautiful dead she passed an hour; then, re-entering her carriage, was driven-none cared to ask whither.

The next evening, at sunset, all that was mortal of John Ledyard was laid in the village churchyard. Mrs. Page carried Kathie—who had this day buried her last

friend-to her own pleasant home

Reader, Nellie Page did not die—that refuge of the cowardly—though there were hours when she longed intensely to do so, and rejoin her loved one. She made of life a scene of action!-her watchword was-duty! From many a stricken home —homes stricken by poverty or death—the prayer went up for the gentle girl, who went among them "doing good," and healing broken hearts. Years after, Kathie married Ned Standish, but Nellie never married. After her mother's death -which took place about two years after John's-she lived in the pleasant cottage where her beloved faded and died.

Reader, our tale is ended—our story told.

Farewell.

#### KITTY BRAGG'S HUSBAND.

ERCY on us! What's happened to your father? Run out quick, Charlie, and open the gate. What is the matter, John? You are as

white as a sheet.

"Kitty, I'm drafted!"

In place of falling to crying and moaning, as is the fashion with some of our patriotic (?) women, Kitty Bragg laid her hand heavily on her husband's shoulder:

"John, I'm ashamed of you! If you were a child. I would give you a good shaking. Compose yourself before Charlie comes in; I would not have him think his father was a coward."

"That is a hard word, Kitty."

"I know it, John, but the case demands it. I would not have you lowered in our boy's sight. Now, John Bragg, let you and I talk sense; let us reason the matter good husband and a good father. You are a brave man, too, despite your trembling nerves. Who plunged into the river, just above the rapids, after poor Widow Carne's only son? Who flung himself before old Mr. Morris's mad horses and saved the old man's life? Why, just John Bragg. I know what ails you, John; you are physically nervous at either the report of firearms or the sight of blood. You have spent your life poring over books, and never tried to overcome the weakness. But you can overcome it, and you must." This "must" was said smilingly.

"I must, indeed, Kitty, for the die is cast, and there is no escape. I do not think it is want of courage; and I am sure my heart glows with love for my country. You know, Kitty, I have given freely ot my poor means; but whenever I think of going to battle, this strange tremor assails are and I am reduced to the weakness of me, and I am reduced to the weakness of a child. I shall be disgraced, I know. Don't you wish you had a braver husband,

Kitty? I wouldn't blame you."

But Kitty did not hear. She sat by the kitchen hearth, leaning her brown head on the jamb of the old-fashioned chimney. Her thoughts at last formed themselves

into the words:

"I verily believe, John, it is a thing you cannot help—it is your misfortune, not your fault. Let us sell the place; Joe Martin will give you five hundred dollars for it, and then you can get a substitute. We can rent the little red house on Mur-ray's farm, and then—"

"Never, Kitty! Talk no more-I would indeed be a coward then. What! deprive my loved ones of a home to save my own bacon? Never—never! It is not my life I am afraid of; it is just the din of battle, and the dreadful carnage. I will go, dear, and you must help me to be brave and do my duty."

The morning came that the "boys" were to join their regiment. There was many a tear shed by wives, mothers and sisters; but Kitty Bragg shed none; she had other work to do. She stood with John at the end of the platform, talking. "My little bible is in your knapsack, John; read it often. Whenever you feel

that trembling coming over you, John, pray; just pray to God, and He will give you strength. I know he will."

"O, Kitty, how can I ever live without you?"

This almost upset the brave little woman; but she soon stilled the quivering lip, and smiled through her tears. When the order to "fall in" was given, John laid his hand on her brown hair, and said, tenderly:

"God bless you, Kitty; your are the

best wife ever a poor man had,"

She lifted up her mouth for a kiss, but the white lips were mute; for the life of her she could not have spoken. The moved off and Kitty went home. The train shuddered as she crossed the door step. The clock ticked more lonely than she had ever heard it; and all seemed desolation. Kitty sat down in her little sewing-chair and wept like a child. Charlie came in;

his face all a-glow, and his eyes flashing.
"What! mother crying? Why, I think it is a glorious thing to raise one's arm for one's country—a thing to die for," he said, rather dreamly.

"Yes, dear, it is glorious; but it is sad, too. I would not call him back, but I will

be very lonely.'

After that one burst of tears, Kitty was her own calm self again. Time passed on, and save that Kitty prayed oftener, and was graver than her wont, one could

see little change in her.

Charlie went off to school in the morning, and she was left alone all day. Broken ejaculations often escaped her lipsprayers for the safety and "strengthening of John;" till at last it became a hab-One Saturday she was baking and

churning, and as usual her heart was full of prayer for her husband. "O God, strengthen poor John, and let him not flinch in the day of battle. Charlie, bring me some chips, this fire won't

The neighbor standing on the door step smiled at the mingling of prayer and busi-

"Have you heard the news, Kitty?"

The fear that John had deserted or done something cowardly took all her strength away, and she sank down on a chair faint-

ly.
"What is it, Mary." "Why they had a riot in camp; some of the men deserted and some mutinied, and John-bless me, Kitty, your milk's all bilin' over! There, I sot it on the back griddle.'

"What about, John, Mary?"

"Why, John was the only one in his company that stood firm all through. He was as brave as a lion, though some of the half-crazy fellows threatened to shoot him if he did not join them. He influ-enced our boys to be quiet and do their duty. He told them it would only be for a little while; that soon they would have a better camp and better rations. You All ye young men who fear the draft, go know some of our boys were pretty wild, and find a wife like Kitty Bragg.

Kitty, and they might 'a got into trouble. My Joseph said he shouldn't wonder to see your John come home yet with gold straps on his shoulders. His bein' so brave, and havin' such influence over the men, pleased Capt. B—— all to pieces.
Ain't you glad, Kitty?''
But Kitty was crying for very joy.
That the very first news of John should

be good.

"Jake said in his letter that he said to

John after the fuss:

" John, how could you be so brave and firm when there was such a confusion. and them fellows had their bay'nets pinted at you?"
"Said John, said he:

"'Jacob, I went there to do my duty, and I was determined to do it; and besides, how could a man go back from the right path, with such a woman as my Kitty at home praying for me?" "
This made Kitty's tears flow the faster,

but they were joyful tears.

At some future time I will tell of how John's courage stood the test of the battlefield; but, knowing all the circumstances, I feel almost sure Kitty Bragg will yet be proud of her husband.

#### WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

ES, watchman, what of the night? Is it folding itself softly and tenderly around all within your beat? Does every head press a downy pillow, or are there mourners, watchers for foot-steps that come not, watchers over the dead and dying? Ah! you shake your head sadly, and point to yonder window, where a pale woman sits, gazing with straining eyes out into the darkness to catch a glimpse of the well-known form she loves—loves because nobody else loves him-listening eagerly for the staggering footsteps she longs yet dreads to hear. O God! would that the red wine were all spilled upon the earth, even though it threatened us all with a second deluge.

"But, watchman, is this all the sorrow in your beat?"
"I would it were!" you utter, and point

to yon stately house in the next block.

but what of that? It is escaping all the wearings of life, the achings and the toil; a few more struggles, a few more movements of the white breast, and it will have escaped forever this little "fever called living."

For a moment we can philosophize thus; but our heart soon gives the lie to such philosophy. It is very hard to lose a child, almost more than the heart can We are creatures of hope, and we keep hoping our child may escape all this —the weariness and aching, the fever and the toil that we have felt. See you parents; the mother weeps and moans, while the father holds the little fair thing to his breast. The light is going out in that house it is plain to be seen; it will be all darkness there when the light dies out in the baby's blue eyes. The mother will sit alone in the darkness, missing the patter-Ah, yes, I see—a little child is dying; ing feet and the warm lips that sought her own a dozen times a day. The father will come home at night-fall, but the light that has shone about him all day he will leave at the door, for the memory will come back that there is no sweet voice to greet him, no baby's velvet cheek to press. This will be the way till through the thick darkness a hand will be reached down to them, strengthening and upholding them; and leaning upon it, and listening to the words of comfort that seem to come from afar off, and yet are very near, they grow calm and "take up the burden of life again," not forgetting, oh no, only bear-

ing their burdens meekly.

Another light is gleaming a few doors below. See yonder slight form bending over the table to catch the light, faint and flickering, of a two-penny candle. Young and beautiful, she has yet pressed the cup of sorrow again and again to her quiver-lips. She has passed through the valley of humiliation, and now stands safely on the other side. What though her way leads through—well not exactly "pover-ty, hunger and dirt," but something like it, something far harder to bear; for in this bright land of ours, where the people's hearts are as large as their acres are broad, there is little need of hunger, and where dirt abounds there generally goes with it a corresponding spirit. This young girl is Elise Vane, the vest-maker, and her lot is harder far to bear than the lot of those who come to our door each morning begging 'cold victuals"—far, far harder. They eat the bread they beg, feeling no shame, having not an aspira-tion beyond it. You slender girl is simply poor, poor and proud—God help her! —with a spirit as sensitive as a wind-harp, that sets her poor heart thumping against Away, away!

her side at the very idea of charity.

Shut out by poverty from all the things her heart holds dear, the refined, pure spirit must yearn and yearn for congenial companionship; for music, and song, and

books.

Once upon a time, her ear had listened while many lips told her a sweet, wondrous story, that made the broad earth and starry sky expand and grow more beautiful, and the story she had listened to was the "old, old story"—you all know what it is. When she leaned upon the broad breast, and gazed into the glorious eyes of Robert Peyton, no inner voice whispered "Beware!" She could not "smell the mold above the rose," or know that under that fair exterior was hidden a

deadly canker—a corrupt heart.

Ah, well, she turned from the gilded home offered her, into the narrow path her feet are treading now. In that path she saw the footprints of many that had traveled it before her, and passed through safely; away ahead she saw many slender forms toiling onward, bravely keeping the faith, and she knew that the "Man of Sorrows" had passed through first, lighting the way so that we might not stumble. No crown of flowers or costly gems will deck that youthful brow here; but beyond yon starry tent a crown of dazzling glory is preparing, which the white brow will wear in the hereafter.

But surely, old man, this is all the sorrow in your short beat? Are the rest not sleeping calmly? No? you shake your

head, and turn away, saying:
"More! more! this is not the half!"
Then go your way, old man. I will not listen more. My heart is brim full now.

#### HARRY'S WAGER.

T was June, the most beautiful of the summer months—a glowing, regal day of almost tropical richness. We were lounging on the plazza of C—House, some half dozen of us, trying to

keep cool.

"If Mrs. Jennings invites any more men here, I shall leave," said pretty Susie Morris, as she entered the room hastily. "One cannot move without meeting 'top-boots' and straw hats."

"What is wrong, Susie? Your face is a perfect crimson."

"And no wonder, girls, I have just been most beautifully caught. It was so warm up-stairs, and you girls were chattering away like mad down here; so, as I wanted to finish 'Adam Bede,' I discarded my hoops, shoes and stockings, and conveyed the rest of myself out to the arbor to read. I would not have risked it, but Mrs. Jennings told me the gentlemen had all gone fishing, and would not return till late. I flung myself down on the mound, and buried my feet in the long grass. Oh! it was deliciously cool, and I was congratu-

lating myself on having escaped you magpies, when who should enter and fling

himself into the garden chair but Mr. Egerton."
"Harry Egerton, of all men in the world! The pink of neatness, proud, exclusive, aristocratic, and all the rest; never wore a rumpled shirt-collar in his life, thinks women sleep in full dress.
Oh! horror, Susie, you are undone."
"Wasn't it too bad?" said poor Susie,

fairly ready to cry.

"Never mind, Susie," sald Laura Hastings, "you look as sweet as you ever can look, with your white wrapper, and your splendid hair twisted up so carelessly.'

"Listen to Laura, I do believe she could comfort an old maid in mosquito time."

"What did Harry say, Susie?"

"He did not notice me, at first; when he turned, he sprang to his feet and apolo-He had taken a severe headache, and leaving the fishers at Ford's Landing, had come home by the three o'clock boat. He did not seem to notice my confusion, but glanced roguishly at my bare feet, and then at his pantaloons thrust into his boots, as much as if to say, 'We are quits.' But there, I shan't talk any more about it." And she escaped to her record write letters, as she said, while the rest of us remained to talk—well, scandal.

"I think Susie and Mr. Egerton are mutually pleased with each other, or else Su-

sie is flirting with him."

I fired up at this.

"Excuse me. Helen, for contradicting you, but Susie Morris is not given to flirting; besides, she is, as you know, en-

gaged."
"So I told Mr. Egerton, but he don't believe it. He says, if it is so, he devoutly wishes the colonel may get shot."

"And if he did, Susie would never marry him; she thinks him very shallow; so he may digest that at his leisure.

"You are very cross to-day, Grace. You shouldn't be hard on the poor man,

he is too handsome."

'Bah! I hate handsome men. Give me a real homely one, like Dr. Moore; he's sure to be sensible."

This was a double thrust intended to quiet two tongues, for Helen Sloan and Mary Mac were supposed to have about an equal right in the aforesaid doctor's heart; at least they were both storming the same castle.

"Indeed, he is homely, Gracie (an innocent bit of spite of Laura's); I wonder what brought him here, anyway?"

"Oh, he knew Hardneck was to be a rendezvous for beauty, this season, and,

what is far better in his eyes, beauties with long rent-rolls.'

Helen and Mary both flung off, shutting the door hard behind them. They were both heiresses; and as soon as the valiant doctor found out who had the most mon-

ey, he intended to propose.

Sweet Susie Morris was all unconscious of the conquest she had made, and Harry Egerton continued to waste his "killing smiles and glances, firmly believing he had only to propose to be accepted. soon determined to let him find out the truth for himself; and the rest of the girls, from spite that he had slighted them, kept the secret, too. Susie knew nothing of our many quiet gossips at her expense, and went on her way calm and serene. Laura, like myself, was somewhat of a

dreamer, and it came to pass, whilst the rest of the party were out sailing and riding, we sat at the window of my pleasant bed-room, building those shadowy castles that tumble down so easily. It was an oldfashioned house, with a balcony built on three sides of it. In a little while our reverie was disturbed by the sound of booted

feet coming towards us

"Hush! it is Harry Egerton and Ned Lyman," and we hastily dropped the cur-tain, and kept very still, while the gentlemen coolly appropriated the chairs we had vacated when the dew began to fall.
"Now for a treat," whispered Laura;

"just hear how he will blow.

"But it's so mean to listen."

"No, it isn't, to such a gas-house as Harry Egerton--hush!" "Where is your pretty Susie, to-night, Harry? I wonder to see you alone."

"Gone to ride with Doctor Moore, the old gray-beard. I'll put a bullet through him if he interferes again in my property. I know Susie is dreadfully bored."

"When will we have the pleasure of congratulating Mrs. Egerton?"

"Oh, as soon as it grows cooler; it's too confounded warm to wear a suit of broadcloth."

"Then it's all fixed? The lady has confessed her love?"

"Of course; how could she help it?" "I'm sorry to differ with you, Harry; but I don't believe Susie Morris will ever be Mrs. Egerton.'

"The mischief you don't! What will

you bet on it?" "Anything you like."

"This diamond ring against your shirt-

"Agreed-but remember; if she refuses you, the ring is mine."

"Certainly; but I do not fear."

"Hush, Harry! hark a minute! I am

sure I heard a noise. Perhaps some of those imps of girls are about; they all room on this side of the house."

"Oh! no, they're all on the river but Susie and Doctor Moore. But it's almost time for Susie to return. I must go and look after her. Come, let us go below."
And slipping his arm through his companion's they were soon out of sight and hearing.

"Do you feel mean, Laura? Your moth-

er taught you not to listen. "Not a bit; the mean scamp."

"A scamp, indeed! He never spoke a word on the subject of marriage to Susie in his life, I know, or she would have told me of it. The truth of it is, she is so calm and cool, he is afraid to venture; but he will before she leaves."

We heard the girls' voices, and stole sly-ly down the back way, determined to keep

our counsel, and wait patiently.

It was the night before we left Hardneck, and our kind hostess gave a large party in our honor. Susie had not come down yet, though the rest of us had been in the drawing-room at least thirty min-Egerton stood leaning on the piano, watching the door, and I knew, by the expression of his face, that he meant to dare his fate to-night. I knew what kept Susie. Letters had come from the warrior lover, one of which said he expected to be home for a few days; how soon he could not just say—perhaps, though, within the week. I had dressed early, and left Susie to dream over those precious letters. I was watching, too, and soon a light step announced her coming. I was determined Mr. Egerton should "hunt" a chance to pop the question in, so I met her at the door, and drew her arm through mine. She was very beautiful in her floating white robe, with brilliant red verbanas on her bosom, and in her black hair, and the quiet of her great happiness in her dark, misty eyes. I led her to the extreme corner of the room, as far possible away from Mr. Egerton, though I well knew those things that always "come home to roost" were following me, but I did not care.

Later in the evening, Laura and I were almost convulsed by hearing Ned Lyman

say, in passing: "When shall I have the pleasure of wearing that diamond ring, Egerton?"

An hour later, Susie and I stood on the

"What brought you out here, Susie? hunted you all around."

"Oh, nothing much; only Mr. Egerton

worries me to death following me around. I don't know what the man means."

I knew very well what the man meant; my heart not being so preoccupied as Susie's, but I did not say so.

Turning, I saw the gentleman himself coming toward the verandah, and saying to Susie, "Wait here a moment, I have for gotten my fan'' (which was true), I passed through one low window whilst he stepped on the verandah from another. my haste to escape unseen, I almost fell into the arms of Ned Lyman, who stood concealed beneath the heavy fall of curtains that draped the window

"Go away a little while, Ned, I want this window."

"Go away a little while, Gracie, I want this window."

"What for, Ned?"

"To listen to Egerton's proposal to Su-e. I have a wager on it."

Then I told him I wanted to listen, too; so we shared the window, mutually agreeing that listening as a general thing was contemptible; but Egerton's affairs were public property, for he made them so by telling them himself.

During our brief confab we had lost a

part, for Egerton was saying:

"And is this your final answer, Miss Susie? Could you not love me in time?" "It is, Mr. Egerton. I can never be your

"Consider a little longer, Miss Susicdear Miss Susie (very tenderly)-let me place this ring upon that fair finger," removing the diamond.

('Oh, he's going to give my ring away," whispered Ned, ludicrously. "I have half a mind to say Don't give my ring away, Egerton."")

"Put back the ring, Mr. Egerton," said poor Susie in a pained voice; "it can nev-This interview is exceedingly painful to me; will you kindly permit me to pass?"

She moved toward the window, but he laid his hand upon her arm, and would

not let her enter.

"You are insolent, sir." And Susie's black eyes flashed fire. At that moment a heavy boot sounded upon the bare floor, and a sword clanged against the iron railing. Susic turned quickly, and saying, joyously, "O Norman!" sprang into the arms of a tall, noble looking man, whose handsome epaulets and waving plume pro-claimed his rank. He stood with pretty Susie drawn close against his breast, both entirely ignoring poor Egerton, but soon a saucy light came up in Susie's eyes, and turning, she said:

"Mr. Egerton, permit me to introduce my friend, and betrothed husband, Col-

onel Norman Dean."
Egerton did not utter one word, but turning on his heel, left them. Susie explained to my brother (for her lover was my only brother) the cause of her presenting him in the manner she did. in turn explained the cause of his unexpected coming, declining to join the guests, as he had just come off the cars dusty and tired. Then he passed his arm around her, and led her down into the garden, whilst Ned and I scampered as we heard the voice of our hostess, calling:

"Grace, Grace; where can those girls

We left next day. As we parted at the depot, Ned said:

"Egerton, give me the ring; I have won

the wager.'

"Not so fast, my fine fellow. I haven't

proposed yet."
"That won't do, my boy; I heard you.
'Consider a little longer, Miss Susie—dear Miss Susie; let me place this ring upon that fair finger.' '

Egerton was fairly caught, and remov-

ing the ring, gave it to Ned.
"Keep my secret, Ned; it is all I ask." And stepping on the cars, he was gone.

Reader, this was one year ago, and this June that ring sparkles upon my finger, for you see I—I—am Mrs. Ned Lyman.

Two days after we left Hardneck, in a little Gothic church away in the mountain, thickly covered with ivy and creeping roses, my brother Norman and Susie Morris were made man and wife.

#### CASTE; OR, HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

TUT she is well-born, Aunt Sarah; and a perfect lady." "No matter, child; she is poor, and works for a living!"

"O auntie! that will not hurt her, or

make her any the less a true woman."
"That is sufficient on the subject, Mary Barton. You will not go to see Mrs. Leighton with my consent. I shall not permit Elvira Louisa to do so. Remember, my daughter, you are not to call on

Mrs. Leighton." "Do not fear for me, mother," said the promising daughter of the high-born (?)
Mrs. Stinson; "I fairly despise her white face and sad way of speaking. Fitz James said, the other night, she had the most intellectual face of any lady in town, besides being herself very handsome. That was enough to make me hate her. I don't see what such upstarts are permitted to get into our set for. I think the Davenports and Lanes are crazy. Would you believe it, mother? I saw Miss Kate Davenport

out walking with her yesterday."
"Why, Elvira Louisa! you don't say

so? I am surprised."

"How does my dress do, mother? Does it trail enough?"

"Yes, it trails about a finger-length; but Georgette Lenie's trails a quarter of a yard, I do wish your father was not so much opposed to long dresses; they are so stylish."

"So do I; but, between you and I, mother, I think father is getting to be a real old fogy, with his nankeen pants, yellow

vest, and queer ideas.'

"Dinner is ready, mum," said Irish Bridget; and the ladies descended to the

dining-hall.

'Good heavens! mother, where is the dinner? I see nothing but bread and but ter. I hope the scenes of last month are

not to be acted over again."
"Hush, darling!" in a hasty whisper.

"Biddy, bring me some water."

"There's wather forninst ye, mum."
"This is not fresh; carry it away."

And the indignant Biddy carried away the water, that was as cold as ice could make it. Mrs. Stinson breathed more freely

"My darling Elvira Louisa, why will

you make such remarks before the servants? There is nothing in the house to cook to-day. I had to use the marketmoney to pay for the making of your new cloak. Marston, the mean thing, would not let it come away till the bill was paid. She said you let your other bill stand so

long."
The young lady bit her lips. "There, I have had enough of that din-Come up stairs and help me get I forgot to ask you how you put father off about the dinner?'

"Oh! 1 told him Mary had gone visiting, and I was not well enough to stand

over the range." "What did he say?"

"Oh, he seemed glad that Mary had gone to enjoy herself a little; and said he would eat his dinner down town; anything to save Mary."

"I do wish we could afford to keep an-

other girl, mother."

"Well, we never can while Mary Barton is here; and that will be till she's married, or dead. Your father is as stiff as a mule about her. He says he promised his dead sister to give her a home, and he means to

"What is she doing to-day?" "In the out-kitchen, washing." "If father finds that out!"

"Yes; but he won't find it out."
"Is my cloak becoming, mother?"

"It's splendid! Makes you look ten years younger. I tell you what, Elvira Louisa, it you don't go off this winter, you never will! You are thirty-three, you know."

"You are mighty good at reminding me

of my age."

"Oh, well, dear! never mind; no one knows it but me. Has Fitz James said anything tender to you lately, dear?"

"Yes, mother; he said, last night, that

"He did? Well, that's coming to the point pretty close. He'll soon propose,

her daughter, who stood upon the steps

drawing on her gloves:

"Elvira Louisa, if you meet Mrs. Leighton, don't speak to her; give her the cut direct. People who are intimate with the creme de la creme of Punkinville, should Be sure you do not go near your father's store; I don't want him to see that new cloak." not mix with those who work for a living.

Now it so happened that Mrs. Leighton heard the above remark. She was leaning her weary head against the window, with only the snowy curtain that draped it be-tween her and the voice that spoke the bitter words. She was worn out with a day's hard labor with her pen, and had thrown up the window that the pleasant March wind might chase away the feeling of faintness that was gathering about her heart. Her head ached and throbbed only a little less than her heart. They had ached hours before; but she could not stop to rest them, for many pages of fools-cap must be written out before night. There was no one to compel her to rest; no one to caress her tenderly; no one—as there was in the aforetime-to draw her weary head upon his breast, and lay kisses tender and loving upon her throbbing brow and tired eyes.

She had chambers in a gloomy house opposite Mrs. Stinson's, which she rented for a mere trifle, because the house was supposed to be haunted, and the landlord was glad to rent it for any sum. lonely woman was not afraid of the dead that were supposed to walk there; and was only glad to have the large airy chambers at a price that came within her

As Mrs. Stinson's remark reached her ear, her lip curled haughtily for a moment, and then quivered like a child's. She arose and paced the floor hastily.

"And so we are taboed in Mrs. Stinson's -we poor toilers who 'write for a living;' because these small white hands have dared to earn their 'bread and but-Let me examine these hands; they are white and soft, and have no shadow of a stain upon them; thank God for that! They are good hands enough, but they must be daintily folded all day long; they must be idle, useless little hands before they can be admitted into 'our set.' you think you could keep still, busy little my dear."

"Good-bye, mother." And the amiable that you would be anowed to nation the keys of a piano, or glide along the strings of a guitar? or, perchance, embroder a collar, or box a refractory serhands? Do you think it would be enough vant's ear?"

> In the next room, a voice started up that beautiful hymn "Homeward Bound:"

<sup>&</sup>quot;We live as pilgrims and strangers below; We're homeward bound;
Though often tempted, yet onward we go,
We're homeward bound.
Trials and crosses we cheerfully bear;
Toils and temptations expecting to share;

We hasten forward, content with the fare, We're homeward bound."

Whilst the clear young voice was singing, the flush gradually faded from Mrs. Leighton's face.

"How foolish I have been! how sinful! Why should the remark of this coarse woman excite and anger me? It is hard, though, for my proud spirit to brook the insults this changed life brings me. When I remember the days gone—the happy home and loving friends—I feel that my cross is very hard to bear. Well, well, it matters little. Life is very short; we can but plod patiently across the hills that lead to the fair land where our Saviour dwells. Yes; our Saviour. He who came to save the poor as well as the rich; the unfortunate as well as the fortunate. Our Saviour! whose feet trod a humble path; whose infant head was nestled on a humble woman's breast; who was reared in a humble home. He left us no book in which was written the words, 'ton,' 'aristocracy,' 'high life,' 'upper tendom ;' but we find it written instead: 'Love ye one

another, even as I have loved you."
"Tea is ready," said Mrs. Leighton's "little help",—a girl of fifteen. "I have made you some nice toast, just as you like it. I know it will do you good."

"Thank you, Ann; but you did me more good a little while ago, when you sang "Homeward Bound;" it answered the need of my heart as your nice toast and tea will my body."

This world of ours is very beautiful; but we would faint by the way if an arm of love was not laid tenderly around us. They who swim upon the topmost wave of fashionable life, who are prosperous and wealthy, may manage to get along for a while without this arm of love to bear them up; but to us who bear the "burdens and the weariness of life" on lip, and cheek, and brow, it is much to know there is an "arm of love" around us, and a hand stretched forth to lead us tenderly over the rough places.

#### JESSIE'S LOVE.

over the lady's gaiters!" And a begrimed, filthy little imp of a street-sweeper grinned hideously.

We were crossing Chestnut street, in the beautiful city of Philadelphia, with a friend, when the words caught our ear. We turned, and saw the startled, half-indignant, half-sorrowful face of a girl of twelve years, the object of the young ruf-fian's satire. We looked first at the great fian's satire. We looked first at the great brown eyes, luminous with soul; then at the bare, white feet that had brought the insult upon her; but ere we could count three, the owner of them was half a square away. Our companion, a generous-souled, impulsive lad of nineteen, shook the urchin soundly, and read him a lecture of about ten words, in most emphatic lan-guage; whilst your humble servant stood laughing and blushing on the sidewalk. My companion's indignation cool-ed somewhat as we neared the ferry, footed. People will laugh at you, and

though an occasional exclamation still escaped him. There was the usual crowd and rush for seats, and we chose rather to stand and view the retiring city. We soon noticed a sad, pale-faced woman near us, who was gazing anxiously among the crowd in search of some one. Soon, to our mutual pleasure, we saw the owner of the bare feet and splendid eyes bound on board, and spring to the woman's side.

"Jessie, darling! I was afraid something had happened to you, it is so late. But where are your shoes, my child?"

"I took them off and folded them in this paper, mother. I thought I would not soil them, walking through the dusty streets, when you had worked so hard to earn the money to buy them.'

"Those poor little feet!" said the mother, in tones of pathos. "Don't do it again, dear, mother will earn money to buy you another pair before these are worn out. It perhaps subject you to insult."

The white cheek flushed, but the brave child did not tell of the insult already offered.

"What success did my daughter have to-day?' and the woman fondled the little

white hand nestled in hers.

"I sold every one of my flowers, dear mother; made two dollars and twenty-five cents. The moss-baskets I sold on the side-walk to the passers-by, and Mr. Evans let me stand in his store all the afternoon and sell bouquets to the ladies. Isn't he kind, mother? One of the clerks ordered me to 'be off,' but he bid them 'let the child alone!' and told me I might come there once a week and sell my flow-

The twilight had gathered round us, so that we could not see the mother's face; although the conversation was carried on in a low tone of voice, we did not lose a word. My tears fell fast; and I knew by my companion's hurried breathing that his heart was at the flood.

My home was in Camden, and there, too. the flower girl lived—though I did not find the exact spot for many months after. Next day, I was passing over the same crossing, where the fast young American of the day before stood, sweeping. This time I was accompanied by a young friend, whose father was one of the merchant-princes of New York. There had been a slight shower, and my friend tipped up her costly dress, and stood irresolute, thinking where to place her dainty feet. The fast young sweeper evidently saw a chance here to make a dime, for he flung down his ragged jacket, and said, cunningly:

"Here, miss, put your purty feet on this yer roundabout, and ye'll git over dry-

shod."

Kate tip-toed over the novel foot-mat, and when she reached the side-walk, flung the ragged diplomat a quarter of a dollar. My nose, I am sorry to say, turned up, and I longed to pound the little imp who had insulted the pretty flower-girl of the preceding day. O world! world! how full of just such "doings" you are. The roads must be swept and gainished for the gaitered feet of the children of wealth to Their dainty feet must only press tread! on macadamized roads, whilst the feet of poverty must press the dusty, thorny high-way, even though they wear not ealfskin, and carry the face of an angel. The

the tashion of street sweeping by these saucy little imps is somewhat out of vogue in these days.

Again I "met by chance" young Jessie, the sweet-faced flower-girl. It was in the autumn that I was crossing to Camden, quite late one afternoon, when who should I see but sweet Jessie. This time she was alone; and the intense sadness of her face I cannot describe. I spoke to her, and byand-by drew from her the cause of her sad-Her mother was dying of consumption; and, besides that mother, she had not one friend on earth. She spoke of her mother's anguish at the thought of leaving her alone in this cold world, and much more that brought an unwonted moisture from my heart to my eyes. As the boat reached the wharf, we parted, but that night I called at her humble home. It was in a miserable garret that the Widow Sumner lay, dying. Poverty had long since obliged them to part with the pleasant cottage and flower garden Jessie loved so well. The little I could do was done; and leaving an old colored servant to watch with the sufferer, I left, promising to come next day. All night long I lay awake, not planning a story, reader, but trying to think what could be done for the poor girl, so soon to be an orphan. Just at day-break I fell asleep contentedly, for I had hit, I thought, upon a plan to aid her.

The golden sunlight flung its through my shutters, banishing the lovedream that hovered round my heart, for the saucy thing crept straight into my eyes and woke me. I made my toilet in a trice, and hurried through my morning duties; for Jessie, Jessie, was the burden of my thoughts. My hat was tied on in a hurry, this time, without stopping to arrange the killing bow I was wont to tie under my chin. I had determined to lay Jessie's case before a wealthy friend, living in Philadelphia. This friend was the mother of Allan Lawrence, the young friend with whom I was walking the day

I first met Jessie Sumner.

The morning was glorious. The regality of the autumn-time was painting the trees in most gorgeous colors, and yet my heart ached drearily, for I thought of that garret-home and dying mother. My eye wandered over the handsome homes of the wealthy—noted the rich curtains that the wind swept gracefully to and fro-the bandsome pictures that hung from the ceilings; for, through the entire street, the ragged street-sweeper but apes the "upper windows were thrown open to admit the ten" in his devotion to wealth. "High-life below stairs," etc. I am truly glad with sweets. My heart questioned of many

A Tantalus "why " and "wherefore?" rung in my ears, as I contrasted these regal dwellings with the garret-home of the Sumner's. But I knew my heart was an undisciplined thing, and much given to asking naughty questions; so I bid it "be still," and hastened my steps. only just reaching the boat in time. found Mrs. Lawrence engaged in writing a letter to her son, who was away at col-lege. It took a very few minutes to interest this good woman in behalf of the Sumners—a very few more till we were seated in her comfortable carriage, and speeding away to their relief. As my heart had foreboded, we found the mother dead, and

poor Jessie in an agony of grief.

"She just stepped away," Viney said.
"Poor lamb!" she added, "she went off so still-like that we never knew when the Master came."

Of the sad burial it is needless to speak. My heart even now throbs at the thought. When all was over, Mrs. Lawrence carried Jessie home with her. It was her intention to give the poor orphan a home, and educate her for a governess, which she was amply able to do. Jessie mourned for her mother till she grew thin and pale; but as months passed away she learned to love, devotedly, the gentle woman who so nobly filled that mother's place.

It was now late in the winter. spring came my changeful life called me to another part of the world, and for seven years I never saw sweet Jessie Sumner. I corresponded, at rare intervals, with Mrs. Lawrence, and through her learned often of Jessie. Once a letter came, saying she had abandoned her intention of making Jessie a governess; and, instead, had adopted her as a daughter. She loved her already as her own child. It was Allan's wish, she said, as well as hers. Inclosed was a dainty note from Jessie, begging me to write to her—thanking me for the happy home she now had, for the kind mother and noble brother. From this time forth we corresponded, and I learned much of the young girl's heart. Her let-ter's told of purity, and showed that the woman's heart had already asserted itself. My vivid fancy had already conjured up a romance; for, though no written words had ever told me so, I knew that "Jessie's love" was given to the "kind, noble brother" she wrote about. I knew the "signs of the times"—the sweet, unfolding of the heart, leaf by leaf, to the entrancing music of love! I knew it all therefore I tremble when I see love dawn-

ing in a woman's heart. It is a fearful thing to love! because we then put away our childhood forever!-ay, and our

llberty!

When we love we give our life into the keeping of another—our happiness has gone out of our own control. We never, I think, really live till we love. We do I think, really live till we love. We do not understand the full glory of life—we are as little children! The love-tales we read, the poet's page we con, are mysteries till love unlocks the heart and we awake to the grand knowledge that "life is love!" The grandeur of the starry sky, the glory of the flower-gemmed summer time, have a two-fold beauty now; for love has flung its halo over everything on earth, surely

"There's nothing half so sweet in life, As Love's young dream."

Some say that, as years creep on, our love-dream is forgotten. Not so. It may slumber for a time, or be carefully put away with other precious things that it pains us to look upon, but never for-gotten. Or, if it is, it is like some strain of sweet music—some melody of old—to us as

"Forgotten music, till some chance Vibrates the chord whereon it sleeps."

I fancy I hear some oldish and particularly matter-of-fact person laugh at my raphsody—but, O dear lady, or dignified, calm-featured bach., turn your eyes inward and begin to search among your most precious relics, and see if the memory of your early love is not the most sacred thing treasured there! No matter what trials, and crosses, and hard "rubs" we have met with in our passage through life, that memory is an oasis in the great Sahara of life.

"For never another dream can be Like that early dream of ours— When Hope, like a child lay down to sleep, Amid the fairest flowers.

But Hope has wakened since and wept Itself like a rainbow away; And the flowers have faded and fallen around, We have none for a wreath to-day."

It wanted but three days until Christmas (almost seven years from the time I left Camden) that a letter came from Mrs. Lawrence, renewing an invitation given many times, that I should be with them on Christmas day. "The children," she wrote, "were going to have a large, 'fan-cy-dress' party" (she did not approve of balls—the good soul !—and, like many another, 'whipped the old gentleman,' etc.)
"on Christmas night, and joined with her

in pleading for my presence."
I went; for, as it happened, I had some time at my own disposal. Owing to a detention on the cars, I did not arrive at Philadelphia till eight o'clock on Christ-mas night. The first person I saw was Allan Lawrence, whose kind welcome cheered my hungry, thirsty, tired heart. I questioned him of his mother and Jessie. "They were both well," he said. "Jes-

sie was in her room; robing for the party. Would I not steal up and surprise her?" I did; and, unnoticed, stood lost in admiration of the beautiful vision before me.

Seated before a full-length mirror, was a rarely-beautiful girl in half undress. White, glistening shoulders shone through a vail of the blackest hair I ever saw, which her maid was arranging in heavy braids. Could this radiant girl be the sadfaced orphan Jessie that I had parted from seven years ago? I could not wait another moment, but whispered, softly, "Jessie!"

She sprang to her feet, and a quantity of flowers she had been arranging fell to the floor. Another moment, and white arms were flung around me, and a shower of kisses convinced me I was not forgot-Questions were asked and answered with startling rapidity, till Mrs. Lawrence called me away to lunch—then to my room to make my toilet. I remonstrated against joining the expected guests, giving as an excuse my want of a fancy dress, but Jessie assured me that some few were coming in plain dresses. "She herself was going to wear a long dress, because mother and Allan did not like short dresses, even at a 'fancy party,' " wherein

I agreed with them. It was late when I descended. What a brilliant scene was there! I will not attempt to describe it. The beautiful faces, and rich, dresses, made a scene of almost Oriental magnificence. But the crowning beauty of the night was our fair Jessie. Her robe was of a snowy-satin, with large hanging sleeves lined with crimson silk. She wore no jewels; but upon the snow of her breast glowed a cluster of red and white roses-his gift, as I learned afterwards. The evening passed, as such evenings generally do, with music, and dancing, and song—leaving a feeling of sadness, at its close, as of mis-spent hours and unwonted gaiety.

That night, just before retiring, I went to Jessie's room. She sat before the fire, with her bare, round arms clasped above her head, in a brown study, but rose as I entered. After talking of many things,

she said, suddenly:

"Are you satisfied, dear? Do you approve of my choice?" What do you mean, child?"
She bluebed and a

She blushed and trembled now.
"Why—why, didn't mother write about

Then I drew from her the secret that she was engaged to Allan Lawrence. They were to be married in May. My heart sang for joy; for I well knew the brave, true heart of Allan Lawrence. So, reader, this was "Jessie's Lover." They were married in May, and "myself" was bridesmaid!

And now I must say good-bye" Isn't it aggravating?— or mayhap, you will be

### NORAH O'REILLY.

T was in St. Catherine's, many years ago—how, I shall not tell you—that the sweet young life of Norah O'Reilly unfolded, day by day. Many hearts had been laid at the feet of the beautiful Irish girl, and her ear had listened to many a passionate love-vow-to many a low, sweet love-word. We say her ear had listened to many a love-tale; but there was one rich voice to whose low pleadings she had listened with her heart—and between the two modes of listening there is a wondrous difference.

Cecil Bancrott was an English gentle-man of wealth and culture; proud, haughty and dignified, yet with a nature as tender as a woman's; and he loved, with a high and noble love, the young

Irish governess, Norah O'Reilly.

And Norah? Her heart had long ago sprang to meet this glorious love; but he knew it not. If Cecil Bancroft was proud, so was Norah O'Reilly; and her proud spirit chafed under the dignified espionage of his haughty friends. The family in whose pleasant circle Norah found a home loved her as dear and valued friend. She was to them more than "the governess," and they insisted upon her joining with them in the festivities of the house and town. It was at one of the gay parties of the preceding winter that she first met Cecil Bancroft; and ere the winter's close she had listened to the sweet, wondrous story of his love for her. What happiness it would be to yield her whole heart and life to this noble lover! to be his wife, as he wished her to be, were it not for his sister's—two ancient maiden ladies, whose cold, repelling glances and haughty airs called up all the pride of her nature, and, to use her own words "made her Irish House, blood boil!"

So the winter passed away, and the little world of St. Catherine's looked on, wondering how it would end. Norah was a brilliant woman, beautiful as a morning dream; and the proud, rich pulses of the Irish heart kept time to only high and no-ble thoughts and impulses. The great fault of her nature was pride-a stern, rampant pride that would crush the love

scious of the watchfulness of the "lookerson in Venice;" and the knowledge that she was thus watched caused her to bear herself more proudly, till the people gave her the name of "the princess"-a name that suited well her haughty, regal style of beauty.

It was a calm, still night in the latter part of January—the gay season in St. Catherine's. Norah stood leaning against the crimson-velvet curtains that shaded the window at Finley Lodge. The stately head was bowed sadly, and a faraway look was in the deep eyes. What lacked the dark-haired Irish girl? Why should she be sad? The love of a noble heart was hers; a home made joyous by all that art or wealth could gather within its walls; health, friends, and the admiration of the

I will tell you why she was sad: One hour before, she had refused the hand of Cecil Bancroft; and now she stood gazing out into the cold, calm night, trying vainly to still the wildly-breaking heart that would not be "coerced." They had parted coldly; for, manlike, though she had con-fessed her love for him-had turned her heart inside-out for his inspection—her lover chose to consider himself the only sufferer. This was at the moment of refusal, when angry passions were surging through his soul. Afterward, came kinder thoughts, and a clearer perception of her motives.

"You will be at La Fevre's to-night, Bancroft?" said one of a party of young men, who sat in the club-room at H-

"Why do you ask that question, Dudley?" said a brainless fop across the table from the first speaker. "Of course he will be there, to do duty to his peerless Irish beauty, unless, indeed, he has become weary of her, and flung her!"
"Charles Manton,"—and the words

fairly hissed through the speaker's teeth-" if I ever hear such words from your lips in my presence, or out of it, again, I will she bore Cecil Bancroft to death—that would cause her to give him up, even though she struck the deadliest blow through her own heart. She was con-Norah O'Reilly; and did the lady love me as well, she would now be my honored wife!"

Then, as he marked the man's crestfallen air, and thought it was ignorance more than impudence that had caused the remark, the angry light faded from his eyes, and the flushed cheek. Rising hurriedly, he bowed to the rest of the company, and left the club-room

"Bancroft is a noble fellow," said he

whom we have called Dudley.

"Yes; I think, Manton, you must feel yourself growing small by degrees and beautifully less." You will learn to be more cautious hereafter, I fancy!"

"I didn't think he would get mad. only thought he was fooling with her!"

whined the discomfitted Manton.

"Poor Bancroft! If he had less money he would be a happy man to-day. If he was a 'poor devil' like me, or Miss O'Reilly

was his equal in fortune, they would have been man and wife long ago."
"You are right, Jack; that is just the secret of it. Norah O'Reilly is too proud to owe so much to any man; but, with all

her pride, she is a most noble woman."
"She is, indeed. But come, Lorraine, let us go home. Now that Bancroft has gone, the foam has faded from the wine."

We will pass over an interval of two years—years that, in their passing, have taken naught from the beauty of Norah O'Reilly. We find her one of a festal throng in the house of Senator Harvey's. Stately and cold—the coldness belieing the passionate throbbings of her heartshe stands listening, while Dudley Vane and a small coterie of ladies discuss Cecil Bancroft's coming visit to Europe. say "stately and cold," but the coldness was questionable, for the dainty buhlstand on which her hand rested trembled perceptibly. A few moments later, she and Dudley Vane stood alone—the fair bevy of beauties having "paired off" for a waltz.
"And you will not sing to-night, Miss Norah?"

"I cannot, Mr. Vane; the singing birds at my heart are out of tune," and she smiled faintly; "or, perhaps, like the fash-ionable ladies, they have a bad cold, and cannot sing."

"Come, Miss Nora, just one little song; the company will not return from the supper-room for ten minutes, at least. Please do. I do everything for you that you ask me to. Come, even if your birds have a cold," he added, jocosely.

There was no resisting the frank, boyish pleader; so Norah sat down to the

piano.

Neither knew that, concealed by the heavy window-curtains, sat Cecil Bancroft, listening to the sweet tones that were the sweetest to him of any on earth. Through an opening in the curtain he watched the face so beautiful, and so very dear to him; watching as one does who knows that in a little while weary miles will intervene between him and the loved object. His passionate heart throbbed high with anguish and regret. Oh, if he could fling the gold that kept them apart into the sea, and gather his precious girl to his heart, and hold her there forever. In his eyes she had never looked so beautiful. A robe of black velvet fitted closely to the perfect form, relieved only by a necklace and bracelets of rich oriental pearls. The glossy black hair was brushed simply over the smooth brow, confined only by a pearl band.

"Come, Miss Norah, I am waiting for the song."

A moment more, and the rich voice floated out in an impassioned song of her own land. Soft and low, it floated through the lofty rooms, then rising higher and higher, it almost wailed with the intense pathos of the heart from whence it sprung:

Oh the fern! the fern! the Irish hill fern! That girds our blue lakes from Lough Ine to Lough Erne;

That waves on our crags like the plumes of a king;
And bends like a nun over clear well and spring.

The fairy's tall palm-tree, the heath-bird's fresh And the couch the red deer deems the sweetest

and best,
With the free winds to fan it, and dew-drops to

what can you match with its beautiful stem. With a spell on each leaf which no mortal can learn,
Oh, there never was plant like the Irish hill fern."

The song was ended; but the memories it brought proved almost too much for the. singer. It was with difficulty she restrained her feelings.

"Your home must be very beautiful,

Miss Norah."

"Beautiful! beautiful! My soul grows hungry for a sight of it," she said dream-ily. "Like all other Irish folks, I think no land so fair as Ireland; and surely no lake in all the Emerald Isle is so beautiful as Lough Erne. I long for a sight of my native land, for the sound of the voices of my kindred."
"Your father is living, Miss Norah?"

"No, it was my uncle, Mr. Lane spoke

Except him, I have no friends on this | earth; I stand alone."

The girl laid her head upon the table, and sobbed uncontrollably.

"Norah, forgive me for asking you to sing. These tears are my fault."
"No, no, Mr. Vane, you are not to blame. The old song has but hastened the tears, not caused them. My heart is at the flood to night, and they must have come sooner or later. But there—they are coming from the supper-room; please leave me for a moment and I will soon regain my calmness.

As Mr. Vane left her, Norah put back the heavy fall of velvet that concealed the .window, and passed beneath it, uncon-

seious that her lover stood there.

"Ah, Cecil! you here!"

The name "Cecil," and the girl's tears, threw him off his guard. In an instant his arms were thrown around her, and he whispered:
"Norah, mavourneen."

The familiar Irish pet name caused her tears to flow afresh, and for a moment she let the arm linger about her waist, and was only roused to consciousness when he pressed her hand passionately to his lips.

"Cecil, you must not; leave me, pray leave me!"

"Norah, is this right? Is it worth while to wreck two lives for a matter of pride? Be my wife, Norah, and together we will visit your much-loved Ireland. We'll sail upon the beautiful lake whose waters lave

the sunny slope that leads to my Norah's home. O Norah! let it be so?"

"Enough! enough! The picture grows too dear." And the girl's beautiful mouth too dear." And the girl's beautiful mouth trembled. "It may not be, Cecil. Your family have given their opinion of me in no measured terms, and your vast wealth places a great gulf between us. Norah O'Reilly is not one to wed for gold, or to hear the imputation of it calmly. Leave me now, Cecil; I hear Julia's voice calling, and she must not see you here. Farewell, Cecil." And with a despairing gesture she passed through the low window into the darkness.

It was the tenth of June, and to-night the sweetest songstress that ever warbled on American shores was to sing in the concert hall at St. Catherine's. All the town were on the qui vive, for it was not every day such a treat came to them.

The cheerful dining-hall of Fenly Lodge shared in the general excitement.

"I wish night was here," said pretty

Julia Clayton. "I don't see how you can be so calm and quiet, Norah; I am resttless and nervous to the last degree.'

There was a dull pain at Norah's heart, that even the treat in store for her could not drive away; but she did not say so, only smiled pleasantly on the impulsive girl, saying:

" I shall enjoy the evening exceedingly, Julia; but I am not at all nervous.'

"You will wear Colonel Grayson's flowers, Norah?"
"No I shall not," said Norah, almost

sharply. "He wearies me with his visits and gifts."

Then changing the conversation sud-

denly, she said:

"Do you know this is my birthday, Julia? I am twenty-five to day. I do not think a human soul on earth will remember it is my birthday. There is no one to mark it now," she said, drearily.

"Oh, you naughty girl! Why did you not tell me in time, so that I might have prepared some gift? Here are one, two,

three kisses; will that do?"

"Fie, Julia, do not waste them so. Elmer would give his head for one of them."

The pretty Julia blushed and tossed her curls, thinking, doubtless, that the said Elmer had as many as were good for

"Do you know, Norah, that Cecil Bancroft sails for Europe next week? He leaves to-morrow for New York."

"Yes, I know." And a shadow crept

over the beautiful face.

The entrance of a servant with the letters, and a small white box directed to "Miss Norah O'Reilly," prevented further conversation.

Norah escaped to her own room with her treasures, Julia being too much occupied in reading a "long crossed letter" to notice the box.

On opening it, a perfect flood of fra-grance escaped. Lying on a bed of soft, green moss, was a cluster of violets! white, blue and purple, and a tiny note which ran thus:

"NORAH, MAVOURNEEN:—I call you my darling, because I claim you as such You will suffer it this once, Norah, because it is for the last time. A few more days, and the ocean will roll between our tempest-tossed hearts. I send you a simple birthday gift—my last offering to Norah. I make no excuse that the gift is so simple, knowing well your love for violets. I leave in the morning for New York. Can I see you this evening for a few moments? It will be for the last time, Norah; the dreary 'last time.' 'Your friend and lover, 'Cecil Bancroft.'

And what did Norah?

She did just what you would have done, dear reader, if you are a woman, or, mayhap, if you are a man; men have done such things. She laid the fresh dewy flowers against her cheeks—they were precious as his gift. One or two large tears stole forth and lost themselves among the flowers; only one or two (for Norah had one of those great, strong souls that are not given to tears), such tears as take from the youth of woman; such tears as make one's throat ache with a dull,

sullen aching.

For a long time the letter lay on the floor unheeded. Then her eyes chancing to rest upon it, she saw that it bore a foreign post-mark; indeed many post-marks, as though it had traveled about from place to place. She opened it listlessly. It was a perfect scrawl, which took her some time to decipher. When her mind did take in its contents, she sprang to her feet, and flung her arms aloft as though in triumph or thanksgiving. What had this foreign letter brought to Norah O'Reilly? Only a fortune of a hundred thousand dollars! That was all. Her uncle had died in India and left her all this gold.

It was seldom that so much of beauty

and fashion were assembled in the unpretending concert hall at St. Catherine's. So thought Cecil Bancroft, as he sat by his sister's side. He was dispirited, and already weary. Weary because his sister would come an hour before the time, to get a good seat; dispirited because his note of the morning had brought no response from Norah. Just as he raised his eyes, the party from Finley Lodge entered. Julia, the pretty betrothed, blushing and smiling; and Norah-his Norah-radiant in her glorious regal beauty. He smiled bitterly as he thought of his voluntary exile for her sake; and how little she seemed to mind it. Her eyes wandered restlessly over the house, till at last they rested upon her love, when she flashed him a rapid glance, which was inexplicable.

What ailed the woman? Her form seemed to dilate, and the misty splendor

of her magnificent eyes was overpowering.

He turned away his eyes. What was all this beauty to him? And great tides of anguish surged through his soul. When he looked again, she had removed her wrappings, and he saw lying against the snow of her breast, and twined among her dusky hair—his violets!

From that moment the music fell upon deaf ears. They were too busy listening

wearing of those violets had given him new hope. He caught the eyes of Elmer, Julia's betrothed, and during a pause in the music crossed over to speak to him. As he was passing, Norah whispered, softly:

"Come round after the concert, I have something to tell you. It will be late, i

know, but I will not detain you."

"You're a fool, Cecil, to be running after that old Norah O'Reilly," said his sister, harshly. "I should think you had more pride.'

"I went to speak to Elmer. We were class-mates in college, you know," he said, very much in the tone of a child who

dreaded reproof.

'Humph!" It was but one little word,

but it spoke whole volumes.

The concert was over, and Norah passed to and fro in the dimly-lighted drawingroom, awaiting the coming of Cecil Bancroft. At last he came; but, as it often happens, in such hours as this, when we have expected so much, he seemed constrained and embarrassed. A little while they talked on indifferent subjects—the concert, the singers, etc. Then Cecil said abruptly:

"Do you know what time it is, Norah?" "Yes; it is just twelve o'clock." And

a flush rose to the fair cheek.

Poor Norah! she had something to say and did not know how to get about it. The silence at last became oppressive, almost unbearable to Bancroft. He knew, if he spoke at all, he would say too much; so rising, he began pacing up and down the room, his usual sedative when his heart-as hearts will-became unmanageable. Suddenly, pausing before the lady's chair, he said:

"I must leave you now, Norah.

is no use deferring our parting."

She was glad of the words; reaching up she caught his hand, and laid it lovingly against her cheek, said pleadingly: "Don't go to Europe, Cecil!"

"My good Norah, do you want to drive

me mad?

And he wrenched his hand away almost flercely, and strode to the window; man

as he was, he could have wept!

But Norah did not take umbrage at his petulant manner; she only followed him, and laying her bare white arm around him, said bravely:

"Do not go to Europe, Cecil. I am ready to be your wife at any hour you

may name."

Of Cecil's raptures it is not worth while to speak. He did not question this sudto the new song his heart was singing, to to speak. He did not question this sudhear the music of the songstress; the den change—it was enough for him that

happiness was so near. His sister's reproaches fell upon heedless ears, and did not deter him one moment from preparing a cage for his lady-bird. Norah kept her own counsel well. Not even to her friend Julia did she confide the contents of the foreign letter. As the marriage of Julia and Elmer was to take place at an early day, they concluded to have a double ceremony. Finding it inevitable, Bancroft's haughty sisters concluded to attend the wedding. Many wondered at the magnificent dress of the bride, and the costly vail that fell almost to her feet; and the Misses Bancroft hinted at their being "Cecil's gift."

As for Cecil, his fine face was lighted up with perfect happiness. The beautiful dress, that was the envy of the ladies, was nothing to him. Norah, in a dress of sister Norah!"

serge, would have been as precious as in the costly one so suited to her regal style of beauty.

Congratulations poured in upon them, and many lips wished them happiness—wishing him happiness when his heart was already so full of it, that the pressure was almost pain! Thoughts drifted through his brain—thoughts of how tender he would be with Norah; of how he would shield the beautiful head from the storms of life, and keep poverty from ever reaching her more. Not till apprised by Norah's lawyer, after their return from the wedding tour, did he know he, had marrried an heiress!

Ever after, the ancient ladies of the house of Bancroft were wont to say: "My sister Norah!"

## TO-NIGHT.

LL night I have been dreaming, dreaming of the long ago. All night the winds have been wailing a requiem for the dead. Oh! will it never hush its outcries—its almost human tones? Will it never cease its dreary miserere? never have done shricking out its mad fury?

It is dreary in the extreme, in-doors as well as out. The monotonous "tick, tick," of the old clock sounds dreary; the hodden-gray sky looks dreary, and my home-

sick heart is drearier than all.

Oh, this dreaming of dreams! how it unfits one for the stern realities of life, especially when there is scarcely a gleam of sunshine to weave in with one's som-

bre dreaming!

I am thinking of our old home, darling, our home by the sea-shore. Our home! "What a volume in a word!" What hosts of tender memories throng upon us! How our eye brightens at the thought of it! How the dreary present furls off, and quiet, invisible fingers part the murky curtain that hangs over our dead past—dead because we had buried it out of sight; because for years we had never dared litt the curtain our own strong will had drawn over it.

This is what my thinking and dreaming

brings to me to-night:

A view of two homes. First, comes the home where my childish years were passed—the beautiful home that my girlish feet trod so lightly, because my heart was so light. I hear the musical song of the sparkling waters that girdle that home like a "silver ribbon." I am sitting in my own little room, listening to the faraway music of falling waters, as they dash over the mill-dam down by the burn. You remember the old mill, darling? It is turbulent out there, you know, foaming, and fretting, and lashing the banks, like the sea. I like it better here, where it ripples quietly over the mossy stones, with a low gurgle, or trickles musically along on its way toward the sea.

And now I turn me from the music of

And now I turn me from the music of the water, to the far sweeter music of mother's voice. Hark! do you not hear it? She is sitting in the great arm-chair, knitting. Her hair is sprinkled with silver, but her heart Time has failed to touch. She is singing: "How tedious and tasteless the hours." It is old-fashioned, I know: but then mother loves it!

know; but then, mother loves it!

By the table sits a manly form; that is my only brother. He is reading "Black-

Well, he came to the farm-house every day, and my parents loved him well. We were sitting on the verandah—Allan, and mother, and I. It was a beautiful night! A perfect flood of moonlight lay upon the earth, so bright that mother sat on the steps knitting. As for me, I was all in a maze that night; for Allan had stolen his arm around me, as we sat on the sofa behind mother, and had taken my hand in his, and held it to his breast. This had startled me and set my heart to throbbing. Just then father came out, saying: This had

"It is such a beautiful night, I believe I

will walk over to the postoffice."

And Allan said, hurriedly: "I will walk as far as my hotel with

A shadow fell over the old place when he left it-a faint, sickening feeling crept

into my heart.

Aunt Bab-father's sister-came into the door just then, and sat down to talk to mother awhile; so I excused myself

and escaped to my room.

It was a pleasant chamber off the dininghall which Aunt Bab and I shared together, and it was my custom to sit there

evenings, to read and write.

But this night I could not do either. My heart was in a tumult; for I had awakened suddenly to the knowledge that I loved Allan Ramsey! My poor heart fluttered and throbbed; I feared and hoped alternately. Oh, if it could only be —if Allan loved me—if I could be his wife! Then I blushed at the thought that perhaps I had given my love to one who did

not love me in return.

I sat down by the window to think; and as I thought over the last few weeks, I grew wiser every moment. Looks and actions that I had before thought strange, now almost convinced me that I was beloved. I grew dizzily happy. Again I felt his arms about my waist, his hand in-close mine and draw it to his breast. Then came the thought of the difference in our worldly position, and my heart sunk again. I must not come between him and his proud mother; I must unlearn the lesson I had been learning all these weeks, and be only his friend. But could I do this? Could I crush back this beautiful love—strangle it ere it was fully born? Love! What was it? Ah! I had been learning it all this time, but knew it not. I had read of love, had sang of it, written of it, but never understood the meaning of the word until this hour. And now I dare not think of it, for my cheeks blushed at the memories it brought. I could not read or write; so I unbound my hair, and went to arranging it for the night. I heard some one speak, but did not realize they were asking for me, and heard mother

"You will find her in the dining-room." And then she and Aunt Bab went on talking:

I stood before the window, unconscious ly brushing out the flowers Allan had twined in my curls an hour before, and knew nothing more till an arm stole about my waist, and Allan Ramsey's voice said: "You are brushing all my flowers to

the floor, Isabel!"

I turned quickly, only to find myself

clasped close to his heart.
"How you tremble, darling! Why. Isabel, you have no nerves at all. Come to the sofa and sit down; I have a story to tell you.'

I had just what I had been longing for the presence of the man I loved-and yet, womanlike, I began to tremble, and said:

"Had we better not join mother and

Aunt Bab, on the verandah?

Allan smiled, an amused kind of smile, and taking the brush, he smoothed my hair gently back; then gathering it up into a heavy knot, he fastened it with my comb, as dexterously as a woman

"You have magnificent hair, Isabel. It is far handsomer than mother's, and she was famed for the great beauty of her

He then folded a light shawl about me

and drew me to the window.

"Sit here with me in the moonlight, Isa; I have something to tell you. I have no doubt you are surprised to see me here, after my abrupt leave-taking an hour ago, but I could not sleep without seeing you Isabel, I have spent the greater part of the last hour in prayer. This will, perhaps, astonish you still more. did not think I was accustomed to prayer, did you, Isabel?"

I murmured something, I know not what, but I thought that the words of prayer were the most fitting words he could utter; for as he knelt by the window, with the moonlight falling on his pale face, he grew more and more like my ideal of Guido's angel.

"I have this night decided on two things. First, to give up law and study for the ministry. Secondly, to lay my heart at lsabel Templeton's feet, and ask her to be my wife. Will she be my wife?"

"O Allan!"

It was all I could say

"Don't go to trembling again, darling Isa. If you love me, just lay your hand in mine."

For the life of me I could not help sliding my hand in his, even though I had pre-determined not to marry him, for his proud mother's sake.

"But your mother, Allan?"

"I will tell her of the wild flower I have found—of the sweet word-violet that has charmed me with its beauty and fragrance, till the possession of it is necessary to my

comfort and happiness."

Then he told me of how long he had wanted to he a minister of the gospel; but had yielded to his mother's wish and studied law; but that the "still small voice" kept whispering to him by day and by night, till he was cenvinced what his vocation should be. He was going home next day to acquaint his mother with his decision; and to be peak her love for his Isabel.

Then we knelt side by side, and Allan prayed for God's blessing upon our betrothal; after which he left me alone in my happiness. I sat by my pleasant window in a perfect trance of bilss. Thoughts sufficed for a little while; then came that longing of every soul for some one to talk to. Mother and Aunt Mab still sat on the verandah talking, and waiting for father. I could not tell my great joy to either of them yet; it must be my secret a little longer-mine and Allan's.

I went into the parlor, and sitting down to the piano, gave full vent to the feelings

of my soul.

I played no written music-I only poured forth the unwritten music of my own soul, in broken measure, and in some unknown tongue. I had solved the great problem of life; I had achieved my destiny; I loved and was beloved.

I had no further fear or dread. Allan's proud mother was forgotten. My soul thrilled with its new, glad life. I was an impassioned improvisatrice!—a poetical, a happy woman, filled with human love.

I went to sleep only to dream of Allan Ramsey. That matchless face was bending above me all night long—full of tenderness, as when he asked me to be his wife; as lighted up with the lofty purpose of his soul when he told me he had dured to be a servant of the Most High. All the long night I was listening to his rich voice, deep with tenderness, talking to me in love s low tones, or standing before a multitude of people, holding each one entranced by his impassioned eloquence and lofty, glowing imagery. Surely day never dawned upon a happier girl than Isabel Templeton, when she opened her eyes upon the next morning's sunlight. This is how the new light was born in my soul. I will tell you, now, how it died.

Allan had been gone a fortnight, when he returned unexpectedly one night. He looked unearthly pale, and his great, dreamy eyes had a far-away look in them that pained me. He was painfully restless, pacing up and down the versudal less; pacing up and down the verandah one minute; the next, holding me close to his heart, as though he feared I would vanish from his sight. Just before he said good-night, he led me out on the steps, where the moon shone full in my face. I was startled at the pallor of his face, and the anguished expression of his eyes. looked long and earnestly into my face, as though he could never gaze enough. Oh! that brave, gentle heart! how it must have ached! It was strange that I had no misgiving; that no shadow, prophetic of the coming storm, darkened the heaven of my love. I was blindly trusting. I saw only the kind, tender face that bent above me-saw only the great soul that looked out through those glorious eyes. He looked long and tenderly into my eyes, and passed his hand lovingly over my shining hair; then gathering a cluster of scarlet honey-suckles, he twined it among my curls; and pressing his lips upon them, said:

"Isabel, I return to Philadelphia by the train that leaves here at midnight. I ran down for a few hours to see my darling. I hope to get back to you Tuesday. I am harrassed with business and cannot be myself until it is settled. It is eleven o'clock, now. Kiss me good-bye, Isa."

I could not speak one word. If I had spoken, I should have cried, and that, I thought, would have been childish; but I held up my lips for a kiss. That night

Allan Ramsey pressed his first and last kiss upon my lips!
Allan had been gone but a few days when a letter came from his mother, bidding me forget her son; saying he could never be more to me than he was now; that with her consent he would never re-turn to Woodville. Then the cruel letter finished by saying, if I persisted in holding him to his engagement—if he made me his wife she would lay her curse upon

That night I wrote to Allan, enclosing his mother's letter, and giving him his freedom. After that I was ill for many weeks. When I recovered, they told me Allan had just recovered from a severe hemorrhage. Oh! if we could have gone over the river with the "boatman pale" together!

A long, dreary month wore away. I

sat in the parlor alone, one night, when the door opened noiselessly, and Allan Ramsey entered! He was pale and wan, and could scarcely totter to the sofa. I did not blame Allan; so when I saw how faint and ill he was, I brought him some ice-water and held it to his lips myself. brought a pillow and placed it beneath his head. For oh! I loved Allan Ramsey better than I have ever loved anything before or since!

I could have pillowed that dear head upon my breast, but I dared not; so I only knelt before him and wiped the dew from his forehead. He handed me a letter from his mother. The sight of the proud woman's bold chirography recalled me to the present, and I rose abruptly. Allan

was no longer mine—I had forgotten. Had Allan Ramsey known the contents of that letter, it would never have reached me. Mrs. Ramsey's love was stronger than her pride. She wrote that her son was failing, day by day, and that she had concluded, if I would leave the old people behind—give them up entirely—Allan could marry me. I could just come on with him, and be married there. Fool! Did she think I had no pride? that I was a servant to come and go at her bidding? that a woman who would desert her old father and mother would make a good

I would not desert my parents, though my heart should be rent in twain. I would not be her son's wife now, if I stood alone. I flung the letter on the floor, and set my

foot upon it.

"Mr. Ramsey, you will tell your mother for me, that I decline her very kind offer, and that she would do well never to re-

Allan's face grew deadly pale, and that stayed the angry words upon my lips; else I might have spoken words I should regret a lifetime. It boots not to tell all that was said and suffered. Suffice it, that we parted, then and there, forever—no, not forever; one last, dreary parting we had. But more of that anon.

How my heart was wrung I need not say; but I had my own dignity to support—my own pride to sustain. I could never, after the first ungenerous threatening, and the insult contained in the last letter, be Allan Ramsey s wife; and I told him so. And my noble Allan—his true heart was rent; but he knew what was due me. Oh, that parting hour! it darkened my whole life. But I kept up bravely for Allan's sake.

I watched him as he walked feebly down

almost rejoiced to see his tottering steps, knowing that if he died, no other woman would be his wife—no other woman would ever fill my place in his heart. I watched him out of sight, and then fell to the floor in a deadly faint. But no one ever knew it, for mother never entered the parlor evenings, and Aunt Bab seldom did.

And now, it seemed as if all the evil in my nature rose up; I was tempted by day and by night. In my utter anguish of soul I forgot to pray: "Lead us not into

temptation."

I was very proud, and resolved to show the world that Allan Ramsey was nothing to me. I laughed, and sang, and jested, even while my heart was breaking. It was the hardest thing I ever had to do. Oh! it is hard to be driven to such straits as these; hard to move around among our daily duties, with one loved face pressed close to your heart that in life you may never-nay, dare never-look upon again.

How often we say we cannot, will not bear it, when some heavy burden is laid upon us. How often we resolve to burst through the fetters laid upon us—to "speak in church," regardless of Mrs.

Grundy!

I have said that I was proud; and it galled that pride to think of Mrs. Ramsey sitting triumphant, believing she had crushed me. My only desire was to show her my heart had received no wound. Unlike her, my pride was stronger than my love. I would have periled my happiness, any time, to save my pride; would have risked anything but my honor and my hopes of heaven. I resolved to crush out of my heart the love I bore Allan Ramsey; to strangle it, though my heart yearned with a mighty yearning for its life. And I did it—or thought I did. 1 was remorseless as the grave. I gave my heart no quarter, though it clamored loudly to be heard. I shut the door upon it and double-locked it; and then I drew an impenetrable curtain across the entrance, and thought it was safe.

Soon after, I went to visit an aunt living Canada. There I met a gentleman who in Canada. fell in love with my poor face, and I married him in one month. My husband was a good man-loving and gentle; and it has been a lifetime regret to me that I had only the remnants of a poor, undisciplined heart to give him. But I am glad to say that I made him a good, faithful wife. have borne and foreborne more, I believe, than if I had loved him; for I knew I had deceived him in the matter of the heart. the avenue, and—was I wild or mad?—I He sent for my parents, and was as kind to them as an own son—for which I honored and respected him above all other Would that I could have loved him.

Two years after, I went with Aunt Bab to visit a cousin residing in Philadelphia. The first Sunday after my arrival, in coming out of church, I heard a lady say:

Allan Ramsey died last night.' It was then I found out how I had been deceiving myself—found that my heart was still faithful to its early love. When the carriage stopped at the door, I escaped to my room, only to pase up and down, moaning

"O Allan! Allan!"

That afternoon I stole out, and going to the handsome mansion of Mrs. Ramsey, rang the bell with trembling hand. To the servant who answered it I said, as calmly as I could:

"I would like to see Mr. Ramsey." A moment more, and I stood in the room where all lay that was left of my

first and only love.

The woman uncovered the dead, and I knelt beside him. Oh, the calm beauty of that noble face! it melted me to tears. What cared I that the aged woman who had shown me in stood watching me? I bowed my head upon the pulseless heart, and sobbed aloud.

"You knew him then, lady?"
"Ah, I knew him and loved him well." The woman would have questioned me, but I motioned her to silence. My soul was full of anguish; I had come into deep dens at the feet of the Great Shepherd, waters. Kneeling there by the dead, my sins pressed deep upon me. I had sinned what Thou wilt. "

against the living, and against the dead; I had sinned against my own soul. A footstep upon the stair startled me; and pressing one more kiss upon the cold lips I rose to my feet. A tall, stately woman entered. It did not need the deep mourning robes to tell me it was Allan's mother; for her face was the counterpart of his, save that it did not have his sweet expression. My eyes were tearless, now, and my voice cold and passionless.

"I am Isabel Templeton, madam."

The proud woman started. Perhaps it might have been with surprise that the tall, regal-looking woman, whose velvet robe swept the floor, was the same Isabel Templeton her son had loved. I could have assured her that it was the same Isabel; her robe was a little more costly, and her heart a great deal more wretched—but that was all. She would have taken my hand but I waved her off. A gulf as impassable as the one between Dives and Lazarus surged between me and the mother of Allan Ramsey.

This was years ago. Since then I have grown meeker and wiser. Some that I have loved have since then gone to the better land, showing me the way; and a light from the "Shining Shore" has flickered across my life-path. I have listened to a "still small voice" saying: "Give me thine heart;" and I have learned to know the voice and love it. I have "laid down my arms"—have laid my heavy bur-

#### OUR NEW STYLE.

E firm, brave, hopeful, cheerful! the most towering peak of yonder mountain, and write upon it the people's word to be happy. Polish up the for—Excelsior! gotten song of your far-away youth, and sing it again. Shut your eyes as you sing, and make believe it is a new song. Think how much happier you are than you deserve to be. Learn to be patient, meek, lowly, humble. Cast your eyes forwardnot backward. Plant your banner upon has got to be almost as much in disrepute

tain, and write upon it the people's word

Thus far we have written, and now we stop to glance over it and see how it reads -how this "new style" becomes us. We had been wont to write just as we felt, without stopping to read it over; but as we feel sad most of the time, and as sadness as slavery, we thought to change our style. Well, it looks fair enough; it reads well enough. There is not a word of sad-

ness in it. So far, well.

As we resume our pen, a hand-organ strikes up "Hazel Dell" beneath our win-It is a very sweet-toned one, and the air carries us back to other days. love the music of a hand-organ, and we flatter ourselves we are not "green," either. We have sat in handsome opera houses, and listened to this and that "most divine opera"-have heard mighty oratorios—the grand "Oratorio of Creation," both indoors and out (and sometimes we have dared to think those heard in the mystical depths of some dim old woods the grandest); and still we like to hear a hand-organ under our window. Listening to it to-night, our soul seemed to fling off its fetters, and leap with lightning rapidity back into the shadowy past, giving us such a vision as a drowning man is said to have, with this difference only: that the swift transition of thought with us was-I mean, under more pleasing circumstances. In one moment of time we were whirled from our lonely room back, years and years. Life once more seemed rose-hued; our spirit wandered into the by-gone, and sounds of "the days that are no more" made pleasant music in our ears. Oh, this is delightful! Why could we not be brave-hearted, and fling off this sadness that oppressed us? Why should any sorrow that earth could bring thus bow down our spirits? We could and would rise above it; and Longfellow's beautiful words from the "Psalm of Life" tlashed through our mind:

"In the world's broad field of battle, In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle—
Be a hero in the strife."

was one we used to love in the old days, when the word sadness had no meaning to us; and we listened to it, and dreamed those days had come again. Once more we trod the green fields that bounded our early home, and lay full length in the but-tercup-meadow, listening to one we loved whistling this same "Hazel Dell." That meadow, with its glossy carpet of Lincoln green, and golden spangling of shining-leaved buttercups. But, ah! now a sharp pang strikes us; for we remember how, years and years afterward, little, white, dimpled hands used to gather them as we did, and we remember, too, that we have since folded those waxen hands together, as if for prayer, and laid them to rest under the violets and daisies. But wherefore should we slide away into retrospect that must needs be sad? And, at any rate, why should we mourn that a mantle of peace and eternal silence (for this is life) is folded over the throbbing hearts we loved? That the relentless waves of the River of Death have washed over our threshold, laving the pearl-white feet of our "home angel," and toating her away down "Lordes" to the result of the result down "Jordan's stormy banks," to meet

loved ones gone before.

Ah, me! it is easier to write about being "brave and cheerful"—of "flinging care to the winds," etc., than it is to be so, and mighty hard to do either, when the world has crushed you to earth with its Protean phases of sorrow. We must mourn when the blinding tempests have broken over our heads, and desolated our Eden, and shadows deep and dark have crept closer and closer round our hearts. Yet, after all, why should we mourn? We know that thousands of slender feet have trod the same path, and we also know that in an old-fashioned book it is written: Be a hero in the strife."

"What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter!"

## GIULIA: A TALE OF THE FLOATING CITY.

OONLIGHT in Venice! What a volume in three words! The floating city seemed ablaze with lights, mirth, and revelry. Upon the boson of the Adriatic floated innumerable gondolas, freighted with laughing, dreamy-eyed signoras, whose rich attire and costly jewels flickered and flashed in the radiant moonlight. It rested upon her "seventy islets," and upon the "Bridge of Sighs!"—creeping into the galleries of many a proud palace, and looking upon sights it should not have seen. Music and song were upon the waters—the flute-like notes of women, and the deep, rich tones of men. Then, for a little while, all was still; anon the wild song of the gondoller crept upon the ear, mingled with the musical trickle of the water, as it played around the prow of the vessel.

"Did you know that Leoni Cardosi is to be arrested to-night, if found within the palace of the Doge? He is so enraged at his continued efforts to win the love of Giulia. I pity Cardosi—he has loved her from a boy."

"Hist! sweet—be heard to pity none whom the Doge hates; else thy fair head may have a price upon it ere the next sun-

setting."

"I fear him not—though, indeed, he is a very tyrant." Then archly: "If I am ever thy bride, Guiseppe, thou must carry me far from Venice—away to free Amer-

"Nay; but, Castella, I fear me much r Cardosi. He swears to wed Giulia, or for Cardosi. none else of Venetia's daughters will he ever take to wife. I fear he will present himself at the palace to-night, in defiance of the Doge's proclamation

"Leoni Cardosl 13 well-born, wealthy and noble-souled. Why should the Doge be so bitter against his house? Besides, Giulia is but his ward—not his child."

"But she was left in his custody, and

might as well have been a slave."

Beguiled by conversation, the hours sped on till ten o'clock—then, one by one, the pleasure-seekers turned their vessels toward the brightly-illuminated palace of the chief magistrate of Venice. Disembarking their precious freight, each vessel left the landing, and silence reigned where, a little time ago, laughter lingered.

An hour later, we see a gondola moored beneath the magnificent palace—from it stepped a man of noble brow and lofty mien, clad in the garb of a harper. A good dress enough it was, but seemed illy suited to the noble form that wore it.

"Keep close, Bertrand, and gossip none to-night, less thou jeopardize thy master's

safety."

"By the Saints, good master," said Bertrand, calling after him; "you have forgotten your face-disguise, or whatever you call it."

"You are right, my brave Bertrand, but you must be wary, and speak lower. Let there be no titles, to-night," said the seeming harper, as he re-entered the ves-sel to assume his "face disguise."

Within the palace all was gayety and life, music and song, and flying feet. The noble owner was in high good humor. The guests were assembled an hour, and no sign of the daring rebel he hated. Gayest, where all were gay, was Giulia, the day-star of the brave Cardosi. Beautiful as a dream! Bright, witty, talented, be-wildering in every mood, Giulia seemed to have no wish or thought beyond the present hour. During a pause in the music a servant approached.

"Lady, there is a wandering harper without; he craves admittance."

"Go to your master, Antonia, and say to him that the noble ladies—his guests—wished to be amused by this droll man. This for yourself," slipping a golden coin into his willing fingers.

As Giulia surmised, the august magistrate gave his consent, and the bent form of the harper entered. His face was pale; long, iron-gray hair hung down upon his shoulders, and the dust of travel seemed to cling to his well-worn shoes. The young folks crowded around the ancient harper, full of curiosity, whilst some of the haughty, titled dames and their liege lords sought the "penetrate" beyond, shocked at the want of taste evinced by listening to such a miserable old man. The Doge sat within—winning gold; so he cared naught for minstrel or king.

"Well, good father, let us have some music," said he we have called Guiseppe.
"Lords and gentle ladies, I am the last

of the bards 'who sung of border chivalry.' Sir Walter Scott was mistaken. I am the last minstrel, and am come to sing the

'Lay of the Last Minstrel.'"
"Poor fellow, he is crazed!" mur-

mured some compassionate ones.

"But, good father, let's have a song,"

urged Guiseppe.
Then, in a drawling, whining voice, the

gray-haired minstrel sang:

"The feast was over in Branksome tower, And the lady had gone to her secret bower— Her bower that was guarded by word and by

spell,
Deadly to hear and deadly to tell,
Jesu. Maria, shield us well!
No living wight, save the lady alone,
Had dared to cross the threshold stone."

Then gazing around him, as though his thoughts wandered, he murmured:

"I have traveled the ground with weary feet, From Teviot stone to Eskdale moor, And am weary, and hungry, and cold."

Giulia taking the "cue," and seeing the

Doge approaching, said:

"You look tired, old man. You had better go into the servants' department and have something to eat. Then we will listen to you."

Once more there was music and dancing, and winning of gold. When all seemed engaged, Giulia separated herself from her companions, and entered the conservatory unobserved, stepping from thence into the gardens. A moment she lingered with fast-beating heart, and was about to return, when an arm was flung around her, and a voice that set every pulse to throbbing, whispered, in low, rich tones. "Giulia mia!"

Then white arms were flung around the harper's neck, and in return was whis-

pered:

"Leoni mio, is all ready?"

At that moment a voice from the conservatory called:

"Giulia! Giulia! Which way?"

"Fly, Leoni, fly!"

"At twelve to-night, when others sleep, meet me on the quay."

When the harper was recalled, he was missing—the servant adding, as an item: "He went off muttering poetry to himself. I guess he was not right aloft."

For which opinion Guilia most fervently

thanked him.

And now the guests are leaving, and Guiseppe whispers to his sweet companion:

"I breathe freer, now that the evening is over and Cardosi did not come."

over. I wonder if this is the right key I have got? It was so dark I could not see."

In the morning all was confusion and haste in the proud palace, last night so full of mirth. Giulia was missing, and that "traitor," Leoni Cardosi, was miss-ing. Money was spent by handfuls to bribe knowing ones to disclose their whereabouts; but no one seemed to know anything of the fugitives—not a single trace could be found.

Days and weeks passed on, and things settled down in their old ways. Those who loved the fugitives grew to hope they were safe in another land, and not lingering in some hiding place within the city till it would be safe to leave. They who loved Giulia and her noble lover wore anxious faces, and Guiseppe neither ate nor slept. Great, therefore, was the joy when Guiseppe came among them with his face full of joy, and his manner calm and contented. Then they knew without question that the runaways were safe somewhere.

They were splendid rooms. Carpets of wich velvet covered the floor with hues so glowing and so bright, it seemed as if living flowers were thrown over it for our feet to crush. One could almost imagine the sweet fragrance rising about one, came from those very same flowers. The quaint richness and beauty of everything within those apartments were hard to describe; and better far than all, was the sweet look of home comfort, mingled with all the elegance. The two apartments were separated only by an arch, hung with curtains of rich, cherry-colored velvet, lined with white sik, and embroidered about the edges in gold flowers, and finished by a trimming of heavy, golden fringe.

This gorgeous drapery was looped up to admit a current of air, for the day was warm and oppressive; and though by night-fall a cool air crept up from the Adriatic, at this hour it was intensely op-pressive. In the inner apartment were two persons. A lady of about two-andtwenty stood by a closely-vailed window, looking anxiously forth. Though the curtains that shaded that window were of costly silk and lace-though rare flowers looped the inner ones in graceful folds, beautiful and pleasing to the eye—gladly would that woman have exchanged them for coarse, brown "serge," could she only have flung them far back, and leant And Giulia whispers, as she flits about out to inhale the fresh air, and feel the her apartment: "Oh, I am trembling all cool, pleasant sea-breeze play about her once more. That she was gloriously beautiful brought her no joy-at her heart she

was weeping.

There are two kinds of weeping, you know-one, the shedding of tears, each falling drop serving to lighten the heart of its load, and clear the "cobwebs from the brain." Then there are tears that fall drop by drop—not outwardly but in-wardly—festering the heart, but leaving the face calm; only if you will come upon such suddenly, you will find a world of anguish expressed in their eyes, and about the mouth—the only features that will not lie. The lady, as we have said, was beautiful. Masses of chestnut-brown curls hung to her waist, which, in the sunlight turned to rings of gold. She wore a dress of rose-colored silk, with loose sleeves of white lace falling open from the shoulder—those white, polished shoulders, so like an infant's in their softness, and their pure, waxen beauty.

"Rouse thee, my lady. Presently my master come, and the shadow will come into his deep eyes, if he sees the sadness in thine!" And the dusky maid stooped to arrange the floating drapery of her

beautiful lady's dress.

A man's step was heard in the hall, and now the anguished look passed from the lady's face—the sweet eyes were calm, and none could tell that in the lonely night, bitter tears had fallen. She hushed the pain at her heart, that he, her loved one, might not "catch the trace of grief," The door opened and lose his composure.

and lose his compound and she sprang forward.

You are safe at a lov-"Cardosi, my own! You are safe at home once more!" And she nestled lovingly into his breast. Then springing across the floor, she lifted a beautiful child from the cradle, and placed it in her husband's arms, kneeling mutely at his feet, content to take the second place while he caressed her child. It was enough to know he was safe, and to sit gazing her very soul into his love-lighted eyes.
"Ah, Guiseppe mio. You cannot yet

welcome thy father home; but there is thy sweet mother, boy, who gives me a double welcome. Giulia, the beautiful! double welcome. Giulia, the beautiful! Leoni's day-star! his peerless queen-

lily!"

"Ah, Cardosi! thou wouldst flatter me engender pride in this poor loving heart.

But what news, my own?"

"First let me remove this heavy gown and my disguise, then I will talk with thee. Our noble friend, Guiseppe, tells me he knows of a vessel leaving in a

a place of safety, where they can find an American vessel, agreeing not to ask the name of the fugitives. Guiseppe and his pretty sweetheart go with us. Keep a brave heart, sweet, and yourself in readiness for instant flight. Be calm and brave, Giulia."

"Oh! I am so glad, Cardosi. My poor heart sickens when thou art absent from

me but a little time.

"And I am glad, queen-lily, not for myself, but thee. This long confinement is telling upon thee my precious one, that I have, in my selfish love, caught and caged, robbing thee of the fresh air and the glorious sunshine."

A white hand closed the speaker's

mouth, and a sweet voice said:

"With thee a prison would be bliss, rather than a palace without thee.'

Long they talked of their future; and, as the dreamy twilight fell, Giulia crept closer to her husband, and whispered gently

"Tell me of our new home in far-away America, Leoni, where all are free to love whom they list."

"I—as you know—have never seen that glorious land; but Caracci writes that he has found us a home—a lovely spot where the blue sea ebbs and flows, and laves the garden walks in its restlessness. 'Dost like the picture, love?' But, my own, I must leave you again at the dawning of day, so we had better retire and try to sleep.

"O Leoni! I cannot sleep for very joy. My eye-lids would keep open last night, because of anxiety for thee. To-night I

cannot sleep for joy!"

Again we visit the home of Leoni Cardosi. The month of waiting has come and gone, and still the noble Cardosi lingers in Venice. And wherefore stays he here, when every day's stay but cuts off his promise of safety? Within the inner room lies Giulia; but her cheek is pale as the snowy pillows it rests upon. The golden-brown hair is coiled beneath a little lace cap, and a white wrapper replaces the silken robe. Her sickness is of the heart, and is fast wearing her strength away. A report had been whispered in the city to the effect that the "rebel" Cardosi, with his family, was hidden within its walls. Every suspected place had been searched, and then apparently given over; but still Cardosi felt unsafe. It might be month's time, that has agreed, for a large a lull to entice him forth—so he would be sum of gold, to carry a family secretly to wary. The brave, high heart of the noble

Cardosi was sick unto death. He was the last of his race, powerless and oppressed. His wealth, his birth, and his mighty intellect, it seemed, had brought him no return. Giulia, his beautiful wife, lay fading away for want of heaven's fresh air and sunshine—his boy had sickened from the same cause; and yethe dare not boldly remove them. An intense fire burned in the wild glance of that deep dark eye-a flerce, wild gleam, that changed to one of infinite tenderness, as Giulia's sweet voice murmured:

"O Leoni! when will I be strong enough to go to that beautiful land, where, in sleep, my soul is ever roaming? I feel so strange, Leoni. When I sleep I seem to hear invisible music, sweet as the angels song. There seems to be an instrument in my soul, sweet as the harp the angels sweep. Then I wake, Leoni, and the music is gone. Within my soul all is discord—my spirit's lyre is all unstrung—and I am still drooping upon earth, a hopeless captive."

O Giulia! if it could be so, wouldst thou wish to plume thy wings for flight, and leave me desolate and heart-broken?"

"No, Cardosi, no. I could not leave Heaven would not be heaven without thee. It was but the fantasy of sleep."

"Well, sleep, my dark-eyed love, and rest thee. Dream thy pleasant dreams again. I will watch thee, and whilst thou sleep I will pray for returning strength to thee, and for winds to waft us far from hated Venice."

Again the holy stars look down upon the Adriatic, by moonlight, reflecting their golden glories in its blue watersthe white moonlight bathing the entire

city in its pure beauty.

Princely halls, noble palaces, dreary prisons, haunts of sin—all lay beneath the moonlight and the stars. Again gayly ornamented gondolas floated across the waters—again guitar and sweet young voices sang of the mighty theme of 'love' or this gold in the property of the stars. or whispered in the passionate tones of Italy a tale of that same love, for oh! in palace or in hovel, "There's nothing half so sweet in life, as love's young dream!"
The hours flew by unheeded until the hour of midnight rang out loud and clear. Then, one by one, the pleasure-seekers turned their faces homeward; and silence fell upon the hearts so lately filled with mirth and laughter. Midnight! the hour when murder stalked abroad; when

the dark waters beneath, choosing rather to trust in the tender mercies of a compassionate Savior than to live in this cold and cruel world, to walk lonely and oppressed by life's "dark waters," forgetting in forgetting in praver. Oh! their distress the efficacy of prayer. Oh! if such as these from whose heart hope has fied; who are bowed down by oppression, or, mayhap, by slander or undeserved blame, would but take "heart of grace" and kneel and pray, though they said but the simple words, "Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me," and the great "l am "would lift the mountain-load from off their breasts, and give them peace; ay, eyen the humblest of them.

It was, as we have said, the dreary midnight-hour, when crime unvails ilself, and ghosts are said to haunt one's footstepswhen the maiden no longer sat apart with guitar in hand, carelessly singing, but crept closer into the bosom of her lover, as though sure of protection from some

unknown but dreaded evil.

Moored beneath a dark and gloomy house lay a gondola; ever and anon, a man with a long heavy cloak folded about him, walked to and fro from the house to

the sea.

"Oh! my sweet one, and my poor mistress, too—my heart is like to break. Is there any likelihood of the way being clear for us? Are there many vessels upon the water? Oh! my darling—my darlings!"

"Peace, nurse, or you will distract me.

I am well nigh crazed already. I wonder what keeps father Antone so long."

"I am here, my son. Bertrand says it seems unusually quiet upon the water. He will have little more than time to go

and return before the dawn.'

Three muffled figures entered the boat and moved off towards the open sea, ap-parently wishing to get as far away from the city as possible. There was silence for an hour, then as the vessel stopped and an anchor was flung overboard, there arose from that silent trio loud moans of anguish. A box, that had been hidden from sight, was brought forth and the lid removed; then the tallest of the two men knelt before it in bitter anguish. Within lay the form of a woman, upon whose beautiful pale brow snowy pearls were wreathed, and upon whose marble bosom lay an infant, dead! like its sweet young mother. A gorgeous robe of satin draped the beautiful form, and masses of goldenbrown hair hung upon the narrow pillow. The living beauty of that face and form heart-stricken wretches flung themselves must have been bewildering—its pale, cold from the "Bridge of Sighs" down into beauty even now was enough to break a must have been bewildering-its pale, cold hundred hearts. The face seems familiar. Look no closer. Ah! it is Giulia, Leoni Cardosi's sweet wife--his stately queen-

lily!
"Giulia—Giulia! my darling! Would
Alas! my to God I had died for thee! Alas! my

jewels—my jewels!"
"Cardosi, you must moderate your grief, my son. Giulia is at rest. There is for her no more fear—no more captivity—

no more dying!

"Peace, Father Antone! I will for-swear your faith; it is worthless, rotten at the core, else your prayers would have saved Giulia. "

"Blame me not, my son. I prayed as I never prayed before that Giulia might be left with us. My heart is already filled with sorrow: lay not a heavier load upon

And now comes the closing of that rude coffin. One more long, lingering look, ( such as you, my friend, and you and you have taken greedily, because you knew it was to last you for all time)—once more, passionate kisses are pressed upon the sweet cold lips, and the wretched man flung himself upon the vessel's deck in bitter, bitter woe.

The aged man and the faithful nurse approach to take their last look at the one each had loved so fondly. Tenderly she kissed the baby's marble face again and again, and the face of its sweet mother was rendered sacred by her broken-hearted husband's tears, which lay upon her brow and neck, like gems glittering and sparkling in the moonlight, as though in mockery of all their deep grief. Tears from the eyes of the brave Cardosi, the dew of his heart's anguish; and dearly as the nurse

off, but she laid her aching head upon the

bright hair of Giulia, and moaned:
"O my gentle loving mistress! O Gui-

seppe, mio / my own, my own!"

Hush, nurse! they are gone to God." Now comes the last sadact—the lowering of all that beauty into the deep waters.
"The moon is under a cloud, good father; let us wait until she gives us her light again."
"Nay, nurse, it is more than a cloud.
A rapid storm is brewing. We must

A moment more and a sullen plunge told where the beautiful had found a grave. As with tear-blinded eyes, they turned away, a vessel ran up alongside,

and three men sprang on board.

"We arrest you, Leoni Cardosi, in the name of the Doge of Venice. Ah! this is an old man. We were mistaken after all. It is not he whom we seek. We want not bld men and beldames: we want Leoni Cardosi, the daring young traitor that stole away the pretty ward of the Doge and then killed her."

Leaving the vessel, they were quickly out of sight, the prostrate form of Cardosi having escaped them in the gathering darkness. Father Antone bent over this

prostrate form, saying tenderly:
"Rise, my son, and let us begone, for they may return upon us at any min-

Getting no answer, he raised the head; but the noble, loving Leoni was dead.

What could they do? To carry him home would do him no good, and might insure their detection; so, with added grief, they wrapped him in their cloaks and lowered him into the blue waters beloved her mistress, she dared not kiss them side his jewels that had gone before.

#### SAD TIDINGS.

EWS from the absent! News for the but they are enough, more than enough loving hearts who, through long to the aching heart to which they come! days and nights of sleepless anxhave waited for tidings from the loved soldier. And, at last, it has come! No long letter with closely written pages; only a few words, scarcely covering two lines of the narrow column, yet few and short as the words may be, they have brought enough of sorrow to crush the last ray of hope from out the loving. anxious hearts who have so long hoped and prayed for his safety. In imagination, I picture to myself the scene of but a few short months ago, when, in the beauty and strength of his young manhood, the soldier bids adieu to hone and friends, and then goes forth for his country's defence. It may be he is the son of a widowed mother who, in this parting, loses the stay and support of her old age. But a country's call for aid awakens an echo in his heart, all the noble feelings of a manly nature respond to that call, and the mother's heart, although wrung by an agony God alone can tell, cannot rethe tearful "God bless you" is uttered, the last farewell kiss is given, and the young soldier goes forth from the comforts of home and a mother's loving care, to the terrible realities of the fierce and

deadly strife.
Oh, the hours of lonely sadness which follow his departure, rendered still more gloomy by the ever haunting fear that never more shall they meet this side the eternal world! And when at last the tidings come of the fearful conflict raging, and she knows too well that he, whom she has loved so long and tenderly, is exposed to all its dangers, who can tell, save those who have suffered thus, the days and nights of terrible sleepless anxiety which that mother must suffer ere she learns the certainty of that loved one's fate! With an aching, sinking heart, she turns from the face of every friend, fearful lest they bring her the sad tidings she dreads each moment to hear, and the paper is slowly and timidly unfolded with trembling hands and a shrinking dread lest she read her darling's name amid the slain.—But at last the tidings come; only a few hurried words in a soldier's letter, faith and loftier courage, they await the

All the fond hopes, the cherished plans of years lie crushed and blasted in those few short words. The staff she has leaned on has slipped from her grasp, and who, save the widow's God and the mourner's friend, shall apply the balm of consolation to her desolate, bleeding heart!

Oh! the thousands and thousands in our land to whom such tidings have come, who to-day feel this terrible desolation and mourn the extinguishing of every hope in life by the death of some loved one on the bloody battle-fields of the

South!

What to them in the first hour of anguish is the shout of victory that rings through the land, or news that the proud flag of the free floats where, but a few days before, a traitor's banner waved?

They hear naught save the whistling bullet and the dying shriek of agony,— see naught but a fair young head laid low, and a brave heart stilled forever by death, —think of naught save high hopes crushed and cherished plans blighted, the weary, heart-sick desolation of the present and the long dark years of sorrow in the fu-

"He fell while nobly and heroically performing his duty on the battle-field! and that duty, the sustaining of liberties purchased by patriot sires by long dark years of strife and bloodshed, the upraising of a nation's glorious banner torn down by traitors' hands and trampled beneath the feet of rebel hordes.

Where is there a nobler duty to perform or a more glorious cause in which to die? A patriot's holy love of country, which has lain dormant through the first days of bitter sorrow, is aroused in the mourners' heart, and all the world could yield no sweeter consolation than the thought, "He died in a noble cause!" And the heart, strengthened by holier thoughts, is lifted above the bitter trials of earth, and looking beyond the gloomy surroundings of the present, sees by the eagle eye of faith, the one so dearly loved receiving at the hands of a patriot's God the reward of his sacrifice.

With a chastened heart, yet with firmer

revolutions of the chariot wheels of Time, from the battle-field of earth, and together which shall carry frem to the confines of eternity, where, fording the rough, surging tide of the river of death, they will from the blooming gardens of Parameet the glorified one, who has arisen dise.

they will roam the golden streets of God's

## LIFE AS IT IS.

N one of the principal streets of a great city stood a large boarding-house, whose white-marble front and general air bespoke the aristocracy of its inmates. One could tell it was a boarding house, from the many faces—fair and plain—sitting at or near the windows. It was five o'clock—the fashionable dinner-hour. Already, the public drawing-rooms and handsome private parlors were filled with youth and beauty. In one a bevy of fair women were grouped together, talking rapidly and excitedly.

"I tell you, it is mighty strange. Jane saw him come out of her room twice, today; and last night, after the Southern train came in, at one o'clock, he went

straight to her room."

"Are you sure you can rely on Jane's word, Clara? I am sure I should not trust my maid in a similar case. 'They are all fond of the marvelous."

"You are, really, very complimentary, Miss Bradley. If you keep servants whose

word you cannot trust, I do not."

"The halls are very dimly lighted at that hour," said another kindly voice; perhaps it was Mr. Leeds she saw."

·· No. Mr. Leeds has dark hair and eyes. This man had fair hair and blue eyes— real aristocratic-looking, Jane said."

" For pity's sake, do let that poor Mrs.

Leeds alone. Of course it was some relative, or he would not be going to wake her up at that time of night. As for being in her room in the daytime, that is nothing 'strange,' if he had gone twenty times. At a hotel, one's room is one's home; and who wants to run to the drawing-rooms to

see every one that calls?"
"Well, I agree with Clara Wilbur," said another voice. "I do not think we should notice Mrs. Leeds any more. shan't for one. She is too secretive and

mysterious."

"I shan't notice her, either."

"Nor I—nor I," said one and another.
"Well, ladies, I am sorry for the course
you have taken—for my part, I condemn
it. I cannot blame Mrs. Leeds, if she is not disposed to be communicative regarding her family affairs. I believe that she has some sorrow that we do not know of. I am interested in her-her pale, sweet face touches me. I, for one, shall treat her politely—having seen nothing to cause me to do otherwise. We, none of us, have more than a speaking acquaintance with her, at any rate. It is not at all likely she would confide her troubles, or the motives for her actions, to almost strangers," and the lady passed into an adjoining parlor. "Dear me! how independent we are!

It seems to me, Mary Bradley plumes her-

self a good deal upon her wealth."

"Oh, Clara! how can you say so?" said the kindly voice before mentioned. "Mary has less pride, and cares less for money, than any one of us."

"Well, she needn't be so wonderfully straight-laced—but, girls, there comes General Lane. Let us get up our very prettlest smiles."

A tall, noble form, in full regimentalschapeau, sash, epaulets, etc.—entered the room. He was a handsome man of fifty dark-eyed and olive skinned—the beau of of the house. Though fifty years had passed over his head, his lofty form was yet unbent, and his heart as young as it was twenty years ago. He was a noble specimen of manhood; and, notwithstanding his half century, not one of the fair beauties around him would have refused him her "lily hand;" for was he not handsome and wealthy? And, although he had seen many a bloody field, his deep voice was gentle, and an almost womanly tenderness brooded in his eyes. As he approached the ladies, he said:

"Good-evening, fair dames. What is the news?"

"Oh, General! you have just missed a rare dish of scandal. Mrs. Leeds was done to a turn. I am sorry you missed it.'

"No need for sorrow, my dear young lady, as I was sitting out on the verandah, enjoying my cigar, and heard it all. I suppose I should have moved; but I was too lazy, and you were talking so loud I did not suppose it was a secret."

Clara Wilbur "wilted" down considerably-for it was her custom to "do" the soft and gentle before the General.

"What do you think of Mrs. Leeds?" said gentle Maud Miller.
"Well, Miss Maud, I think she is beau-

tiful, graceful, and a perfect lady. If she were a widow, to-morrow, I would try to win her.'

As he finished speaking, two persons came pacing slowly down the broad hall. The woman was slight and graceful, with dark hair and eyes. She wore a robe of black velvet-her only ornaments being a coral brooch, clasping a collar of rich lace around her white throat, and the coral comb that confined her jetty curls. The gentleman was "tall and aristocratic," with "fair hair and blue eyes"—being, doubtless, the identical man that Jane had seen enter Mrs. Leeds' room the night be-Whilst they watched the graceful movements of the two, the gong sounded, and the entire crowd passed into the brilliantly-lighted dining-room. It so chanced that General Lane's rooms adjoined those of Mrs. Leeds'. He had only returned to the city a formight before, after an absence of seven weeks—during which time the stranger—Mrs. Leeds—had come among them. Immediately after dinner, he had retired to his own room, much to the discomfiture of the ladies. As he sat reading in his own room—Mrs. Leeds and the world forgotten—he heard a knock at the lady's door, and, as it was opened, heard a woman's voice exclaim:

"Ah, dear Charlie, it is you! Come in; you look tired and worn out. Come and lie down on my comfortable lounge and rest, while we have a real good old-fash-

ioned talk."

The general was surprised to find how plain he could hear, till he remembered

the door between the rooms.

"How long can you stay, Charlie?"
"Only till ten, Carrie. I have an engagement to meet Lace Canterbury. But, Carrie, you too look 'tired and worn out.' What is wrong, my pet?"

"Nothing, Charlie; you only fancy

"You cannot deceive me, Carrie—you are changed. Something is missing from your eyes; and the rare old gladness of spirit, that was my pride, is gone."

Then, ere she could reply, he added:

"Where is Harry, to-night?"

The clear voice was unfaltering that replied:

"He has business out, to-night."

"He was out last night, when I came, at one o'clock. Is it his custom to leave you thus alone at night, Carrie?"
"Oh! no, indeed! It just happened

much to say to you; it is more home-like."! "Come into the inner room, dear, I have

Their voices only reached the general's ear, now, in a kind of subdued murmuring. Yet he could not read. The spell seemed broken. For an hour he, alternately, paced the floor and tried to read. He was just about retiring, when voices from the next room reached him again.

"So you must go, Charlie? I dislike to have you go, but I must not be selfish."

"And I dislike to leave you, sister mine, but it must be. To-morrow, I will spend with you—day and evening, too. Look in yonder mirror, Carrie—see what a tiny thing you are! Who would imagine we were children of the same parents? with your dark hair and eyes, and mine both light. It is too bad! I should have had the dark hair and eyes, Carrie.

"Yes, Charles; but, then, you know

Vic Canterbury says fair hair and eyes are 'so aristocratic,'" said Carrie, archly.
"So she does. I had forgotten that. But good-night, my precious sister. You grow more like your mother every day, Carrie.'

"His sister. Oh, I am so glad." And the noble warrior felt almost like falling upon his knees and thanking God for the woman's purity. He had not doubted it; but the curse of scandal is, that in spite of one's better nature—when one hears so much-something of distrust will cling to the heart.

Soon, there came a knock at the general's own door-a summons for him to go to the apartments of a brother officer, on business, whose rooms were situated at

another part of the house.

As he was returning, at twelve o'clock, he saw a small, slight figure coming up the hall from an opposite direction. he came nearer, he saw that it was Mrs. Leeds. She still wore the rich dress she had worn to dinner. A superb crimson shawl of Canton crape was flung over her head, almost covering the blue-black curls,

and tightly clasped under the chin by two small, white hands. But the white, despairing face, that rose from out that crimson drapery, would haunt one a life time. As she passed the general, she drew the shawl over her face, as though to conceal it: and he, gallantly, fixed his eyes upon the floor, as though in a brown study. He reached his rooms too excited to sleep. Something was agog! what was it? Taking down his well-worn Bible, this "hero of a hundred battles" read, as was his nightly custom. It might have been ten, or, perhaps, fifteen minutes, when a light step passed his door, accompanied by one slow and heavy—the two entering Mrs. Leeds' room.

Soon he heard the sweet voice of Mrs.

Leeds say, pleadingly:
"Don't be angry, Harry. Sit down, dear; I have a nice cup of strong coffee on the bed-room stove for you. Come and drink it, and then let us go to bed, I am so tired."

"Why don't you go to bed then?" said the man. crossly, in thick, drawling tones, that showed he was in liquor.

"Oh Harry, I couldn't! But, now that

you are here safe, I can sleep quite content. Come, Harry."

"Go to bed yourself, Mrs. Leeds. I shan't sleep to-night. Where is that precious brother of yours? Has he come here to act as a spy upon my actions?"

"O Harry! you know that Charlie would not do that—Charlie that has been your friend from boyhood. He was sorry

you were not here, to-night." "Ay! I'll be bound, you had a rare dish

of scandal at my expense. Ha! ha!"
"Harry Leeds, you know better!" and, for the first time, the tones were indignant. "You know that I have been a faithful, true wife, and would not speak disparagingly of you to any one—not even to my brother. But come, now, Harry, undress and let us get to rest."

"There's no use in fooling, Mrs. Leeds, I am going back to Room 172; the boys want me. Mind you don't dare come after me again." And he rose to go.

"O my dear husband, please don't go off again," said she in pleasing tones.
"Take your arms from about my neck,

woman, or I will strike you!"

"No, Harry; you are but jesting. You would not strike me, your own Carrie?"
"Wouldn't I? Then, to convince you, take that." And a heavy, brutal blow fell upon the slender form; and, with an oath, the man left the room, slamming the door after him.

Not a sound came from the stricken

woman. General Lane listened, in an agony of suspense, for the faintest sound to relieve the dread he felt lest that heavy blow had killed the frail, loving wife. Several minutes passed. Then he could

endure it no longer.

"I am old enough to be her father," he soliloquized. "I will throw aside all etiquette, and see if she is hurt." He immediately opened the door and looked within. Ah ! what a sight met his eyes! Upon the floor lay the stricken wife, pale and motionless, the blood trickling from the rounded arm where it had come in contact with a stove. Lifting the inanimate form, he laid it upon the sofa, and tears that were no shame to his manhood--fell upon the pale young face. He bathed her face with water; and soon, to his great joy, the large, dreamy brown eyes opened and rested upon him. She looked at him as though bewilddred; then, in a moment, recollection returned, and a flush of shame dyed her fair face. In answer to the questioning look in her eyes, he said:

"My room adjoins yours, madam. I knew you were alone; and hearing no sound after your fall, I feared you might be very much hurt, and therefore took the liberty of coming in. Do not mind me. I am an old man-old enough to be your father. I will ring for the chambermaid

to assist you, and then leave you."
"Oh no! I can do very well. I would
not have her come and see me in full dinner-dress at this hour, and see this blood,

Trying to rise, she fell back faintly, and tears pressed through the closed lashes.

"I am deeply indebted to you already, General Lane; and if you will assist me into my bed-room, I can then manage alone."

Tenderly the noble man supported the slight form into the next chamber. As he

turned to leave, she said:

"General, you will keep this dreary scene a secret, will you not? I should die with mortification to have it known through the house."

"I will never speak of it, madam; but I would advise you to inform your brother, and have him remove you from Mr. Leeds' control. Excuse my bluntness, madam; it is meant in kindness. My heart aches for you, and I cannot help but speak plainly. Good-night, madam."

Next day the sweet face was very pale, and the eyes heavy; but that was the only trace of the last night's conflict. The wounded arm was covered up from the brother's sight, and he never dreamt of his only sister's sufferings. Mr. Leeds neighbors, must strike it home more did not return that day. The brother and surely? No, it is not enough. Hearts sister spent the evening alone—he reading always have, and always will, suffer from sister spent the evening alone—he reading aloud and she sewing. It seemed almost like the pleasant evenings at their own dear home; and something very nearly approaching to a smile lingered about the lips of that anxious wife. Ten o'clock came, and no Harry; then eleven—twelve -one!

"It is strange what keeps Harry. Is he in the habit of staying out so late,

Before the sister could reply, there was a tramp of many feet upon the stairs, and in another moment a knock at the door. On opening it, four men entered, bearing with them a rude litter, on which lay the

body of Harry Leeds.
"Drunk!" exclaimed Mr. Shelby, his suspicions for the first time giving them-

selves vent.

"No; dead, sir," answered the man. "He was killed in a drunken brawl."

The wretched wife sank to the floor, in a deadly swoon, while the brother shed tears over the wreck of what was once a good man—the loved friend of his early Of the sad burial, and the bereaved woman's grief, we need not speak. She had loved him through all, and now he was dead (and as it ever is) his faults were forgotten. Again he was the beloved Harry of other days, the husband of her choice. Of course, everything was exposed, now; and the ladies of the house found out, at last, the cause of Mrs. Leeds' fitful conduct-knew at last why she was so often seen in the halls at night—why she stood listening, with her door ajar, at all hours of the night. Those who had been the first to malign her, now came forward to offer their earnest sympathy. They were all admiration now of the heroic wife that had borne her sorrow so meekly and so quietly. But it was too late. When a kind word would have been grateful to her aching heart, they stood aloof, and gave, instead, cold, suspicious looks, that sometimes cut to the heart with a deeper pang than cold words. Thousands suffer thus, day by day, from the misconstruction of the world. They must bear it too; for, if the sufferer is a woman, there is no redress unless she unsexes herself, and goes forth to battle for her rights. Oh! this scandal that crushes people to earth—that tramples thousands of bleeding hearts under the feet of the multitude! Does not life bring enough

this great crucifixion, scandal! While the world lasts, hearts will be shorn of every flower of hope and fancy, by the (too often only thoughtless) tongues of scandal-lovers—will see their sources of happiness, and their hopes drop off, one by one, because a few words of scandal has deprived them of this or that precious friend. They must learn to suffice for themselves-must be outwardly calmmust turn away from the too happy past -take up the broken threads of life, and try to weave them in among their everyday distress; but alas! skillful as one may be, the ragged edges will be uppermost!

It was the tenth of July, that warm, oppressive month, when all the fashionable fry are "out of the city." If any are so scarce of the "almighty dollar" that they cannot go in reality, let such put themselves under our guidance, and in the twinkling of an eye, our journey by "land and sea" is compassed, and we are nearing the door of—no matter where; enough that we are at a watering place! There is the usual pleasant excitement—the usual pleasant faces hidden under neat traveling bonnets, or those more conven-ient dark-colored hats the pretty creatures sport. As the steamer rounded up to the landing, all was confusion. Amid the short, hurried puffings of her engines, and the mad shrieks of her whistles, might be heard such remarks as these:

"John, where is my shawl and basket? Get them quick, and let us hurry out, and get a seat in one of the front carriages."

"Bridget, have you the lunch basket and the three valises? Are the children

safe?"

"Mother-mother! wait a momentplease let us stop at the — House, the Ridgeways are going to stop there. It's only fifty cents a day more!"

"Your foot off my dress, sir-there, you have torn all the gathers out."

Amid all this hubbub, one gentleman stands calmly by, an amused spectator of the scene. Look we again. Ah! as I live, it is the gallant General Lane, looking younger and handsomer than he did two years ago. As they landed, seeing that the carriages and hacks would be all full, he threw his shawl over his shoulder, of sorrow? Will not our earth-path be cleared the fence at one bound, and after full enough of thorns, and life's cup full crossing several fields, found himself in enough of woe, that these, our friends and a private lane, that led up to the hotel.

That pleasant, shady lane was familiar ings alone, whilst the lovers paced the ground to him; for many times, in other moonlit strand, or sat in quiet corners, years, he had traveled it. He soon reached talking that language that is familiar to the hotel, and passing into the office, secured a pleasant chamber, overlooking the sea, before the crowd arrived. As he was instead of Charlie; and so it came about the hotel, and passing into the office, secured a pleasant chamber, overlooking the sea, before the crowd arrived. As he was crossing the hall, he met his acquaintance of two years ago, Mr. Charles Shelby.

The pleasant surprise was mutual; and the General's pleasure was visibly height-ened, by finding that Mrs. Leeds was spending the summer with her brother, in this pleasant spot. The General thought, as he sat beside the lady at tea, that she was more beautiful than ever. She still wore mourning for her husband, and, though she was still sad, the wild, startled, expectant look was changed for one of calm contentment.

Days and weeks passed rapidly away, and still the General lingered. The lady's beauty and rare sweetness of manner seemed to grow upon him day by day. About a fortnight after his arrival Charlie Shelby was thrown into a state of excitement by the unexpected arrival of Lovelace Canterbury, and his sister Vic—particularly Vic. After that, Charlie was, to use his sister's words, "no good at all." Had it not been for the General, she would have been left to spend most of her even-

that it did not startle her a bit when, one, pleasant starry night, he asked her to be his wife. Charlie came upon them sud-denly, and saw the General's arm around the waist of his little black-robed sister.

"Heyday! What does this mean?" "It means, Charlie dear, that I have promised to be General Lane's wife. You treated me so shabbily since Vic came, that I was obliged, in self-defense, to find

another protector."

"Well done, my demure little sister! but I am really delighted. Give me your hand, General Lane, I can safely trust my precious in your hands. May God bless you both."

Soon after, they left for home, the entire party together. In October, there was a double wedding in Grace Church that of General Lane and his beautiful Carrie—Charlie Shelby and Vic Canterbury—"Lace" standing, looking down his nose, regretting that he had not made better use of his time, and been married

#### THE WORLD-TIDE.

T rushes swift and strong and mighty, ebbing never, but rising higher and mightier with added wealth and fame and power; and bold and rash is that one who attempts to stem its resistless tor-

But many a bold and daring spirit has battled manfully against its turbulent waves, rising for a time to the surface, floating calmly on and on as quietly as a summer's eve, then suddenly been driven into oblivion's dark waters, never to rise again. But not so with all, for there are some bold and manly spirits that never can be kept beneath the surface by adverse winds nor the rising of the World-

Nations may rise, flash for a time across our political horizon, lighting up the dark rificing principle for gain, while those

scene with effulgent rays, then sink beneath the tide, but remaining long enough to show us that the grand principle of a good and free government may be driven down for a time in a huge mass by the oppressor's tyrannical hand; but that it will rise again, if not in the same form. It may be in a different apparel, but the same principle will be resurrected, pure as an

angel's solicitude.

Thus it was a few years since in dear old Kentucky. Many of the best and most cultivated citizens lived in affluence, brightening the lives of many toiling sons and daughters of humanity with their be-nevolence; they have now gone beneath the World-Tide, toiling early and late for subsistence for their families without sac-

who were once dependent on their generosity, roll in luxurious equipages attended by liveried coachmen.

Retrospection carries me back to a palatial residence situated on the banks of the Licking river, near Lexington, Kentucky, where nature and art combined rendered the mansion an earthly paradise—where the refined and the intellectual could dwell in peace and quiet. But a change came. The sons of that worthy and benevolent old planter fell, one by one, in the "Lost Cause," the last and youngest by the side of Albert Sidney Johnson on the field of Shiloh. One daughter yet remained to cheer the aged father, whose bright smile and cheering words dispelled many of the dark clouds which hung so threateningly over them. Servants, one by one, were led or driven from them, until none were left in the large and well-appointed mansion save father and daughter. Still they howed submissively to Providence and endeavored to make life pleasant by their devotion to each other, until the serpent came. In this instance he came in the form of a coarse, illiterate, low-born man who had formerly been in the employ of the family as a stock-driver, but, during the war, had, by strategy, ingratiated himself with the political party then in power until his coarse form was clothed in the finest of cloth, ornamented by a profusion of brass buttons and finished off by shoul. der-straps.

This evil one presumed to offer himself as a suitor for the hand of the planter's beautiful and accomplished daughter, but was repulsed. He persisted, however, until the father was forced to summarily threaten him, which so enraged the unwelcome suitor that, a few nights subsequently, the beautiful home with all its adornments was reduced to ashes.

Father and daughter retired to a small house on another part of the plantation, formerly occupied by the overseer, but thither they were followed by the persistent suitor, who followed them to their humble retreat in a silver-mounted carriage, waited upon by a handsomely gloved coachman, but was again repulsed, this time by the young lady herself with so much dignity and firmness that he became enraged and, one dark and stormy night, the father was taken from his bed by a band of disguised ruffians and hung to a tree near the house. The daughter was a witness to the unhallowed spectacle, but heaven was kind to her in this instance; her reason was dethroned. She never knew the loss she sustained—she lives still, but is an inmate of an insane asylum, almost in sight of the happy home of her childhood.

Those who visit the asylum know her by the calm and serene deportment which, characterizes her, and her sweet, low voice as she converses with some imaginary being whom she regards as her father.

The villain and murderer still floats on the surface of the World-Tide, receiving homage from those who once would have spurned him from their doors-those who are always ready to sacrifice principle for policy that they may float on the popular

Fathers will teach their sons that money is the key that unlocks everything even to the gates of heaven,—that to obtain it they must hazard all that is good or true within them. Mothers will barter their daughters to the highest bidder—the man who can boast the finest establishment stands highest in favor, it matters not whether he has brains enough to avoid making himself ridiculous in society or not. Thus goes the World Tide.

### ADDIE DEMPSTER.

LOATING out on the evening air came music and song, followed by the voices of girls, and their low, rippling laughter.

"Ah, Charlie, you can't get up any sentiment; there is not a 'lovyer' among us. Come! let us go down to the river, and you can sing for Madge and Bessie;

they are both at Nannie's cabin.

What our mothers used to call a "nudge" drew my attention to the back parlor. A warm, rosy gleam from the setting sun lay across the fine head of Herbert Lyle, as he sat by the south window of Granston Lodge.

"What did you nudge me for, Barbara?

Your elbows are like needles."

"Don't, my dear; don't allude to my thin elbows, if you love me. I only wanted you to see Herbert star-gazing."

"Ah! Charlie's attempts at sentiment would have been appreciated by the cou-

ple in that other room."
"Couple, Tim? I see only Herbert, gazing at the sunset."

"Look closer, and you will see the hem of Addie's white dress beneath the crim-

son curtain."
"You are right, Tim, as you always are. I verily believe you have eyes in your back, or else hazel eyes see more clearly than blue ones."

"Gray eyes, Bab—or rather green; nay, no compliments. Come! we have but one hour to dress, and the Helfestinesespecially—will be at the ball to-night."

A delicate crimson crept over Bab's face, and an expression of perfect peace and tenderness settled about her mouth, for the said George was the alpha and

omega of her life.

Crossing the mall that led to the river, I caught sight of one I loved. Escaping from Bab, I joined her, and pacing up and down, talking as women will talk, we forgot all about the ball, and the influx of beaux that had arrived by the afternoon boat.

In passing through the hall to my room Addie Dempster's hat lay right in my path. Lifting it, I stopped at her door to hand it in. She yet sat by the window, in half-undress, gazing outward and upward, as though spell-bound.

bert's glorious eyes will grow weary watching for you."

She crimsoned over face and neck, and the glad look of a happy child sparkled in her eyes.

"Oh, it won't take me long to dress. Herbert wants me to wear white, with these scarlet berries in my hair. See!" -springing to the dressing-table, and catching up some blood-red berries and a handsome bouquet-" Herbert sent to the

city for them! Are they not beautiful?"
An hour later, when I entered the brilliant rooms, she was there, leaning on Herbert's arm, the crimson berries gleaming among her dark curls, and the snowy folds of her white robe. Addie was a beautiful waltzer, but she danced with Herbert only. He did not care that another should clasp the waist of his chosen bride; and he was right. Bending his handsome head low over the girl's shining curls, he whispered:

"My beautiful one, when this moon reaches its full lustre, Addie Dempster will be no more—in her stead I will hold close to my heart the peerless Addie

Lyle."

Floating over cheek and brow came the delicate crimson he loved to call up by such words as these. Have we not all felt this warm heart-crimson flush our cheek at the hearing of love-words? Has not somebody's voice sounded like music in our ear—somebody's strong arms been folded lovingly around us? O love! love! Life would indeed be a desert without theel We should faint and fall by the wayside many and many a time but for thee, and the wail of the human heart would rise oftener from the lips of earth's million children!

Sitting in the moonlight, that night, I heard the patter of slippered feet, and Ad-

die, entering, flung herself at my feet.

"Well, birdie, what is it? Your eyes are full of light, and your lips are trembling. Lay your budget of happiness open for my reading."

Then came the sweet confession:

"We are to be married in a fortnight— Herbert and I. The soul that for years has been hungry for love is fed at last."

And the excited girl broke into passion-"Why, Addie, you will be late. Her- ate weeping. It sounded like a woman

weeping, not a young girl of seventeen; and midsummer though it was a chill ran room. He did not see me at first, as I was over me, for this great passion of tears seemed to me the herald—the coming of her womanhood; and for one woman who carries sweet peace in her heart, a million know not the meaning of the word. The hush of eternal silence may be upon the lip, but the wail is none the less in the heart.

"Dear Herbert! He has been so tempest-tossed, so desolate-no one to love him—no father, mother, sister,

brother."

Not a word of her own tempest tossed

life—her own orphanhood.

"I will be such a loving, patient wife, and try to make our home a sweet restingplace. I will smoothe the path for his poor tired feet."

"What! with these small hands?"

The rich crimson that came and went so often flushed her cheek, but she only shook her head saucily, saying:
"I shan't tell you any more."

I had been watching what seemed to be a red coal of fire without, but which I knew to be Herbert's eigar, moving hither and thither among the trees. Since the moon had "veered," my room lay in the shadow, and she and I could see him dis-He could not see us.

"Bid your lady-bird retire, Herbert, else her bright eyes will be dim to-mor-

bad, bright eyes! and you, Tim! We may look for a story as long as the moral law soon. This sitting up nights isn't for nothing."

Sitting in the music-room next day, I heard the click of boot-heels and the rustle of a starch robe, and Addie entered.

"I have finished my dress, Tim; and, somehow, I have stitched into my heart an ache. I feel a presentiment of coming

evil. Sing to me. Tim."

And she opened the piano.
"No; you sing, or play. I cannot."

For in very truth something was pressing upon my own heart. She seated herself at the instrument. First came gay, trifling airs, such as gay, happy hearts delight in; then a wail crept in, and floated through the lotty rooms, till it seemed to my excited fancy that a human voice was trying to escape from the manystringed instrument.

The great ache in I sat and listened. my throat—which I have in lieu of tearsbecame almost unbearable. A light, quick

step, and Herbert stepped within the within the shadow of the window-curtain.

Addie sprang to meet him.
"My bird, I am going to the village, and will not be back till nightfall. O my darling, the love I bear you grows stronger every hour. Can it be that this great happiness is in store for us?—that we are to live all the days of our life together? But God is love, and we are his children."

Tenderly he drew her to his breast, and pressed a parting kiss upon her lips. Turn-

ing, he saw me.

Ah! Tim, you rogue, you have caught me. But Tim, girl, what ails you? I could swear your heart was clogged with tears. I can see it in your face. Let them tears. I can see it in your face. fall, girl; you are too proud."

I only shook my head. I never indulged

in the luxury of tears.

"Fling sadness to the winds, Tim. When we are married,"—laying his hand caressingly on Addie's hair—"yon shall live with us. But I must be off. Be good girls, and I will bring the last new book for you, Addie, and a ream of paper for you, Tim, to write that new story on."

A few moments later, he cantered past on "Black Hawk," kissing his hand to

Addie as he passed.

The sun set gloriously; the amber and red of the clouds making the river and

hills beyond a splendid sight.

row."

Addie stood facing the gray old hills.
The solitary pacer to and fro started.
"Ha! you two star-gazing at this time fragrance of the night. She stood performight?" he said, in a low voice. "Too feetly motionless, her face intensely said; had bright away and you Tim! We there the gray old hills. the sort wind lifting her shining curls, the counterpart of which rose and fell with every respiration of Herbert Lyle's noble heart. He must be home soon, now, for already the sunset hues are fading from river and hill, and he had promised to be home before the shadows reached the hill-tops.

I was fast losing myself in gloomy fancies, when Hannah, our old black cook, came running breathlessly to the river.

"Oh! de Lord, Miss Howard! Black Hawk done throwed Marse Herbert on the pile of rocks and he's a'most killed. Oh, hurry chile! Poor Marse Herbert!" Hannah did not know the love that Addie bore to Herbert, so she continued:

"Hurry now, chile! He's up house; the gardener's son and Bill Ruby

toted him home."

Two small hands were clasping my own. My poor Addie! The red had left both cheek and lip, and the soft eyes gleamed wildly.

"Come, let us know the worst,"

A little life was left in the mangled form. But I saw that Addie's dream of love and

home was over.

He had been taken up insensible and still lay so. The physicians were about to perform some operation on his head, which was badly injured, with the hope

of restoring consciousness.

Addie and I left the room; and during the hour of waiting we never spoke one word, Addie raising her hand with a kind of deprecating gesture if I attempted con-solation. It seemed an age before the kind old doctor joined us and, in answer to Addie's eager look, said:

" He is sensible, but—

She did not wait to hear more, but sped past him like the wind. When I reached the room, she was kneeling by his side, her face close to his.

"My poor Addie! I thought to shield this bright head from the storms of life, but our God has willed it otherwise."

"O God, if Herbert dies, let me die

too!"

"No, no, my darling, do not pray for death. Your glad young life must not end thus early. Pray for resignation, dear. "

"I can not, Herbert. You are my all. Oh! Herbert, Herbert."
"O God, if it could have been—if we

could have loved and served thee to-

gether!"

But further words were impossible, for blood filled his throat from some inner wound. His dying eyes turned on Addie-those glorious eyes that were fast

filming over.

And Addie? There were no tears now. Calmly she gathered the poor shattered head to her breast, and wiped the lips now growing cold. It was Addie, who settled the pale hands over the noble breast and closed the glorious eyes whose light had gone out forever. Calmly, too calmly, she brushed smooth the shining hair, and closed the beautifully chiseled lips, where the white rose of eternal silence must rest until the resurrection morn, saying to the astonished barber:
"Do not remove his beard or disar-

range his hair."

"But, Miss, Mr. Lyle's beard was of such unusual length that it will look out of place in a-in a-"

He did not name the dismal word, and

Addie, shuddering, said in dreary tones: "But I would rather it would remain," adding, as if in explanation: "You see we were to have been married in a fortnight."

We watched by the dead all the long night alone, Addie either kneeling by the side of the coffin, or sitting close with her head upon his breast. Still the same stony calmness which grieved the old physician much, rousing many fears in his mind that, when all was over and Herbert hidden from her sight, her mind would give way. There was no sign of a tear, no quiver of an eyelash, though I wept bitter tears as I loooked upon my noble friend with his stately head laid

It was the second day of our watching. Already the long lonesome shadows began to creep into the room, bringing a sense of dreariness and desolation almost insupportable. Floating in the window came the fragrant south wind, lifting the glossy hair from the dead man's brow. He was strangely life-like in the shadowy gloaming; the rich, purplish-black hair and long oriental beard aiding the illusion.

Suddenly my heart almost ceased to throb, for Addie sprang to her feet ex-

claiming.

"Hush! Herbert is whispering my name. See! his head moves. Let us raise him up."

"Don't, Addie-don't touch him. It is

but the wind stirring his hair."

"Keep off, girl! It is easy for you to say, 'Don't touch him!!' He was not yours—your all on earth—he is mine; all I have. I will not live without him through all this dreary life. "

Springing forward, she raised his head and laid it on her breast, tenderly, oh! so

tenderly.

"Herbert, come back, come back to me, for earth is too lonely without you, dear." Then, as the hand she attempted to raise to her lips resisted her efforts, the full magnitude of her loss scemed to come upon her and with a wail of woe, snch as I never heard on earth, she sank senseless to the floor.

Next day we buried Herbert Lyle, while his idol lay up-stairs, all uuconscious of her loss. A dull, cold rain began to fall befor e we left the grave, and continued through-out the night. I wept myself to sleep that night for the first time since my child-Herbert in his grave and Addiehood. if, as the doctor feared, she would never wake in her right mind—she was worse than dead.

But why prolong my story? A few days more and we knew the worst. The stupor passed away, but the light of reason never came again to the soft, dark eyes

of Addie Dempster.

#### THE NEGLECTED WIFE.

WONDER why he stays so late;" the woman who uttered these words had repeated them at least a dozen times since the bright autumn sunset in which she first sat down beside the window to watch and listen for her husband's coming, and it was quite dark now; yet she still pressed h r soft, beautiful cheeks; to the casement, and peered into the shad-

ows with her longing eyes.

She was very beautiful and very young; but for the wedding ring upon her finger, you would have called her a girl, and believed her waiting for her lover's and not her husband's coming. Yet she had been married three long years, and he, to whom she had given all her pure young heart when she stood beside him at the altar, already neglected her and left her to watch evening after evening, and night after night for the tardy footsteps which, in the old days of courtship had been the in the old days of courtship had been the echo of her own; and even in the first year of their wedded life, he had kept up some of the old show of tenderness; but now, alas! how lonely she was. How often thus do we see marriage, the most

sacred of all God's ordinances, violated.
Some thought akin to this was in the young wife's heart to-night, as she remembered, as only a neglected wife could, the love and tenderness of those past days. How he used to gaze into her eyes and sing to her, and bring her rare books to read in his absence. And then, in the sunny days of courtship-those vows of eternal love he whispered to her under the old oak tree in the garden. How earnest he seemed and how she trusted him. Why had he changed? Was it her fault? They say man's love fades with woman's beauty; but she was scarcely twenty yet and surely had not lost hers. Even now, he would sometimes tell her that she was more lovely than ever, but such soothing words did not often ring sweetly on the young wife's ear; only when he wanted to tell her that he was going to a distant city to be absent some days, would he thus ten-derly caress her. Then all the stories she had read of wives who drove their husbands from home by frowns and scolding and untidy habits rushed into her mind, and intidy habits rushed into her mind, but her conscience cleared her there. She less," said the young wife, half aloud; never scolded, though he did sometimes; and the thought gave her a little comfort.

her house was always in perfect order and she was always dressed, when the evening hour approached, as he loved to see her in the olden time, and she was sure, oh! very sure, that if she could not smile that same old joyous smile of early girlhood, when he was beside her, she never frowned or murmured at his prolonged absence.

"Oh, what can it be?" she said, "can it be my unconscious fault? Is there no angel to lead me back to my husband—to show me why I am no dearer to himwhy it is that he derives no pleasure in his luxurious home, any more?"

The tears would come into her beautiful eyes and she was urging them away, when the light of the lamp fell upon the ceiling through the half-open door and, in another moment, a servant entered the

"In the dark again," she muttered, "and crying too. It's a shame—I tell you, Miss Eunice, it's a burning sname! and he used to be so fond of you, too. I, for one, am not gwine to hold my peace no longer, to see old marse's daughter treated this way by a 'venturer, what never had nothing afore in his life, till marse gin him about a hundred thousand with Miss Eunice thrown in, sich a pretty young creature too; it's too bad and I's not gwine to stand it." And then setting the lamp down, she took a match and lit the costly chandelier, which threw a gorgeous light over the luxuriously furnished apartments.

"Come, Miss Eunice," said the faithful old black, "come down to dinner. You know as well as I do that Mr. Claremount won t be home for hours yet. It's wrong of you to injure your health this way, and if you don't quit pining so much I will send word to old marse, so I will."
"Hush, Dilcie," said the young wife,

as she rose to repair to the dining-room, where the snowy cloth was spread with every tempting luxury of the season, and where everything, from the oval mirror to to the ample coal scuttle standing near the fire-place, glistened like burnished silver.

She sat down mechanically as the old nurse placed a chair for her, but she could not eat. The wind was rising, and every now and then, some area-gate or unfastened shutter was flung to with a violent clang, but through all this, she heard a light, quick step, and caught the click of the iron gate without, and she knew full well her husband was coming.

"Ah, nurse," she said, with a bright smile, "you were wrong. He is here."

Nurse shook her head, and choked down the words, "the first time in three months," which, for the sake of the feelings of the young wife, she would not ut-ter. The door opened and a handsome young man with soft brown whiskers and hair of the same glorious hue, came into the dining-room.

"I am so sorry I did not wait for you, Charlie, '' began the trembling young wife, "but there is nothing cold yet,

and—"

"Oh, it is all right; I am glad you did not wait," said the husband, in a careless, off-hand manner, which was peculiarly his own and had a singular charm about it, "go on with your dinner, Eunice; sit still, I am comfortable." And so he was, eating with a hearty appetite and talking, all the while, more merrily than he had done

for a long time.
"It is like the old times," thought Eunice, as her eyes sparkled and her cheeks caught a soft glow, as she detected her husband looking at her tenderly and ad-

miringly.

"He still loves me," she said to herself.
"Oh, I am sure of it; I have been doing him a great injustice; I feel that he loves me still."

And so when they were in the parlor alone together, she put her arms around his neck lovingly, and said in a soft, sweet

whisper:

"Charlie, you will not be angry with me if I tell you what naughty thoughts I had about you, while I sat at the window waiting for you, an hour ago?"

"Angry with you, Eunice, my little child-wife! Oh, no!" he said caressingly, as he passed his arm about her waist and

drew her up closer to him.

"I thought"—began the young wife-"I thought, Charlie, while I sat there, of our old lover's walk, and the evenings we spent there together, neither of us weary of the other for a moment, then-for I was lonesome and a little cross-I thought, darling, that you did not care to be with me now, as you did then, and that you had grown weary of me, and I made up had grown weary of me, and I made up mind to ask you it it was so, and it so, spell, which had of late kept him from her

why. And, oh Charlie, if there are any faults or failings in me, that turn your heart from me, tell me of them, and I may mend them and win it back again. I know that I am not the intellectual companion you deserve, but, oh, Charlie, I will read, I will study, and I want you to teach me that I may be your equal. Only don't let your heart become estranged, and don't seek a congenial companion in another drawing-room, for I need your love so much. Love me, Charlie, as in other days and it will inspire me to be all that you would haveme to be."

And the tears could be restrained no longer, but poured themselves out upon his bosom. For he held her closely there, and spoke in a mild, compassionate, remorseful manner, that almost frightened her. Part of what he said, she could not comprehend, but while she lived, she al-

ways remembered these words:
"You are too pure and innocent for me. If I do not seem to feel it as I should, it is my own sin and not your fault. Blame me if you like, darling wife, but never re-proach yourself. Oh, my white rose, my spotless blossom, why am I not worthier of you?" And he kissed her on the forehead, eyes and lips, and burst into a passion of wild tears, such as man alone can shed.

And at that very moment, there reposed in the bottom of Charlie Claremount's pocket, a note written in a woman's hand. containing only these words, "I can meet you in your office at twelve o'clock to-night," and signed "Leoline." Charlie Claremount was a hot-headed, impulsive young fellow, who had been, from a boy, an ardent admirer of beautiful women.

When he found himself in love with the fair, gentle, blue-eyed Eunice Ashburn, he marveled, and wondered how anything so quiet and childlike could win his heart. Still he was in love, deeply in love, and would marry her though all the world opposed. As it was, few obstacles were in his way, for her heart was his, and the rivals who frowned upon him, and the maiden aunts who called him a very wild young man, were disregarded. And so he took her from her stately home in the Sunny South, where she had been so tenderly guarded, to his home in a Northern At first he had only been a little thoughtless at times, and had dried every tear she shed with kisses. For though champagne, and cigars, and Tom, Dick

and chain him soul and body.

He was a partner in a wealthy establishment, and many of the heavy responsibilities rested upon him, as his partner was old and delicate, and had much confidence in him. Wild though he was, there was not one atom of awindle in him, therefore he handled most of the money belonging to the firm. The key of the great safe was always within his reach, for he usually received all payments due the firm.

Twelve months before our story opens he had met with the woman who had written the note which now lay in his pocket. A beautiful woman he thought her, and strange it seemed to him at first, that she would follow him with her eyes, and seem to watch for him in the most unfrequented places, and at last a perfumed note came to him and he read that she loved him. It was a daring declaration-still the more astounding for the writer professing herself to be a wealthy

woman and a wife.

It would have disgusted many men, but Charlie Claremount was fond of wild adventure; and so he met her, and in a little while Kunice was only second in her husband's heart, and this beautiful mysterious woman haunted his dreams day and night. Thus far he had been unfaithful to his wife only in thought. But the siren by whom he was bewitched was to meet hlm in his office that night at midnight. There had been a moment when Emma wept upon his bosom, and he thought of her purity and truth; in which he was resolved to break his appointmennt and forget this unholy one forever. But the mood passed off; and with the return of his old self came the remembrance of the brilliant, beautiful we can who was about she crouched down upon a bale of goods him. Good, beautiful Eunice grew tame in comparison; and as the time-piece sounded the hour of cleven, he sprang to have a business appointment to-night thrill my very being. Let me see your which I had nearly forgotten; I will be face, my angel; I am all impatience. back as soon as I can.

A business appointment at this hour thought Eunice, in surprise; but he was gone before she could put her thought

happiness she went up stairs. Charlie had been up before her, and changed his dress, leaving his every-day garments lying untidily about. As she picked them up, a paper fluttered from his vest pocket; a perfumed note written in a woman's hand. She tremblingly opened it—her rival's note. She did not scream, that he had been duped.

side, had begun to distill its deadly poison, as some women would have done, but with a low moan she sank down upon the carpet to think. So this was the reason of his neglect—his remorseful self-reproach to-night. A wealthy woman who would make such an appointment—a creature so far below her, and she, pure as she was,. to be slighted for so foul a thing!
"I will confront them," she muttered;

"I will see him once more and never again in all my life. I will show him how a crushed woman can turn, and be a miser-

able dupe no longer."

And with these words, uttered in a harsh voice, and with a face so changed, she donned her hood and cloak and stole out into the darkness of the night. On she went to the business part of the city, bending as it were with her weight of woe. A few policemen stopped to gaze after her, but she heeded nothing till she stood opposite the window of her husband's office, and saw the gleam of the lamp light through the aperture of the closed shutter. Then she uttered one fervent silent prayer for strength, tried the door, found it open, and passed in.

Charlie Claremount had reached the rendezvous early, and had waited some moments before the figure of a cloaked and hooded woman came up the silent street and stood before him. She was vailed so that he could not see her features, but he knew that she was fearful of discovery and did not wonder at her

caution.

"I have been anxiously awaiting you," he said, tenderly.

"I have been watched; make haste in. I am so frightened," she said in a whisper.

Charlie led the way in and lit the gas. The woman seemed frightened still, for to sacrifice her honor for her great love of; with her vail about her face and her hand within her bosom.

"We are alone now," said Charlie, in a gallant tone, "come, darling, I am starvhis feet: "Go to bed, Eunice, darling, I ing for some of those burning kisses that

Something between a sob and a laugh came from beneath the woman's vail, and

she whispered again faintly:

"Are those shutters closed? I am so into words, and still full of her new found fearful that he, my husband, will follow

> Charlie turned to look at them. It was but a moment, but in that brief space of time he felt a heavy hand upon his throat. and saw a cloak and hood lying by his side. A stalwart ruffian stood over him with a pistol in one hand, and he knew

"Aha," muttered the coarse man, standing over him, "aha, you wanted kisses and embraces, did you? My wife has played her part well. You have opened the door for us, and you shall open the safe also; and shall never live to tell it either. And you thought Sal was in love with you, did you? Ha, ha, what a fool.

There was a desperate struggle; but Charlie was unarmed, and he lay prostrate on the floor, with the rufflan's pistol at his breast. It was all over now; he gave one bitter thought for his folly, and one remorseful one for his wife, and closed his

Closed them to open them again in amazement, to see the robber senseless on always in the path of the erring.

the floor, and his own wife, his pure, beautiful Eunice standing over him with a bil-let of wood in her slender white hand. She had saved his life, and in his penitence and shame he fell at her feet, as one might fall before a sacred shrine.

He never forgot it; he never betrayed the sweet forgiveness she accorded him in his humiliation; and though they are old people now, with grand-children around them, she still watches for him, but she never watches long, for he comes early to his fond, faithful wife, who not only saved his life when in peril, but his honor, for he is now an upright, christian gentleman. May all who are inclined thus to err, early return to truth and honor, for danger is

## A PLAINT.

If HAVE shut my eyes, dear mother, and gone to dreaming; and though we are many leagues apart, I am try-ing to "make believe" we are together! Mother, thy child is lonely to-night, and must come to thee, if only in seeming. Take your old seat in the great arm-chair, dearest of mothers; there I will set me down at your feet, and rest my tired head upon your knee. Take out your dainty comb of shell, mother, and comb out my braided hair once more. No fear of breaking it now, mother; the curls that of yore would tangle, are all gone! Thy daughter put them away with all the bright hopes she has put off since the morning of life! Ah! sweet mother, isn't this nice? How fresh the air is—and that perfume! think it comes from the locust trees outside your window. Hark! 'Tis the watchman's cry! The very same old fellow, I do believe. Yes, old man, "all's well!" Tread your weary beat, and cry your cheery song of "All's well," till the hills and woods re-echo it again and again, for a weary-hearted one is "home again;" an exile's feet once more tread the hometurf; her "foot is upon her native heath, and her name is McGregor." Kiss me once more, sweet mother—again, and yet again. Ah, mother, I have found no love like thine. Shall I tell you my last night's

over my hair, and let me hold this one against my cheek. Now for my dream: We were in your old home (you and I, mother)--not this one, but your old, old home, that lies hard by the valley of the Juniata. Methought we wandered, hand in hand, along its blue waters; and, oh! mother, the water was just as blue as it used to be in the days when sister and I sat for hours, patiently trying to catch fish with a crooked pin! Don't you remember how we returned to you, day after day, with wet feet and rumpled dresses—but nary a "speckled-back"—philosophically laying our ill luck to the vecthor? weather? I saw the old hills, mother, that close in the valley of the Juniata the self-same old gray-beards (or blue-beards, rather) that I have longed to see in my wanderings. The little brown birds made their nests in the same old spot, and the white and blue violets still grow under the clumps of the old rocks. A familiar perfume rose from the fresh earth, and I knew then that unwittingly I had crushed with my careless foot some cluster of the trailing-arbitus, for I knew the perfume well. Ah, me! that nothing should be changed but our old friends! They looked coldly upon us, mother, and not one of them offered us a shelter. Those early triends, so fondly loved, redream, mother? Well, pass your hand fused us a welcome, or gave it coldly,

with averted faces! Then, mother, the brave heart of thy child was "sicklied o'er," and she longed to die, for it seemed so hard that these loving hearts had grown cold, and over the affections of other years a crust had grown. I thought we passed by the home of my girlhood. Ah! mother, there was the window where I used to sit, gazing out into the night, losing my very identity in glorious dreams; gazing upon the sad-faced stars, and reading many things therein that I could not tell to others. I did not exactly see "visions and dreams," but something very like to that. Those happy, confiding days! (it saddens me to think of them), when I trusted every one—had an equal belief in the metempsychosis of the orient, and in the faith and truth of my lover! tirmly believing that in some former state he had been an angel!

Ah, mother, dear, the spell is broken sunshin now, for my lamp is waxing dim for want of fluid, and the fading light has recalled night."

me to the present. Once more the shadows are gathering around me. I rub my eyes and try to recall the vanishing spell that was so pleasant; but ah! the cloud, at first "no bigger than a man's hand," is spreading and settling over the whole room. O mother, mother! can it, can it be thy child is still an exile? That thy hand upon her hair, thy loving kisses upon her brow and closed eyes, were only make believe?

Alas! I have only to turn me round, and glance upon my surroundings to have my questions answered. No mother's face is near; no mother's arms are around me; no native hills and mountains; no blue, rippling river; no loving home hearts; no flowers! My beautiful, beautiful home, so far away! The land of the blue-bird and the robin; the land of blue violets and daisies; the land of golden sunshine and loving hearts, farewell! farewell! Mother, sweet mother, "Good-

# THE SEWING-CIRCLE, OR SUSIE RAY'S TRIAL.

OME, ladies, we must sew faster than this, or the gentlemen will be here before we are half through." And the pleasant-faced speaker looked archly at a group of merry girls, chattering at a window. "I suppose we will all have to sit as prim as Aunt Debay when they come, or that mighty fine editor from P— will be shocked. We won't dare to venture on 'Blind Man's Buff,' to-night." "Why, Fanny, now you talk! I think

he is extremely pleasant. And so handsome!"
This from Belle Carson, the belle and

beauty of the place.

"Hear! do hear Belle Carson, girls. She's done for, this time. The handsome editor has stormed the hitherto impregnable castle. The next thing we know he'll be carrying her off to P—— to set type for him. Be candid now, Belle, and tell us how much you love him."

Belle clasped her hands to her heart in Carson. a tragic manner, saying:

The a

"Do not ask me, girls. Words are powerless, etc."

A dark, haughty-looking girl now said: "Don't talk so to Belle girls. It is foolish. Mr. Marcy is almost a stranger to her; besides that, I would rather see her marry some poor country parson than an editor. I despise the whole heartless set of them."

"Now, girls, the secret's out. Here Letty has gone and done and sent something to some editor who has declined it, and, in consequence, the whole class have to suffer. Eh, Let?"

"Fanny, you are foolish to talk so. I know and I tell you that they are a close,

"Fanny, you are foolish to talk so. I know and I tell you that they are a close, unfeeling set of men; regular vampires, feeding upon other people's blood and brains without paying for it. It is a well known fact that editors, as a class, are the meanest men alive, and—"

"Allow me to contradict you, Miss

The apeaker's voice trembled and her

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eyes flashed fire, as she added:

"As far as my experience goes, I have never found it so. My opinion of editors is exactly opposite to yours. I could tell you of more than one case where I have found that an editor had a heart—a heart whose inner leaves were lightly folded over feelings noble and generous, and ten-der as a woman to the wants of others."

"Your opinions and mine do differ,

madam."

Miss Carson spoke rudely and her face grew dark with passion, as she added:

"I know them to be just what I say-And if, by heartless and close-fisted. chance, they do pay a small sum, it is worth your life to ask for it. They will either tell you to call again, or else they will scowl you to death."

"Do hush, Lettie; for pity's sake; you talk one to death when you do begin.

It was not very respectful for Belle to talk so to her elder sister, we know. But we must write things in this story just as they were. It had the effect desired, however, for Miss Carson sat down by the ta-

ble with the pouts.

"Don't mind Lettie, Mrs. H--, she is troubled with a fit of indigestion. want you to tell us a story this week-it is your turn, I think. Every week some lady has told us some interesting story, some incident of their own lives or those of their friends. It has been very pleasant, and we can sew all the faster. Please do; if you don't, we will be sure to get into another squabble—we always do. You see there is so much of the old Adam in

"I, too, will say, 'please do,' Mrs. \_\_\_\_, for our habit of story-telling, that Belle and Fanny like so much, has gone the rounds of the society and to-day, commences at me again; and I really can think of nothing but the work I am cut-ting. I think the president of the society should be excused on account of her many interruptions."

"And I, and I, and I," said one and

another.

By dint of coaxing, Fanny and Belle prevailed upon their riend to tell them a story—a thing they were almost as fond of as some little children of our acquaintance. The president first saw that all idle hands were at work, and the story began.

"Susie Ray was in a dilemma. A journey was to be taken on the morrow—nay, must be taken,—and no money to take it with. What was to be done? That was the question Susie had asked herself again and again; and as often as she asked it,

tom of her heart, that formed itself into the single word, 'what?'

"Susie sat at the window with an empty purse in her hand. What cared she that the sun was setting in a brilliant oriflame of gold, radiating the far hills and mountains with its amber glory? She did not even see or feel the golden threads that it braided into her dark hair; for she was thinking of that empty purse, and of how many hearts there had been to love her in the days gone by; of how many hands would have helped to fill that little purse. Another time her eye would have kindled at the sight of old Sol, sinking to rest in such a flood-tide of glory, with such matchless beauty behind and beneath him, and such massive bars of gold half obscuring his face. Susie loved to watch the changing beauties of our sunsets-each change more beautiful than the one that had gone before—which needed only to be in Italy to be one of Claude's 'magnificent,' 'unrivaled,' 'glorious,' etc.; but being in America was simply 'a fine suntit to middle the suntit to middle the suntit to make the suntit to be suntit to make the suntit to make the suntit to be in Italy to be in Ita set to-night.' It was a pleasure she enjoyed every fine evening; she did not need money to buy it or to buy the sight of the brilliant cloud-mosaic above her. She had kept sorrow at bay many and many a time by looking at them, and dreaming her own peculiar dreams—seeing many things in those changing clouds: chariots and horses, lofty castles and lordly own-You blood-red cloud edging towards ers. its golden neighbor would have been a bat-tle field! You tiny unit of blue, a tur-quoise in a setting of Etruscan gold! But this night Susie Ray saw no beauty in all this; her eyes were with her heart and thoughts, and they were far away; no, not her heart, for it was with the little boy lying beside her, with his wan face growing more and more wan as the night

" Can we not go to-morrow, mamma?' pleaded the boy. 'I am so tired of

this hot city.

"' Hush! hush! darling, I am trying to think,' said the mother in an absent kind of way. 'Perhaps we can go yet, dear,' she added, as a little sigh reached her ear. money he owes me.' may send me the 'I will go to the office after the mail comes

"An hour later, Susie Ray mounted the stairs, sad and weary, and in answer to her boy's eager look, said sorrowfully:

"'No letter, no money.'
"The boy hid his face in the pillow and wept softly. And the mother sat down wearily upon a trunk and went to thinka tantalizing echo came up from the bot- ing-her usual resource when 'befogged.'

Meanwhile the weary boy had wept himself to sleep, quietly, so that poor, disappointed mother should not hear. the dreary night-shadows had crept into the room and still Susie sat there. How should she get the money to make the necessary journey on the morrow? was still the burden of her thoughts. She could think of but one way, and that she shrank from. It so happened that Susie had a friend, a noble, generous man, who paid her money for work she did for him. sie was an authoress and this friend was an editor. Now you see how it was. It also happened that this editor had that inconvenient article, a heart, and he liked to see other people live as well as himself. He liked to pay people when they worked for him, and could do it, too, with an unruffled brow.

"This editor knew just how it was with Susic—that she was poor and that she had seen a world of trouble. He knew that some fresh sorrow met her at every turn -looming up one after another, like some grim fate. A great ache often arose in his heart as he heard of some of these sorrows—his great heart that had room for regret—as he thought of the rugged path poor Susie's feet had, and must tread. He knew, too, that thousands of slender feet had trod that same weary path, and he was sorry for them all. True, he could do little for Susie; he could not clear the lowering sky above her, or smoothe the rugged foot-path she toiled over; but he did what he could—he paid her! He did not bend his brow and look daggers when pay-day came. He did not bid her 'call again.' He paid her for every article. He did not 'dock' her if an article did not entirely suit; if here and there a sentence ran in a strain he did not like; if a despairing wail crept too often through the pages that should have been cheerful; or if an inferior article came after a good one he did not fling it aside with a muttered 'pshaw!' but made kindly excuses for the tired hand that penned it, and the sick heart that gave it birth.

"He knew that the profession she had chosen was an arduous one; that the road was stony, and she must tread it, step by step, alone and unaided. He knew that the pages he read were often written wearily, with a fevered excitement, to meet the demands of some pressing want; the mind, too harassed the while to do justice to itself-harassed with care and sorrow, and because the time was so short and the wants so pressing; he knew it all, and therefore he was merciful. True, he

such mercy shown. But there is One above taking notes of all such merciful deeds, and setting it down in His Book of Remembrance. The reward will come hereafter.

"But we have left Susie sitting a long time on that trunk in her lonely roomlong enough to enable her to come to a decision; and to judge from the expression of her pale face, she had decided.

"She would go in the morning to this kind editor—this friend who had never failed her. She would tell him just how it was. It did not seem so very hard to do, sitting there in her room. But she couldn't go without some errand; she would write an article and carry it to the office in the morning—that would be a good excuse. True, it was twelve o'clock, and she was wearied almost to death, and it was so warm, and she was so sleepy; but all that must go for naught. She sprang up, and taking her portfolio, her pen went 'scratch, scratch.' She hardly knew what she wrote, herself, but she wrote on-and on; a dreary wail of lost hopes, and passionate yearnings over new-made graves, and smothered outcries over hushed lips—things that happy hearts knew nothing about (God bless them!), but which many and many a heart would understand: for

' Who grieveth not for some one dead?'

"It wailed on and on, a dreary plaint. The anguish of her heart crept into her arm, and ran swiftly from thence into her pen, wailing its bitter wailings over the paper, till, from very numbness, the fingers refuged to write further. She read it over, but her mind was not so clear as it had been; she could not tell whether it would do or not. She had visions of an MS. bearing her name being 'laid on the table,' or, mayhap, flung under the table; and she shivered at the thought. But she would carry it to him, and leave its fate in his hands. So, superscribing it, she closed the portfolio; and just as the clock struck four, she flung herself upon the bed, to find rest in the sleep of exhaustion—that blessed sleep that mercifully comes to save the weary brain from madness. It seemed but a moment she had slept when the breakfast bell rang; but she sprang up, and hastily smoothing her hair, met the family at the morning meal, apparently as fresh as though she had not been turning night into day. Hastily washing and dressing her lame boy, she kissed him good-bye, and started on her long walk. Her heart felt wonderfully brave; it did saw no visible reward come to him for not flutter so very much until she stood at

the foot of the stairs that led to the editorial office. Then—O ye who have ever gone a begging for money! pity poor Susie Ray! But it would never do to stand there flushing and paling, like some guilty thing, with her little stock of bravery ebbing away; so she mounted the stairs, and in one moment more, stood within the editorial sanctum.

"Poor Susie! she could not see very plainly for a moment; a mist gathered before her eyes, obscuring their vision. The object of her visit passed before her; the why and the wherefore she was there; the mental suffering of the past few days—all passed before her like the phantasmagoria of a dream. The room seemed to be crowded with men—at least she thought so. Men were sitting at desks writing; men were standing about talking; men folding papers; men running here, there esemed to be a thousand—at least poor, confused Susie thought so. But the man she came to see sat at a desk, writing, at the very furthermost corner. So she bent her steps thitherward.

"He met her with his usual pleasant greeting, and offered her a chair. She felt a trembling about the knees—premonitory symptoms of failing courage—so she plunged right in. First handing him her manuscript, she mentioned the necessity of her leaving the city next day. That was as far as she could go, just yet. Mr.
— commenced opening the MS.; but
she put forth her hand to stay him, not caring to see the fate of the brain-child she had ushered into being amid such fierce throes of mental anguish. A few kindly words spoken, then she faltered out her need of money. Poor Susie! it was the first time she had ever stood face to face with any one, begging for money. Now, the deed was done—the murder was out, and she looked quickly up to catch the expression of his face. It was a pleas-ant face still; it did not 'scowl her to death,' or bid her 'call again.' The brow was still unruffled, the tones as kindly as before. Crossing the floor, he soon returned with the money she so much needed. was but a moment he was gone, but it seemed an age. She fancied that every one in the office knew that she, Susie Ray, had come abegging! Had it not been for the kind-faced editor, she would have sank to the floor. How she gained the street she never knew; but reach it she did, and soon found herself seated in a car, speeding far away through noisy, dusty streets. to see the only other friend she had

in that great city—the metropolis of America.

"Morning has come, and Susie and her boy were seated in the six o'clock train, speeding away from the heat and dust. What if the 'iron horse' did shriek and whistle like mad, it could not hide the green trees from her sight, or keep the pure country air from fanning her brow. Busic Ray felt almost happy—notwith standing she was a homeless woman, with a little, tired, hungry boy beside her, and not money enough in her purse to pay for his dinner—she was happy because she had surmounted another trouble, got out of another tight place. And somehow she was no sooner out of one tight place than she was into another, and all on account of the editor's money. What mattered it to her that only a few pennies remained in her purse? She could write more, and the editor would pay her for it. True, her spirits flagged a little when the nightshadows gathered around her, and a dreary rain set in, and her lame boy's legs ached from constant hanging down, and he begged for something to eat. Her heart ached a little then, and thoughts of other days came over her. Other days!-surely there is a talisman in the words—when she had troops of friends, and a happy home; when she was called beautiful and talented. O poverty, poverty! thou most inconvenient thing; why shouldst thou dog the footsteps of poor Susie Ray so pertinaciously? turning her inside out, and wrong side before, in the eyes of her friends? The fitful moods that, always characterized her, and which these same friends(?) used to call the 'eccentricities of genius,' were now 'queer,' and 'odd,' and 'unetiquettical' (to coin a word). But Susie tried to forget all this; she would yet, if the editor stood her friend, or poverty did not cripple her, win for herself a name, and compel those near-sighted friends of hers to recognize her without the aid of their glasses. Should she recognize them was the question. And before she could answer it the cars stopped, and she felt herself clasped to the heart of one friend a friend in whose veins not one drop of her own blood ran; but who was dearer to her than all those summer-flowers who

once called themselves her friends.

"Seated in that friend's comfortable carriage, the fleet horses soon bore them to a pleasant home that stood nestled among green hills. There a nice tea awaited the hungry boy and a loving welcome, that brought the tears, awaited Susie. By-and-by the tired travelers sought the large airy chamber prepared for them,

where it did not take them long to pre-pare for sleep; but before pressing those snowy pillows, Susie and her boy knelt together, and asked God's blessings upon the loving hearts beneath that roof, and upon that other friend, who had had been a 'friend in need and a friend indeed.'"

The gentlemen arrived ere Mrs. Hhad quite finished her story, so we must | entire evening.

defer giving the remarks of the ladies about it to some future day.

Will it be credited that Lettie Carson walked home with the handsome editor from P——? Whether he had heard of her dislike of editors, and wished to do away with it, or was won by her handsome eyes, I cannot say, but certain it is that he devoted himself to her during the

### DRAFTED.

HAVE been very badly treated; very badly, indeed, and I feel a powerful desire to have the finger of scorn pointed at certain persons, whose full names I intend to expose in this public

I am not wanting in courage; when at school, I licked several boys bigger than myself; but I have no especial fondness for the life of a soldier. The idea of drilling six or eight hours a day is distasteful to me; I do not fancy having a thick coat buttoned up tightly in this weather, and as for camps, they are very dirty places at

Then, again, I am confident that there are men enough to fight out this war without me. I know a great many who were crazy to go, when the Union uprising came off, but who haven't been yet. I never thirsted for glory. It isn't my line. I am in the tallow-chandlery and soap business.

It takes a wiry, nervous, lean sort of man to make a good soldier. I am inclined to be stoutish; indeed, I have overheard strangers referring to me as "that fat man." My figure is good, I think, but unquestionably with a tendency to embonpoint, as the French call it. [This is pronounced "ong-bong-pwang," I am told.]

To sum up what I have been driving at
all this time, I didn't want to enlist. I

don't want to now. I like to take life easy, and accumulate a little money against the time when I am old. Martial life doesn't suit me, and I always said I thought John Jacob Astor as great a man as Napoleon. That is my idea, at least. I went to the That is my idea, at least. I went to the hospital the other day, and saw a soldier who act just like fools. Now there's

with a mortified leg. Agh! All lask is to be let alone.

I don't know when I first heard of the drafting business, but it produced a great deal of excitement down town. The young men in my establishment went right off and enlisted, lots of them. They knew there was big bounty then, and that when dratting began they might have to go without any bounty; so off they went. It gave me a great deal of trouble, getting new hands, and at much higher wages. I lost over three hundred dollars by it; and would you believe it? they had the hardi-hood—impudence, I call it—to ask me to give them something for extra outfit, or, at least to give them their situations again if they came back! Hah! if one of the rascals dares to show his face in my establishment again, I will say something that will make him feel very badly.

As a rule, however, my employees are a worthless set. They don't seem to have any respect for me; so I am not sorry.

I will not disguise the fact that I was a

good deal worried about the drafting business. I suppose I was nervous, or something, but I couldn't think of anything for several days, except being taken away from my business, and made to go into the ranks to fight; and every time I sat down to a meal, I thought of that soldier at the hospital. That made me sick, and at the hospital. That made me sick, and I couldn't eat. Everybody noticed that I wasn't well, and I presume I must have said something about my fears. Anyhow, it came to be understood that I disliked the idea of being drafted.

young Forsyth; he's a writer by trade, and ought to have brains enough, but he told me, with perfect sincerity, that the President was about to make a call for five hundred thousand more men, and said it would require a draft of every second man in the United States, capable of bea-ing arms. I am surprised that an appar-ently intelligent young man should have been so misinformed, or should have made such statements without being assured of their correctness. The idea was absurd, of course, but it did not happen to appear to me so at the time, so my anxiety was greatly increased. Forsyth had the indelicacy, 100, to joke me about my liability to conscription, and crowed over me on the ground that all men connected with newspapers were to be exempt: another statement which I can hardly believe to be true, now.

These newspaper-writers are terribly irregular, flippant young persons, and really seem to have hardly any respect for the virtues of prudence, regularity, method, and propriety. I am considered one of the most thoroughly respectable and successful merchants in the tallow-chandlery line, yet here I was joked and ridi-culed—chaffed, as he would say—by this Forsyth, who hasn't a penny in bank, who associates on Broadway with actors and actresses and artists, and who drinks openly, in bar-rooms, as if he wasn't

ashamed of anything he did!

He had the bad taste to allude to my figure, from a military point of view; and to draw ridiculous comparisons between myself and one of the creations of the Bard

of Avon-Sir John Falstaff.

I went down town in bad spirits next morning. My desire to escape drafting was becoming stronger and stronger, and laboring, as I was, under the erroneous impression conveyed to me by Forsyth's news, I was greatly depressed. It was just my luck, I thought, to be drawn as a conscript, and to receive, on the gory field of battle, just such a leg as I had seen in the hospital.

My mind dwelt upon these things all day, and at night I determined to take some measures to render myself exempt. Physical inability, I thought, was the best safe-guard, so I went at once to a physi-

cian to be examined.

He took my fee, and proceeded to thump my ribs, holding a little wooden tube, shaped like a wine-glass, against my chest at the same time, and listening through

it.
"All right there," said he. My spirits sunk.

He then asked me a variety of questions, and finally pronounced me as sound man,

physically, as he had ever seen.

"A little fat," he said, coarsely, "but a little exercise will soon pull that down. Bless you, by the time you've lived on rations a couple of months, and been in a fight or two, you'll be as lean as one of Abe Lincoln's rails!"

I was shocked at this. He had evidently

thought that I wanted to enlist.

I then took steps to undeceive him, and suggested, as delicately as I could, that he might have overlooked some trifling symptom of a dangerous complaint; heart-disease, possibly; and that it might be worth his while to re-examine me a little.

He saw what I meant.

"I have an engagement," said he, looking at his watch; "but if you insist, I will try it again, but I always charge more for a second examination— "Go on," I said.

The second time, as I had expected, he found decided indications of an aneurism, he called it, of the aorta.

"You are likely to drop dead in the street, sir, at any moment!" he said, quite

triumphantly.

A cold shudder ran down my back at these horrible words. I feared they might only be too true, and for the moment, I wished I had not pressed for another examination.

I said nothing, however, but took my

hat and gloves.

"Ten dollars, sir," said the doctor.

I paid the money, and received a certificate to the effect that I was totally unfit

for military service.

On the way home, I felt, or fancied I felt, a sort of numbness in my breast. It quite upset me for a time, but when I reflected that I had a certificate of exemp-tion from the draft, I became better hu-mored, and went to my hotel to dinner without fear of Forsyth's ridicule, or forebodings of a mortified leg.

Forsyth was not at dinner that day. His habits are so irregular that one does not see him at his meals half the time. Probably he was off taking dinner with some actress, or other curious person. I was sorry not to meet him, for I still felt a little hurt at his jokes, and wished to crow in turn over the fact of being exempt as well as he. I ate a good dinner, however, and retired that night with quite a light-hearted sensation.

My step, as I entered my establishment, down town, on the following day, was really buoyant and elastic, compared to what it had been for several days before,

I felt like a ship-wrecked sailor, who, after | Chaffer, Assistant-Surgeon of Brigade, clinging to his broken mast, half-despairing and terrified all the night long, sees the cheering sight of a friendly sail ap-proaching with the dawn. This figure of rhetoric, I am aware, may be considered rather old, by young men of Forsyth's stamp, but it was a great favorite with me many years ago; and I like old things

While busily engaged in looking over some samples of potash, I was called by one of the young men in the counting-

"Mr. Quoby."
"Well?"

"Two gentlemen, sir."

"Very well."
I went on with the potashes.

"Mr. Quoby!'

"Very well." "Important business, sir."
"Very well."

I passed into the counting-room, and was much surprised to find two military persons, neither of whom could I recog-

One of these persons rose and said:
"Mr. Quoby, I believe?"

"Yes, sir.

"Proprietor?"

"Yes, sir; chief proprietor."
He took a little book from the breast of his coat and began writing with a pencil.

"How many men employed?"
"Twenty-eight here. One hundred and thirty-two at the factory."

"How many between the ages of eighteen and forty-five?"

"I don't know their ages, sir."
"Rough guess."

"Well, I should say perhaps a hundred,

or maybe more."

"Ah! A nice company, maybe. How would you like to command it as cap-tain? You'd make an excellent officer, eh? I'm making out drafting lists and I shall try to have the men from large business houses placed under their patrons as much as possible. The President and I both think they will fight better. If you are killed now, don't you see, these young fellows would all sail in to avenge you." I thought I had the upper hand of him.

I passed him my physician's certificate, and gently tapped my bosom on the left

"Oh, bah! that isn't worth a pin. Every conscript is examined by the brigade surgeon. Bless you, any fool can buy a certificate from some young doctor. Ăllow me to present my friend, Richard | which I did only for regularity; I hadn't

regular army. Now, Dick, is this gentle-man incapable of service?"

The person thus addressed came forward, and laughed very rudely.

"I'll bet my commission against a postage stamp," said he, "that Mr. Quoby hasn't a sign of disease about him."

I began to be alarmed—very greatly alarmed, in fact.
"Gentlemen," I said warmly, "you have no reason to think I will be drafted,

have you?"
"Yes; it's a dead certainty. The President is now preparing a call for five hundred thousand additional men, and contemplates a further draft of four hundred thousand at Christmas, if the Rebellion is not dead then."

" But-but-"

"Never mind. The only way is to face it pluckily. Do you refuse? There are

penalties.

If I had thought for a minute, I should have seen the transparent absurdity of all this; but I was, as I have said, extremely nervous on the subject and my mind was cloudy. Assistant-Surgeon Chaffer proceeded to examine me, and declared that I was in the best possible condition of body. Some of his questions were rather flippant I thought, and, to say the least, not altogether delicate; but I was too such troubled to comprehend. The questions and answers were all taken down in a book. The first gentleman, who called himself Captain Garderoy, was a very handsome and polite young man, though a little foppish, but he was, after all, just as bad as the surgeon. He took my name, age, place of residence, (I might be called upon at any time, he said, in the middle of the night) my business, the fact of my being unmarried, my height and girth, (I felt as if I were being measured for my coffin!) and nobody knows how many more personal items.

Then with the abrupt information that I might consider it certain that I might have a captaincy, if I could enlist two hundred of my employes, and with the advice that I had best study military works as much as possible, they departed, leav-

ing me very weak.

How I got through that day's business and dragged myself home, I am sure I don't know. I was never so terrified and harassed in my life, and the state in which I arrived at the hotel that night, may be more easily imagined than described.

As I took my seat at the dinner-table-

see opposite but Forsyth, seated between Captain Garderoy and Surgeon Chaffer!
"Good evening, Quoby," said Forsyth (he is shockingly familiar); I under-

stand you're to be captain of the Tallow-Candle Guards in the Soap-Fat Brig-

ade.

From the queer look upon Forsyth's face as he spoke, the conviction flashed upon me that he was concerned in some with all the nonchalance I could assume. noying, but then I am not drafted yet.

the ghost of an appetite-who should I | The titter that ran around the table as I left the room, aroused my suspicions that I had been sold. These suspicions were fully confirmed by seeing the countenances of Captain Garderoy and Assistant-Surgeon Chaffer ornamenting one of the Xtheatre's flaming handbills. I was very angry for a minute, but on reflecting that I was not drafted, I forgave the boys their little joke.

A highly-colored account of the whole way in the scene at my office, and my affair appeared in the News the next anger rose against him; so I only said, "Ah, indeed!" and rose from the table from that day to this. This is a little an-

## CULTIVATION OF FLOWERS.

HE influence which woman wields over man when occupying her proper sphere, draws out his finer qualities. smoothes down his rough nature and gives life and vigor to those high and exalted traits akin to the divine, and makes him shine with beams of intelligence, and smile with the soft and heavenly rays of tender love on all around him, is imitated in nothing so completely as the influence of fragrant flowers around one's home, "be it ever so humble." Dreariness, darkness, and ignorant superstition, with all their attendant evils, are nowhere so readily found as in that locality, be it house or neighborhood, where no flowers are to be found. The cultivation of flowers refines our natures, and imparts an influence, though hardly perceptible at first, which will gradually elevate and refine the human being until a good observer can tell when he meets a young lady or gentleman, by their general bearing, whether they were raised in a home decorated with flowers or vice versa.

Can a fond mother look upon the radiant face of the little child of three years. when it comes in with a glad heart, a soul filled with ecstatic joy, holding in his little hand a pretty rose or snow-white lily, and fail to read the importance of flowers? No, no; none are so blind as to fail to see the utility of flower cultivation, even in these little babes, as well as in the youth, and in the verging in of womanhood and

manhood. The youth is happiest, if a girl, only when crowned a May Queen, with delicate flowers made into a wreath by the fair hands of her little associates; if a boy, he is happiest only when he looks with joy upon the idol of his young heart as a fairy queen, reigning over the occasion, decorated with flowers, and while gazing in raptures of delight, with eyes and mouth open, he will be uncon-sciously plucking the leaves from the rose in his button hole.

Can any man fail to see the utility of flowers when he retrospects his life, and calls to mind the feelings of his heart when the bouquets fell at his feet as tokens of the finest, loveliest and highest appreciations of his donors, be he in love, in political or military honors, he looks back with feelings of pride, and feasts upon the past with thoughts that nothing on earth could call back but flowers. The aged and infirm when called upon to pass their last days on earth, give unmistakable evidence to the utility of flowers when the physi-cian's skill has failed, the well scented rose is beneficial, and alleviate the excrutiating pains of death. Then from the cradle to the grave let flowers be strewn along the pathway of human beings here below. Then, one and all, cultivate your flowers, and if you have none, get some. Let life, if possible, be joyous, rosy and

## ON THE "CUMBERLAND."

FIEUTENANT Arthur Rolyston, U. S. N."

Madge took the card, looked at it with rising color, moved nervously some of the silver-topped bottles on her toilet-table, pushed a long, black braid of hair in its place, behind her little rosy ear, smelled of her salts, hesitated again, as if to rid herself of the last vestige of tremor that had suddenly possessed her, and went down.

The drawing-room was almost wrapped in shadow; only a tongue of faint flame burned in an alabaster globe at the further end of the apartment, and an occasional gleam shot out from the grate, where a fire glowed stilly. In the dim lights, the bright tinted pastels were so many ghosts gleaming on the walls; the long mirrors so many gateways into the mysteriousshadowed lanes; twilight, hush and silence was on everything. At one end of the room, close by the fall of lace and damask that draped a deeply-recessed window, sat the Lieutenant (his broad shoulders and clearly-cut face only dimly outlined in the shadow), so lost in thought that he started perceptibly when a soft foot-fall, a silken rustle, and a faint odor of violets told that Madge was near him.

"I am very glad you have come, Lieutenaut Roylston. We heard that you were about to join the 'Cumberland,' and I was half afraid you would slip away

without bidding us good-bye."
Was there any tremor in the cold, sweet tones? He thought so. Certain it was that the little jeweled hand fluttered and quivered in the warm clasp in which he still detained it. She made a move toward a fauteuil, but he drew her down on the little sofa on which he sat.

"It is the last time," he said, low; and she offered no objection, but sat there beside him, still and silent, in the depressing

gloom. At length he spoke out:
"Madge, I have never called you so before, but, as I said a moment ago, I think this is the last time we will ever sit together. We are are ordered out on no duty of unwonted danger, and yet I have what some would call a presentiment; an overwhelming and oppressive sense that I am looking upon all that is dear to me for | will guard him?"

the last time. I think death is staring me very close in the face; and I am going to speak as if his cold hand already lay on my breast."
The little fingers moved slightly in his;

the shivering head benta little lower; but

she maid no audible reply.
"It is not necessary," he went on, "to say that I love you; you must have known that long ago."
She raised her head.

"Mr. Roylston, do you forget that I am already betrothed?'

"Forget! hardly; when it has been the bar, the impassable gulf between us so many times; when it has so often frozen the words on my lips; so often said to me, 'Dare not to dream; it is in vain.' But now—I will speak; I say again I have loved you, do love you. I ask you, have I been mistaken in you? Carefully as you have guarded eye and mouth, tone and gesture, I have sometimes hoped that you shared my infatuation. Is it so?"

He bent down his head low to catch even a whispered word, but still she was silent. He loosed her hand; it fell as if powerless by her side; he made a move as if to go, but little, clinging fingers nestled in his, and the pretty head sank suddenly

on his shonlder.

"Arthur, don't go, and don't talk about this being the 'last time'; for though I have no right to say so, if anything happens to you I will pray for death.'

"You make life very precious to me, my love, my darling!" he whispered. And then a long silence ensued. broken by the sound of feet and voices without, and the ringing of the bell.
"Is it George?" she said uneasily.

"Oh! how shall I meet him?"

She tried to disengage herself, but he still held her.

"One moment more. They will go first into the library. Your brother Alick is with him; I heard his voice. Listen, Madge; I want this," and he touched a little locket hanging from her chatelaine. She took it off and gave it him with fe-

verish haste.

"Come back with it, safe," she said, "and. Arthur, Alick goes with you. You

"If I can—I will save him if I can." "Save him! your every word sounds like a funeral toll," she answered shud-

dering.

For all answer he kissed her, not with the passion of a lover, but the solemn tenderness of an eternal leave-taking. next moment her brother and her fiance entered. No presentiments of ill oppressed them, and they laughed and jested together without once perceiving the extraordinary taciturnity of the Lieutenant, or that Madge could scarcely lift her eyes at all. Blessed unconsciousness, that masks one half the world from the other half! Fortunately, indeed, it is, that there is no reporter of thoughts, gifted with spiritual insight; no herald to blab emotions from the house-tops!

Arthur Roylston went his way; Alick accompanied him. Madge often looked by stealth at a locket she wore in her bosom, and passed her time alternating between love and remorse for the deceit that she daily practiced on the unsuspect-ing George. She despised herself heartily, yet had not the courage to accuse herself of fickleness and breaking faith; she vowed over and over again to uproot this new love, only to have the utter folly of her resolutions proved to her the next moment by the passionate tenderness with which she looked into his blue eyes pic-tured on the ivory, or recalled that "last time," in the dim, hushed drawing-room. She grew thin and irritable, but no one was surprised, for it was natural she should feel anxiety for a darling and only brother in the service. And so the time went on until the 8th of March. On that morning came on her an intense nervous irritability; some powerful influence was upon her, carrying her beyond all ordi-nary reasoning, into a rapt, exalted state; fever glowed in her veins, burned in her eyes; her heart beat violently, as if in anticipation of some momentous crisis; death-like shudderings and flushes of burning heat thrilled her alternately. Arthur seemed near her—close to her; she fancied his eyes were looking into hers—that she felt his breath on her cheek; while the words that he had so often re-peated rung constantly in her ears: "It is the last time." To give even the seeming of attention to her ordinary occupa-tions was out of the question. All solemn, sweet, sad memories came floating back to her, and the careless, half-sneering tone of the daily literature had nothing in common with them; grand harmonies, dirges, such as are chanted for heroes, rung in

notes of her own singing, as if from a des-

Like some drug-delirium, the influence grew upon her, and toward noon she went to her own room, locked the door, and drawing the locket from her bosom, sat down to look again in its prophetic eyes. A sudden thrill, a sharp pain, and thenwhether in the body or out of the body, she knew not, but it seemed as if she was standing close beside Arthur, her head resting upon his shoulder. With that resting upon his shoulder. With that curious facility with which the human mind always accepts the circumstances of a dream without astonishment, in the little confined room, the creaking of ropes and chains, the plash of water, the swaying motion, she recognized the fact that she was on board the "Cumberland;" but she looked over his shoulder at the picture of herself he held in his hand, very much as if she had been standing near him in that dear old drawing-room below. A quick step sounded outside, and the Lieutenant hastily placed the miniature in his bosom, just as Alick's bright head appeared at the partially-open door.

"Arthur, old boy, get ready; the 'Merrimac' is really coming this time." And overhead, Madge heard a shout, and a sud-

den rush and scramble.

with an incredulous Arthur looked, smile.

"Fact," persisted Alick; "I saw her myself, and I tell you she just looks bullv. I think we can entertain her though; we'll give her a benefit for the honor of the old flag. "

The bright head disappeared, and Madge heard his fresh, young voice in the next room, humming "Dixie," as he got out his sword and fire-arms. A deadly sickness and shuddering struck suddenly at her heart; she saw Authur take out her miniature and kiss it; she heard him whisper

low:
"O God! if it be possible—if, indeed, it be possible that she can be so near me, as she has seemed all this last hour, let her hear me now! Let me bid her farewell, and tell her how strong and deathless is the love that (if such things can be) has burst all material bonds, and communes with her, spirit to spirit."

She strove unutterably to answer, but though burning words came to her lips,

no sound escaped them.
"Ready, Art?" called her brother's cheery voice; and by the same curious dream-magic that had brought her to this strange place, she followed the young men to the deck. But the spectacle, all her ears; and she shank from the first so strange to a woman's eyes, the rows of men drawn up in array, the sparkling for the death that came all too soon. water, the golden, peaceful morning, ob- monster came closer—it reached the tained with her not a moment's thought. She stood with her brother and Arthur; her eyes followed theirs; with strange excitement, with awful, undefined terror, she watched the 'something' coming steadily towards them-a thing low in the water, without masts; it looked to her inexperienced eye hardly worth the fixed attention, the breathless expectation that awaited it.

A roar, a cloud of smoke.

"There goes her card for the 'Conress,' 'cried Alick with flashing eyes.
'Another—why don't the 'Congress' speak? There she is. My God! she is firing biscuits or pebbles. Art, do you see it? I tell you the 'Merrimac' is unharmed!'

"I see it," quietly returned the Lieutenant. "She is coming to us now."

A stir, a thrill went through the ship. Madge heard the low and rapid orders; saw men's eyes light up and bronzed cheeks flush. On it came—close up; now an awful roar-the trim bulwarks were broken-the decks stained a horrible red everywhere; ghastly forms—human beings for whom Christ died, mangled and torn, dead and dying! The huge balls went rending and hurtling through the ship; the air trembled with such thunders as might herald the Day of Judgment. The "Merrimac," the "Cumberland," the land batteries, the "Roanoake" and the "Minnesota" each took up their strain in the infernal symphony.

"O God of Peace! O God of Mercy! have pity on thy poor creatures," groaned

Madge.

Arthur and Alick stood unhurt; the bright-haired boy grasped his friend's

arm hard.

"Art, Jack and Etienne are down. saw them go. And look at our poor fellows! That hellish craft has done for us all!"

"She is invulnerable. So are we—in spirit. We will go down with our flag together."
"Ay, we'll die game.

But, oh! poor

Madge and mother.

Another pause. She is coming straight them. It is the old nightmare over again—the thing that Madge had had a thousand times in her dreams; the same despair with which she had seen one door open after another before some weird, unknown spell-fastenings fail, walls crumble, and herself at last trembling before her remorseless enemy. But not so stood the men of the "Cumberland," waiting that it was.

The monster came closer—it reached them—it was on them; a crash, an awful shudder—water rushing in—fire and smoke rushing out in the midst of them, and another storm of shot crashing mercilessly among them.

"Oh! have mercy-it is enough-let me

die too!" prayed Madge.

And then amid the roar of cannon, and the rushing of the water below, she heard her brother:

"They are calling upon us to surrender, but we will take no life from them; but we will follow our brave boys and our

flag."

And then she heard quick good-byes and saw men kiss ghastly brows and lift dying heads, to fall, perhaps, themselves a moment later. And then came a trembling, and a shudder ran through the ship and another, and another. Then she heard Arthur's voice:

"It is all over—we are going down. Alick, dear old boy, good-bye. If you reach home, tell—"

A lurch, a gurgling, rushing sound, and-

"God have mercy on them!" groaned Madge. "They are gone." And she strove to shut her eyes, but spite of herself, she saw Arthur, unhurt amidst all the fcarful carnage, rose speedily, and obeying the instinct of preservation, struck out for the shore. Alick came up near

him; boats were putting towards them.
"They will be saved, at least," thought
Madge. Then, as if in answer, once more came among them the pitiless storm of death. A sharp cry came from Alick; Arthur turned quickly and saw the bright hair all dabbled with blood. Arthur threw his arms around him, but Alick struggled

feebly.

" Never mind me, old fellow. Look out

for yourself."
"Never! I promised her to save you.
"We shall—" A boat is coming. We shall—

A shot through the heart cut his words short. Madge heard her own name taintly breathed, saw her brother's wild farewell gesture, and-she was awake,

trembling, shuddering, sick unto death.
"Only a dream," she said to herself—
"only a dream; it would be too cruel, too dreadful; such things cannot be-oh! let this not be, or else, let me go mad, or

die!"

And now she began to wait, trembling at every cry in the streets, going over that fearful agony again and again, praying always that it might not be, believing The news came soon enough. Madge heard it at first in stony death-like silence, then burst into fearful shrieks and ravings, and then nature was merciful to her; and for a day she lay uoconscious.

She is called well now. Sorrow does not kill the faultlessly healthy and the young.

Her friends are not surprised at her excessive sorro 1. It was only natural that she should mourn for her brother; but they were puzzled by 1 er first exclamation on recovering her senses:

"Oh! it was true then. I saw it all." but s e offers no explanation.

I saw her in her mourning robes the other day. In two weeks, she had grown to look ten years older.

to look ten years older.

"Strange," say some of 'er girl friends.

"Of course, it is dreadful to lose her brother, but then her flancé is so handsome and so devoted."

I did not tell them what she said to me:
"I never lie down at night but that I am
once more among the dead and dying.
I see dead upturned faces, and hear that
awful crash and gurgling of the water.
Better, a hundred times, that I too were
dead."

# MAGDALENE MAY, A LEAF FROM MY SCHOOL-LIFE.

HAVE just finished reading a letter from the far Italia-land—a letter all defaced and stained with tears. I am trying to shut out from my mind the sad, tear-stained face that I know must have bent above it, and in its stead to bring before me the bright, bright face from which I parted ten years before. But, as I read over again the letter lying before me, I feel that never again will that face brighten—that on earth the mantle of sadness will never be lifted from it.

Dear Magdalene May! would that the sunny skies of Italy could have kept the chill from thy heart! I rememher, as it it were but yesterday, the last term of our school-life together. I will tell you a little of her history—write out for you one or two of the scenes that are passing with lightning rapidity before my mind's eye. It will help to banish the sadness from my heart for a little while; and I will try to be brief, so I may not weary you. I remember that the day of which I am tninking was beautiful—so beautiful that one after another of the tired girls forgot her lesson and went to watching the sunshine. So distinctly do their faces come back to me that I can scarcely think so many weary years have passed away. But I know by the hopes that have died out—by the sorrows that have coiled about my heart—by the graves that have

opened before me—that full ten years have passed away. I had gone to the school-room to look for a book; there I found some half-dozen of the girls trying to make up for sundry lost moments by studying hard at the eleventh hour; two of whom I loved dearly—pretty Elsie Vane and her cousin Grace Cameron. Dear Elsie! many summers ago I watched the earth-clods piled above her pretty head. And Grace—but I will not write of her, for she has forgotten the friend she once loved, and in the whirl of fashion is lost to me now.

I seem to hear again the petulant words Elsie spoke that sunny afternoon so long

ago:
"Oh, dear! this hateful French. I wish
to goodness Charles XII had died when
he was a baby! I haven't translated six
words yet. Come and help me, Marian,
that's a good girl. I hate French; if it
wasn't for father, I would fling the book
down and never study another word. But
poor father! he is so anxious."

And Elsie turned her book over and resting her head upon her hands, went to work again.

sunshine. So distinctly do their faces come back to me that I can scarcely think frace Cameron. "Here is a fellow-surfson many weary years have passed away. But I know by the hopes that have ded out—by the sorrows that have coiled about my heart—by the graves that have

noon. If any of the rest of us had tailed to take our music lesson two days in succession, woe betide us. He would have pattered out Italian faster than a pater nos-He always swears in Italian."

"Oh, Grace! ain't you ashamed? don't understand one word of Italian. Besides, I don't believe Cavelli swears."

"Well, I don't know. He always says something to himself in his foreign lingo,

and his face always gets red when I make any mistakes; so I thought—"
"You judged him by yourself,—eh, Grace? But he is really partial to Mag-dalene, though he thinks we don't notice him. They will meet to-day in the reci-tation room. He seems to take a wonderful interest in our French lessons lately. He has no business there, either. I wish he would keep to his music-room. Tiresome old thing!"

"Why, Elsie!" said Grace, "I think he is real splendid. I wish he'd fall in

love with me. I wouldn't be so haughty

as Magdalene is."

At this moment, our gentlemanly preceptor, Mr. Job Wheeler, entered, and the chatter stopped. Soon after him came Signor Cavelli. To me Cavelli was neither cross nor tiresome, but a most interesting study. That he was very poor, I knew, or else his haughty pride never would have stooped to the position he held-that of music-teacher to the most trying set of girls that ever man labored over. The discipline of our school was—well, as Aunt Pattie used to say, "lax in the extreme," our preceptor, Mr. Wheeler, being wholly incompetent to manage such a school. However, it was the best (indeed the only) seminary L— boasted at that time. The girls thought it the very best school in the world, and why should not we, when we could do pretty much as we pleased? On the day in question, my sympathies were pretty evenly divided be-tween Cavelli and Magdalene—Magdalene May, the princess royal of our school. were bosom friends, though she was four years my senior and of a haughty, passionate disposition, while I was timid and sensitive. I was always noted for keeping my eyes open, and I had used them to the very best advantage in the case before me. I knew that Cavelli loved-nay almost worshipped Magdalene! I had read that leaf of his heart long ago, and he knew it. I had read it in the sudden light

own magnificent midnight eyes. On the day of which I am writing, I know that in that great, strong heart of his was hidden a mighty ache, and I would have comforted him if I could. He glanced nervously towards the door each time it opened; and his lips grew pale-with anger, the girls said—but I knew that it was with anguish. Magdalene passed down the room with her usual haughty air, and taking her seat, flashed a glance at him that would have exasperated most men. The look of proud mournfulness that met hers, must have abashed her, for she flushed crimson; and during the entire recitation, she never again lifted her eyes to his. Poor Magdalene! her eyes flashed and gleamed like stars as we turned to leave the room. Dear, proud Magdalene! As we passed Signor Cavelli, he said, gen-

tly:
"Your lesson comes in just twenty minutes, Miss May; you will please bring the

new music that came yesterday."

I think it was all the girls looking on that made Magdalene answer as she did:

"I am now going to the post-office, and may return within that time." And with a regal air she passed out.

As I reached the room we shared together, she stood by the window with hat

and shawl on.

"O Magdalene, darling! do not go-or if you do, return within the time. The girls have noticed your conduct. Though it will be a most painful thing to do, Cavelli will soon be obliged to report your conduct to Mr. Wheeler.

A passionate glow lighted cheek and lip, and turning fiercely upon me, she said:

"Do not presume, Marian, upon my love for you. I would bear no dictation from my mother in this affair.'

Then, as the tears I could no longer repress, gushed forth--tears of regret that these two noble hearts seemed drifting so far asunder—she flung her arms around me and said, mournfully:

"Do not mind my mad words, darling! God knows I love you, but I am half crazed with—with—but no matter, I am not worth your tears."

Then, taking her beautiful arms from about my neck, she left the room. I sat down by the window and watched anxiously for her return. A half-hour pa-sed and still I watched in vain. The tea-bell rang, and I passed down stairs just in time to meet Cavelli in the hall. He stopped a in his lustrous eyes as she approached, moment to speak—wringing my hand unand in the shadow that darkened them, consciously till it pained me. Poor felwhen, in one of her many wild moods, she would hurl defiance at him from her Just then, Magdalene swept by us; her

silken robe brushing against Cavelli. I | when our pleasant school life is over and to his lips. Heavens! the bewildering beauty of that dark face! it flashed upon us one moment, then was gone.

"I do not care for tea to-night, Marian. I will meet you in the music-room; your

lesson comes next."

I could not eat, for something as heavy as lead lay upon my heart; these two hearts, both orphans and both friendless, had flung a part of their sorrow into mine. I rose and passed into the music-room. fancy Cavelli was as little interested in the lesson as I was, though we went through with every note. Suddenly the door with every note. Suddenly the door was opened, and Magdalene entered. We could not stop to talk just then, but I saw that the blood forsook Cavelli's face and he leaned upon the piano for support. Magdalene walked up and down the room once or twice, in a stormy kind of way, and then went out. When I went to our chamber, it was empty; Magdalene's hat and shawl were gone, and I knew that she had gone for her usual lone walk over the moor. Just as night fell, she came home and throwing herself on the floor at my feet, she laid her proud head on my knee, saying:
"My heart aches, Marian. Feel how it throbs."

Poor girl! those white temples did throb fiercely. I drew the heavy curls back from her brow, and moistening a napkin, laved the poor hot temples. I did not dare to speak of the cause of her grief, but indirectly remarked:

"Poor Cavelli! he has one of his headaches to-night, too. He thinks it more than probable that he will be obliged to leave L—— on account of his health."

I felt her heart bound beneath my hand, but she made no reply. A little while, we were silent; then, rising, she paced up and down the floor—her usual sedative when

in trouble, as it was and is mine.

"I shall leave at the end of the term, Marian; it is a perfect farce, my remaining here any longer. I can learn nothing more from 'St. Wheeler' (a name Grace Cameron had given him), nor can you. We will go away together, Maddie, dear. We will go to Madam L—'s school in P—. A year there will finish us," and she smiled bitterly. "Finish me for what? a lonely life of orphanage and vain yearningsafter mother's love and the sound of the voices of my kindred-those voices that have been hushed in death these many years. Since I have been with you, Marian, this feeling of loneliness and re-

knew he could have pressed the hem of it I go out into the world, I'll be like a helm-But it is past midnight and my less ship. head and heart both ache; let us prepare

for slumber."

There was a dreary sound in that musical voice that affected me even to tears, and I wept myself to sleep for the first time since my childhood. My lessons were poorly rendered next day, for my thoughts were all on Cavelli and Magdalene, and how I could aid them; but I could hit upon no plan. They both knew that I was cognizant of their mutual love, but were both too proud to speak of it. It grieved me to see those two noble hearts thus sporting with their destiny. Oh, why was Magdalene so proud? and why did not Cavelli tell his love? Thus my heart questioned of what it did not then understand -the mystery of love. Magdalene excused herself from the school-room next day on account of sickness, but I knew that it was only her heart that was sick. When I went at my usual hour to the music-room, Cavelli asked anxiously for Magdalene; and when I told him of the restless night she had passed and the severe headache she was now suffering from, he turned abruptly from me and stood with folded arms and compressed lips, looking out of the window, my music lesson and myselfalike forgotten. As on the day before, the door opened softly, and Magdalene entered.

She was bewilderingly beautiful, as she stood there in her anguish, and pride; though only in the sweet, sorrowful mouth, and dark, lustrous eyes could that sorrow be read. Her complexion was perfectly colorless, but the full lips were a vivid scarlet. Her purplish-black hair was drawn back from the white temples, as though its weight was wearisome, and wound into a careless knot behind. She wore a closely-fitting robe of black silk, which, though elegant and becoming always, only added to the intense pallor of her face. She had entered so softly that Cavelli, rapt in thought, did not hear her. I don't believe she saw me, for I stood in the shadow, but I could see every movement of that rarely-beautiful face, and the bosom that rose and fell so heavily with the storm of love and pride that agitated the poor heart beneath it, till it seemed as though it must burst the frail bodice that protected it. She stood for a moment on tip-toe, with her finger on her lip, evidently intending to leave the room; then turning swift as thought, she crossed the floor, and laid her beautiful hand on Cagret has almost ceased to haunt me. But velli's arm. He turned quickly, and imprisoning that pretty hand between both of his, he gazed long and steadily into her eyes. What he read there I know not; it may be some gleam of pride still lingered in their depths which hushed the words upon his lips, for he only folded his arms tenderly about her, and led her to the plano. She saw me as she turned; her face flushed scarlet, and disengaging herself from the arm that supported her, she said:

"Do not go, Marian, I want you when

I am through with my lesson."

Cavelli drew his arm away proudly; and I. dearly as I loved her, I could have boxed her ears with a good grace. That night, with her head lying in my lap, she confessed to me she loved him. I made her confess it; I forced her to it.

"I do love Carlo Cavelli, Marian, dearer than I ever loved any one but my dead mother; but I will die rather than show that love. He does not love me, else his lips would have syllabled it long ago. He

has never yet—"

I interrupted her here, for I could not be still any longer.

"You wrong him, Magdalene; your own rampant pride has prevented his telling his love; it will yet destroy his happiness and your own. I know it, I feel it. I shouldn't—"

"There—there, don't scold me, for, O Marian, I am sick at heart. I feel as if I was burning up with fever. Oh! that I had a mother to counsel me, a father to watch over me, but alas! I am alone!"

Next day the whole school was shrouded in gloom. Magdalene, our darling, our "princess royal," lay very ill; brain-fever the physician called it. During the time she lay unconscious, Cavelli saw her every night: a fact only known to Mrs. Wheeler and myself. One of us watched every night with the hired nurse; and it was during the time she took her turn in sleeping, that we silently admitted the griefstricken man. I believed then, and still do, that had he been unable to see her, he would have gone mad! He stood alone in this great world; no drop of his blood flowed in the veins of any human being, as far as he knew; and he had staked his all upon the frail life that lay before him. In bitter silence he sat by her side, during the hour he was permitted to remain, then left at our bidding as patiently as a child would the bidding of a mother. I remember the first time he entered the room. I sat by the bed, bathing the hot brow

when he came in, noiselessly, and sinking upon his knees by the bed, he prayed earnestly that the life so precious to him might be spared—prayed, as many another stricken soul has done, that the light of reason might return to those darkened eyes. Then he laid his face close to that of his unconscious idol, and utterly regardless of our presence, wept bitter, bitter tears. Verily truth is stranger than fliction (and the least part of that written out every day is fiction). It is passing strange that a strong man will garner up every hope in the life or love of some frail, slender girl, and his strong heart be stricken to the weakness of a child if death touch the thing he loves. But so it is; and methinks the words of love (which are a necessity to every human soul) never touch the heart so nearly as when they fall from manly lips. There is much strength in manhood—such a sense of protection in the strong frame and noble heart. Many nights of watching passed, then came the dread crisis, when we watched the doctor's face for the bulletin: Life, or Death! It passed, and when morning came our darling was restored to us—the light of reason once more shone from the beautiful eyes. Then Cavelli's from the beautiful eyes. Then Cavelli's visits ceased, and before Magdalene convalesced he was called away on important business, leaving to till his place an old acquaintance of his, whose face Grace Cameron said, "looked like a vinegar cruet." But he was a much safer music teacher than the handsome Italian, Carlo Cavelli.

Magdalene recovered rapidly. As soon as her strength permitted, I told her of Cavelli's devotion; of his patient watching by her side night after night. Her face flushed and paled; but, true to herself, she made no sign. I felt almost like scolding her, but she had been too near the shadowy valley for aught but tender

words to greet her ears.

It was the last night of school before the summer vacation, and this night our usual public reception came off. I dressed early and went down stairs to assist dear Mrs. Wheeler tie up some bouquets. When I returned, Magdalene was sitting by the window, looking like an angel in her floating white robe. Mrs. Wheeler called me to the door, and whispered:

"Cavelli has returned, he is in the mu-

sic-room."

I went swiftly down stairs, and entered the room, which, it being yet early, was

only lit by a single gas-burner. Whilst I stood just within the door, thinking what I should first say to him, a white-robed figure passed me, and going up to the motionless form by the window, laid two small hands in his, and Magdalene's voice whispered:

"Oh, Cavelli, I am so glad you have returned."

He turned suddenly and caught her in his arms, and my proud, haughty Magdalene crept close to his breast. I slipped away, noiselessly; and, escaping to my room, sat down, and woman-like had a good cry—a "real, splendid cry,:" as Grace Cameron used to say. (It may be, Grace, that your eye may rest upon what I am writing, and your heart reproach you for your forgetfulness. I only hone that the your forgetfulness. I only hope that the "splendid cries" of your girlhood have not given place to the anguished cries too often wrung from woman's heart.) But I must not linger on these scenes, but hasten on to the end.

That night Magdalene laid her proud head upon my knee, as was her custom, and told me all her heart. Told me how that one life was dearer to her than all other lives; and a thousand other things that I need not mention, for they are felt

and written every day.

Magdalen accompanied me to my mother's, and in the month of October she was wedded to Cavelli, and left my beautiful American home to make her a new home in sunny Italy. I accompanied them to New York, and though I had longed for these two hearts to come together, I al-most hated Cavelli for robbing me of my precious friend. As the vessel bore them from my sight, he did not seem like the friend I had loved and admired, but like some cruel, strange foreigner that was nothing to me.

This was ten years ago, and this rum-pled, tear-stained letter that has wended its way so far over land and sea, tells me

Cavelli is dead!

"He was wounded at Gaeta, and has been fail-ing day by day; so slow, so beautiful was his decline, that I hoped on until the last."

Thus ran the letter, and this is why I am so unutterably sad to-night—this is why I have given you this brief sketch of Magdalene May; this one episode of my school-life. Forgive the imperfections, for tears blur the pages as I write. O life! thy path is a weary one; full of such land-marks as this, and many a heart in our own beautiful land can sympathize with this mourner over the sea. Truly,

"The air is full of farewells to the dying, And mourning for the dead."

### COUSIN BELL.

HE soft light light of a September twilight stole in the room, at the close of that glorious autumnal day, where sat my cousins, Ellen and Carrie Weston, and my own dear self. We had wearied ourselves with sundry shopping excursions-which are such frightful consumers of woman's strength, patience and cash—and now, worn out, and listless, sat listening to "all sounds that in a city swell." An unusually protracted vews swell." An unusually protracted yawn of my cousin Carrie's, followed by a long groan, broke the stillness of the room and unsealed our lips.

"Oh dear!" I exclaimed. "I am clean tuckered out. Why, I believe I was half asleep, and thought I was out in the Jar-

grunting. I wish Bell Bartlett would come in now. She has not been shopping, and has such a winning way withal, that perhaps she could arouse us from our stu-

pidity."
"Well, I am tired almost to death,"
muttered Carrie. "I declare I always feel so sorry that Eve liked apples, whenever I am oblighed to go shopping. I echo your wish that Bell Bartlett would come. She is always so pleasant, that we take solid comfort in being where she is."

"You have already expressed my sentiments in regard to Bell Bartlett, so I am saved the trouble," lazily remarked Ellen. "I dare say she will come presently; for she is so intimate with us that she drops seys, and heard one of Mrs. Darrow's pigs in at all times and seasons. If she is does

down for her after tea."

"Say, girls!" I exclaimed, jumping up, "don't you believe Cousin Ned regards Bell as a girl 'after his own heart?' and don't you suppose she will be a cousin of mine one of these days, when people marry and are given in marriage?"

"Never! Never!" was the decided answer of the firm Ellen. "Bell Bartlett is

a good girl—I may say, too, a clever girl, and a true friend; and though we like her very much, we would never consent to have Ned marry her."

"But don't you think he entertains a very deep and peculiar interest for her? and don't you believe she pays him back in his own coin? Only hers is so much stronger—as a woman's affections are freer from alloy than a man's love."—I persisted in asking.

"Yes, I sometimes think they love each other," replied Carrie; "and I have told Ellen I was sure of it, more than

"Oh, pshaw!" angrily interrupted that person spoken of. "I don't believe Ned cares for Bell at all, except as he would care for any pleasant, estimable young lady like her, whom he met so often. It would not be strange if Bell should fall in love with our brother; for, 'if I do say it, as hadn't orter to say it,' he is handsome enough, and good enough, for any lady in the land. We have always thought that Ned would marry some splendid-looking woman, whose high position and large fortune would elevate us still higher in the social world. you suppose he would ever wed Bell Bartlett, who, if not positively homely, is far from beautiful; whose income is very moderate, and who has no noble ancestry of which to boast? No, indeed! The question is asked and answered. And if Ned should love Bell-who is a real good girl, I must acknowledge—and if he should entertain such a Quixotic idea (and some of his notions are peculiar) as bringing her here as his bride, do you suppose Carrie and I would consent? Never! That question is asked and answered, too. This would be the end of it, you know; for Ned promised Pa before he died, that we should live with him until one or both of us married-and he loves us too well to bring a wife here to whom we should I am surprised, Mary, that you should ever have thought it possible for Ned to marry Bell Bartlett." And my ambitious cousin gave me a very frigid look, that was intended to congeal my thoughts on the subject. It had a differ- history, I would think you descended in a

not come before, brother Ned will go ent effect, however-arousing me completely from my lethargy, and inducing me to deliver myself in this wise:

"Ellen Weston, you are all in the rong. I do not know that Ned loves our wrong. I do not know that Ned loves our friend Bell, neither do I know that she loves him; but I rather suspect that they love each other, and so do you-for we are not blind, or so stupid that we cannot judge from the signs of the times. And if I understand you, you mean to say that, if this is the case, you will raise your puny arm, and separate two loving hearts. Then I suppose you will use all your sisterly influence to induce him to wed some beautiful heiress with a bad heart and selfish disposition, perhaps, who will make her husband unhappy, and tyrannize over her sisters-in-law; but they will be meek as little Moseses—because, forsooth, madam is rich and handsome. When your happiness all goes to 'devastation' and ruin, just think of what your cousin Mary told you. I declare, I wish my name was John Smith, and I was rich as 'Creosite,' and with my present knowledge of wo-man's nature, I would lay my hand and fortune at Bell Bartlett's feet, and ask her to become Mrs. John Smith."

"Cousin Mary, it is absurd for you to talk so," answered Ellen. "It is just like you though, for all the world. I did hope Madame D'Orsay would put more modern notions into your head; but I declare, you are just as old-fashioned as ever. Why, it is the height of folly to think of such a thing as Ned's marrying Bell Bartlett. There is Miss Brainard, the beauty and heiress, who treats Ned with more favor than any of her suitors. She is much more suitable for such a splendid fellow as Ned, than such a plain, unobtrusive girl as our friend Bell. Anyone would think, o hear you talk, that all the rich young ladies were furies and all the poor girls angels."

"Allow me to correct your statement," I interrupted. "I think the indulgence of every wish, and gratification of every desire, does not promote the growth of a kind, unselfish disposition; and if I stood in your and Carrie's shoes, and anticipated living with my sister-in-law until Providence saw fit to to send me a husband, I would prefer such an unselfish, lovable, affectionate wife for Ned, as we all know Bell is, to such a haughty, selfish beauty as we have good reason to believe Estelle Brainard to be. Just recollect, my dear, I knew them both at school.'

"Well, really, Mary Chief! If you were not my cousin, and I did not know your

straight line from some famous lecturer, you take to it so naturally!" exclaimed Ellen, with a little sarcasm. "But there is no use quarreling. I think a great deal of Bell; our mothers were always intimate, and desired we should be friends; and I do indeed prize her friendship very highly; but I say again I would never consent to Ned's wedding her. I really hope she does not love him-but if she does, I can only say she is very foolish and presumptuous to ever think of becoming Mrs. Weston; and if she suffers for building hopes that must be overthrown, I cannot see that she has any one but herself to

Miss Ellen was as firm as she was ambitious, and I felt it only estranged us to dispute in this manner; so I heaved a long sigh for poor Bell, who, I was sure, loved Ned devotedly, and threw myself upon a lounge in another corner of the room. As I was crossing the room, I thought I saw somebody flit through the hall, and I imagined I could hear slow steps stealing softly down stairs. Could it be that Bell Bartlett had come silently up stairs to surprise us, as she sometimes did, and heard our conversation? "God pity her!" I exclaimed, mentally, "if she heard all."

My suspicions amounted to a certainty when we sat down to tea, and Ellen inquired why there was an extra plate upon the table, and the housekeeper said she saw Miss Bell pass the window, and supposed she would remain to tea.

"How singular," exclaimed "that she should pass without calling."

But it was not singular to me-for that gliding form seen in the twilight explained

"It is very mysterious!" exclaimed both Ellen and Carrie, when Ned returned from Mrs. Taylor's-Bell's aunt, with whom she resided—and said that Bell went out in the afternoon, and returned with a severe headache, and was up in her room crying with it; and, moreover, he had sent to ask if he could see her, but she had answered she could see no one. But I knew that I had the key that could unlock the mystery.

"It seems incredible," they said when Ned said he declared that Bell had treated him shamefully, and he intended to show her he could please young ladies with more wealth and beauty than she possessed. But to me it was not incredible.

"It is the most unaccountable circumstance in the world," they said, when we all saw a ring upon Ned's desk that we knew he had once given to Bell; and Carrie said she had been in Ned's room and paper, a little later:

saw a pile of letters that she was certain Bell had returned to him; and Ned sat at his desk, with his head buried in his bands, and her notes strewed all about. But I found no difficulty in accounting for it.

"I do believe the girl has gone crazy!" they said, when Ned replied to the questionings that B.ll had decidedly "cut him for Ralph Orton," and had returned his letters, saying it was better that their old intimacy should be discontinued. But I, who had heard that slow, stealthy tread in that September twilight, found a different solution of the problem than derange-

And Ned Weston married Estelle Brainard; and Ellen, with all her gratified pride and ambition, pointed to the newly-wedded pair, and exultingly asked:

"Are they not a splendid couple—just designed for each other?"

And I unhesitatingly answered:

"No. An hour ago I would gladly have called the plainer face, the truer heart, and less stately form of Bell Bartlett from the far West, to occupy the place now filled by my new cousin, Estelle; for I fear the time will come when you will prefer the heart of oak to yonder veneered specimen of Nature's handiwork."

Only a year passed away, when Ellen sent me a letter, in which was the sentence:

"DEAR MARY—I am weeping as I write—weeping less for myself than the unhappiness of my brother and discontent of my sister. I am thinking sorrowfully of what you told me half in jest."

### In another part was:

"Bell Bartlett is coming home soon from the West, and you cannot guess how much I long for her old friendship."

That was all she said of trouble and discomfort; but it told the whole story of disappointed hopes and unrealized happiness.

It was long ere Ellen wrote me again; for I soon heard, from a mutual friend, that my cousin, Mr. Weston, was stricken with a malignant disease then raging in the city; then again that Mrs. Weston had gone immediately to her father's house, giving, as her reason, that people were always perfect frights after recover-ing from the horrid disease, and she wished to incur no risk of spoiling her beauty. Then word reached me that both Ellen and Carrie had taken the disease, and Bell Bartlett was with them.

I was quite shocked to read, in a daily.

"Died, at the residence of her father, Estelle Brainard, wife of Edward Weston, aged 21 years."

Another year has passed away, and last month I accepted an invitation from my cousins to visit them. Again it was twilight, and we were sitting around the cheerful grate-fire, three years older, wiser, and sadder than when, in that September twilight, we talked of Cousin Ned's probable marriage.

After a lull in the conversation, Carrie

said:

"Cousin Mary, this evening reminds me of another, three years ago, when you, and Ellen, and myself sat talking in our room, and quarreled about Bell Bartlett. I think of it, and the many sad changes in us all. How I wish Bell would come to-night! She scarcely ever comes any more, but she said she would call to see you when you came."

"Oh, you don't know, Mary," eagerly exclaimed Ellen, "how much we owe to Bell! It seems to me I must have died-I don't know but we all would-if Bell had not come. I would give untold sums to have her the same friend she used to be; but all at once she changed very much.

It has always been a mystery to us all." "Shall I unravel it?" said I.

"If thou art able-words will be poor

thanks to thee," said Ned.

I repeated our conversation of that night, omitting only the remarks concerning the departed Estelle; and tears filled the eyes of all my auditors, when I told them Bell Bartlett heard it all, and stole silently away, sick at heart; for her love was called presumption by those whose opinion she was bound to respect.

Ellen wept bitterly, exclaiming:

"I know it-I know it! I was so cruel, so bitter. That is the reason she will not come now; and yet how good the dear child was when we needed her most! I see my folly now it is too late. Oh, if she would only come now!"

And she looked inquiringly into Ned's

sad face.

Just then the door-bell rang, and who should walk in but Bell herself, who said she wanted to see Mary Chiet; and as her uncle was coming right by the house, she

had come to see us a little while.

"But, all ye good people," she said, cheerfully, "you look as it you had been weeping. Surely, Mary Chief has not brought tears to your eyes? I thought the pathetic was out of your line of business."

We could not say a word, for the tears Bell.

came thicker and faster; but Ned gave her a seat, and taking both her trembling hands in his, said:

"Bell, we are weeping for the noble girl who overheard—unintentionally, doubt not-a cruel conversation in regard to herself, almost three years ago."

Pale and trembling sat Bell; but, with

a great effort, she said:
"Do not blame me too severely. not intend to listen; but I came softly, to surprise you, and felt so bitterly what you said at first, that I could not meet you then; and as soon I was able, I hurried away."

"Now, Bell, answer me this question. Raise your head, and tell me this one thing," said Ned, as he stooped down and wound his arm around her; "Have your

actions since been governed by what you heard that night?"

"Oh, yes," she answered sadly; "they have never left me, the words I heard then, and I heard then. then; and I knew it was too true that I alone was to blame."

"Poor Bell!" we all exclaimed.

But Ned continued:

"Did you not know, Bell, that I loved

"Sometimes I hoped so," was the trembling answer. "But it always seemed presumptuous to think about it after that night."

"Ellen, Ellen!" bitterly exclaimed Ned, "vour ambition has surely been cursed. I only asked the happiness of making Bell my wife-for I have loved her long-and then these years of misery had been spared us, and I had not done the wrong to myself and this dear girl, that now fills my soul with remorse."

"Oh, spare me, brother!" besought Ellen; "and forgive me, Bell!" she pleaded, as she knelt at her feet. "It is not too late for you to be happy together. And O. Bell, we both desire it now more

earnestly than we can tell!"

Carrie had come, too, and laid her head in Bell's lap; but I knew that Ned could plead his own cause better than Ellen, or Carrie, or I; and I set them an example to leave the room, which they soon followed; and when we returned, an hour afterward, such a look of happiness beamed from Bell's face as we had not seen for many a day, and such a calm content and quiet gladness shone out of Ned's brown eyes, that I declared I never knew "happiness was such a great beautifier."

They were married in a few weeks; and that is how I happen to have a Cousin

# HOME, MOTHER, HEAVEN.

HOME.

HE above are three of the sweetest words in our language. They are freighted with much good to thousands of aching but grateful hearts that are now wandering through this world of change. Home, the dearest spot on earth, around which my affections cling with the sweetest, holiest ties of love! The home of my childhood! How memory loves to dwell on its sunny scenes, garlanded with the brightest wreaths of beautiful flowers, where the voice of love ever fell in sweet accents and rich melody on my ear! But its bright and gladsome days have passed away, and oh, how much like a dream they seem to me now!

Then I was culled from my parent stem to the possession of my preference and taken to another home, where I was shielded by a strong arm and loving heart from every adverse wind that blew above

and around me for long years.

But the angel of death visited that home, and first culled a bright little jewel that encircled love's coronet, and then his sickle was pointed with unerring aim toward the father and husband; both were taken from their home below to radiate the golden wreath around the throne of heaven. I was then claimed by another, whose devotion to me has lit up the home in my heart with such a halo of light and joy that the humble surroundings which I now call home sparkle with rays as effulgent as those which adorn the gilded palace of the millionaire, and ever may I as now venerate and adore its sacred precincts; and ever may I turn from the cold, false world with longings to enjoy its humble, though peaceful quiet.

### MOTHER.

The dearest, the wisest and the best friend allotted to us here below. Ah! can write of a mother's love—ever true and constant through change, sickness and death, ever watchful of our interest from the cradle to the grave. It is a spark of electric fire that never grows dim; a toper whose genial light is always bright, through storm and darkness, and the rag-ing elements have no power to quench its radiance. 'Tis the light and life of every have sung of its beauty ever since the ent and never-ending joys.

morn of creation, and 'tis a theme that is still fresh, a subject that can never be exhausted. The rough winds of adversity may moan around its object, sorrows iu-numerable may darken its pathway, yet through all change a mother's love re-mains the same. Oh, none can prize it rightly, none can do too much for a mother's comfort. Sacred name of mother! Thrice precious and holy is thy name!

#### HEAVEN.

The great home above where the family circle will never more be broken. The paradise that poets have sung about and pictured so radiant. "The great home from whence no traveler will ever return.

Change, sorrows, and trials attend our earthly pilgrimage here, yet through all this we have a hope, a beaming light, that when the golden links which bind us to earth are severed, and our forms are shrouded for the tomb, our spirits will rise on buoyant wings to the great throne. where our father reigns, and all is love,

and peace, and joy.

Anthems are swelling through the lofty domes, and gushing forth in glad, sweet echoes. Oh, what a thrilling thought to meet a risen Saviour with all the redeemed family of God! "Eye hath not seen it nor heard its songs of joy," yet we all know that our Father is a God of love, and that He watcheth over us and knoweth all our wants; that He sees all our sorrows, and we feel conscious that in His own good time He will gather his children into the great fold prepared for them.

Oh, ye worn and weary who have been bereft of home and mother, bind this to your aching hearts. Let it be the beacon light through all your trials; let it guide you when your little barque is assailed by adverse winds, to that port where no ships have ever stranded. Let your hopes of heaven be bright, your trust in Jesus strong, then this world, with all its trials and sorrows, will sink as chaos in your

mental vision.

"And lo a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindred, and people, and tongue, stood before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands."

Such is heaven, dear reader, and may home. Ah, who can'tell its worth? Poets you and I be the recipients of its resplend-

### THE BETROTHED.

T was an autumnal evening; and as the sun sank behind the western hills, groups of clouds clustering in gorgeous brilliancy, sunset's last roses, lit up the evening sky, mantling earth with such gentle influence that it seemed as if some

bright angel were hovering near.
On a gilded divan in one of those boudoirs which nature and art combined rendered fascinating in the extreme, reclined a beautiful girl just verging into womanhood. Her head rested gently upon one hand, while her thick masses of bright ringlets were pushed back from a brow of alabaster whiteness, and fell in rich profusion over her neck and shoulders. Her large, expressive eyes rested upon the distant land cape, and in the silent, holy eloquence of twilight's lovely hour, she thus

soliloquized:

"Happiness! how universal and all-absorbing are thy pursuits, and how diversified the ways in which thou art sought! Ah, happiness! thou hard-sought treasure of the human heart, thou art a phantom of which we hear so much and see so little! Anticipation is thy herald, but disappointment is thy companion; thou art the great mistress of ceremonies in the dance of life, that impels us through all its mazes and meanderings, but leads none of us by the same route. Anthony sought thee in love, Brutus in glory, and Cæsar in dominion. The first found disgrace, the second, dischard and seeh rust, and the last, ingratitude, and each, destruction. Thou art deceitful as the calm that precedes the hurricane, smooth as the water on the verge of the cataract, and as beauiiful as the rainbow, that smiling daughter of the storm. I have sought the in the gayest scenes of festivity, but found thee not. I have offered to purchase thee with gold, but thou refusest me. O happiness! I have worshipped thee as a divinity, but found thee only the slave of fortune; I have realized but too truly that thou art found neither in palaces nor dominions, but makest thy dwelling in the dove-like breasts of those whose souls repose calmly beneath the smiles of hope.

She was suddenly interrupted from her reverie by approaching footsteps, and one would suppose from the smile that wreathed her face as she turned her eyes to the intruder, that he was no stranger

who approached.

"Pardon me for interrupting your reverie, Miss Ida, for, it I mistake not, you were engaged in making conquests at Mrs. Weldon's ball, were you not?" said the tall and handsome stranger who approached.

She turned her eyes toward him and a slight frown contracted her beautiful brow for a moment, but, like a rainbow, it soon passed away, and she replied in a tone

somewhat reproachful:

"I did not expect such unkindness from you, Ernest; but you mistake me; I anticipate no conquest, neither do I anticipate any pleasure at Mrs. Weldon's ball; as for happiness, I find there is none in reverie for me." And as she ceased to speak, she heaved a deep-drawn sigh, which seemed to relieve her bursting

" Pr'ythee, why so sad. my lady-bird?" exclaimed Ernest, somewhat gaily; "what evil genius has placed thorns in the path-way of the proud, beautiful, accomplished heiress of Leslie Hall; the admired of all admirers, the envied belle of New York City, and the afflanced bride of Eugene Stanly, who, if rumor speaks true, is the distinguished beau-ideal of the day, who, as a favored lover, could kneel at the shrine of the fairest lady in the land? What more

could you wish, dearest Ida?

"I thank you for your kind speech!" exclaimed Ida, bitterly, "but, as you are aware, four years have elapsed since Eugene and myself have met, and there cannot surely exist much congeniality be-tween us; for I am one of those who do not believe in falling in love from description, or imagination either, but believe that love is founded upon esteem, and es-teem must be excited by some elevated traits of character, which Eugene no doubt possesses; but I was too young when last we met (being only fourteen years of age) to appreciate them, or convert them into

"You would have me believe, Ida, that his arrival to his native land, as its betrothed, but merely as one you feel bound to by an engagement made by others; is this the case?" And he gazed upon her with such peculiar earnestness, as if to read her answer in her now blushing face. she met his earnest gaze, she turned from

him to conceal her emotions, and at length replied:
"I cannot anticipate pleasure in a union

with one whom I can never love.'

"Ida, my fair one, you tell me that you can never love Eugene Stanly, from which I infer that your heart is already engaged. Tell me, oh, tell me, who can claim such a priceless gem?" and he added in a lower tone ( for he thought he could read words "May 1 of hope in her downcast eyes ): tell you how fondly I love you; how my every thought is given to you; how I fondly gaze into your eyes, whose light is dearer to me than all the peerless radiance of earth, for in them beams the eloquence of love's own language; but if I have deceived myself—if there is no hope, oh, tell me! Do not, for the love of heaven, encourage hopes in my breast that can never be realized. Hesitate not, dearest Ida! Tell me frankly the state of your feelings,

and I will bless you forever."
"Oh, Ernest," she said, "my weakness but too plainly tells you how fondly I love you, and, under other circumstances, to know that such love as yours were mine, would be happiness inexpressible. But when I realize the mournful truth that it is wrong even to indulge in this conversation, then I am wretched indeed. Ernest, you must forget me and we must meet no more; let us forget that we have ever met; you speak of shortly going to the South—oh, let me implore you to go immediately! Then, perhaps, in a few years, you will select a daughter of that sunny clime, whose devotion to you will cause you to forget that such a being as Ida Leslie ever existed." Her voice was scarcely audible as she ceased to speak.

He pressed her fondly to his breast, and said:

"Ida, dear, does this last reasoning come

from your heart?"

"No," she said, "but from a better counsellor, my judgment. Let us separate, for my feelings will not allow me to prolong this interview. Oh, how mis-erable!" she exclaimed, as he rose to depart.

He pressed her to his heart again and again. "No, darling! rest assured that no daughter of the sunny South shall ever cause me to forget you for a moment; your image, so indelibly impressed upon the tablets of my heart, will ever serve to guide my frail little barque over the ocean of time, and, when assailed by turbulent billows, it will then impart a genial ray of sunshine on the turbulent scene. Farewell, dearest Ida; when next we meet, dreary waste, no sunbeam of affection may we both be happy! Farewell for the would cheer us; for whose voice can

present. I leave on the evening train. That heaven may bless you will ever be

my first and fondest wish,"

She stood for a few moments where he had left her, gazing after his retreating figure. When she could no longer distinguish it from the shrubbery through which he passed, she threw herself upon a sofa and gave way to the wildest paroxysms of grief.

spirit of my father!" she exclaimed, "speak peace to my troubled heart! Calm my wretched spirit!"

She arose from her seat, threw a thin mantle around her andwalked out into the open air. The moon, which had arisen, imparted a mellow light over the terraced walks over which she sauntered. As she gazed upon the glorious orb of night, her spirits became somewhat more calm; she knew that a pure, deep, holy love burned upon the altar of her heart, and it was for one whom she could never marry. She resolved to acquaint Eugene Stanly with her preference for another, and leave it to his generosity, wether he would still claim her hand or not.— Whether released or not, she felt she could never cease to love Ernest Merton. She could but exclaim: "Oh love! what a powerful sway thou exertest over my

breast!"

When she returned to the house, she was met at the door by Luella Hall, the par-ticipant of all the joys and sorrows of her school-days, and who had been her constant companion since (situated as she was, being her father's ward) a warm intimacy had sprung up between them. When Luella saw her young friend had been weeping, she threw her arms around her neck and implored her to tell why she was so sad, to unbosom her heart to her as she had ever done. This appeal was too much for the trusting heart of the gentle Ida; she threw herself upon the bosom of her friend, and poured forth the sorrow of her stricken heart, gush after gush, until a holy calmness seemed to pervade her breast. Luella, who had guessed at the cause of her sorrow, soothed with hand and gentle words, until she sank into a gentle slumber upon her breast. They may speak lightly of friendship between trusting hearts, but what mortal so lost to every social feeling as to stand aloof from this hallowed, this holy passion, closing every avenue of the heart, thrusting forth the sweet garland of friendship which would bind their spirits with that of kin-

soothe the anguish of an aching heart as effecutally as that of a trusting friend? Then comes the maddening thought that this too, like all earthly things, must pass away. Can it be that those to whom we now fondly cling will ever turn from us coldly, forgetting their vows of eternal fidelity? Alas! 'tis but too true, and those who have drank deeply of life's cup would warn the youthful enthusiast that "'tis but a fleeting fancy." But not so with all; there are some well tried ones who will cling to us through life's varied scenes. Clouds of adversity may gather over us; no star of hope gild the darkened scene, yet they will remain steadfast, ever ready to pour, with gentle words, the sweet oil of consolation into our weary and fainting hearts.

Idalia Leslie was the only child of affluent parents; nursed in the lap of luxury, she spent her childhood's hours in uninterrupted enjoyment; deprived of a mother's love in infancy, she clung with all the fond affection of which a youg heart is susceptible to her only remaining par-ent, and thus she had become her father's darling, the idol of his heart. Placed in circumstances under which he could gratify her every whim, no pains were spared

to render the little Ida happy

The first sorrow that clouded her young brow was at the age of thirteen, when she left her childhood's home to enter the dreary walls of a boarding school. Oh! how bitterly she wept on the evening before her departure, as she rambled through the forests adjoining her father's resi-dence, to take leave of its fondly-cher-ished scenes! The massive oaks in their dark and solemn grandeur, as she bade them adieu, seemed to lend additional pangs to her young heart by the remem-brance of some childish sport she had en-

joyed under their green boughs. A year sped rapidly by, at the expira-tion of which she was suddenly called home to soothe the last hours of a fond She watched by his bedside day and night with unceasing tenderness until he was pronounced convalescent; she was then permitted to ramble about and to take that recreation of which she had so long been deprived. She was most usually accompanied in her rambles by Eugene Stanly, the son of one of her father's warmest friends, who had died during her absence at school and left his son to Mr. Leslie's sole guardianship. He had just returned from college to enjoy a short vacation when Ida arrived.

Tall, handsome and exceedingly fascinating,—gifted with the most enchanting from school, crowned with all the laurels

address, joined with the most harmonious voice, he soon rendered himself the pleasing companion of Idalia in all her girlish sports. Mr. Leslie perceived with great joy the growing attachment of his inter-esting charges. His most sanguine hopes would be realized in forming a union between them, for he realized but too truly that the golden link that bound him to the earth would soon be severed, and he knew of no one to whose care he would rather confide his beloved Ida than Eugene Possessed of ample fortune, noble qualites, and an affectionate disposition, he deemed him a fit companion for his daughter. A few days before Eu-gene's intended departure for school, Mr. Leslie grew suddenly worse and summoned Eugene and Ida to his bedside to receive his last benediction. Joining their hands and tenderly gazing into their faces, he asked if he might not call them both his children, to which they both assented.

He immediately summoned Mr. Hall, his legal adviser, and appointed him their guardian. It was his wish that they should remain at college two years longer, at the expiration of which time Eugene should travel abroad and derive that information that observation alone can procure, while Ida should participate for a time in the gayeties of the fashionable world. After which they should be married with all the ceremony due their rank. After this Mr. Leslie raised his eyes to heaven and ex-

"I can die now in peace, for my fondest hopes are realized," and breathed his last upon the bosom of his daughter.

To her, care and anxiety had yet been a stranger, and the first burst of grief that wrung her young heart can be better imagined than described. After the funeral ceremony was performed they both re-turned to their respective schools, each characterized by different feelings when they bid each other adieu. Eugene being at an age capable of the tender emotion of love regarded her as the bright star of his destiny, and as he bade her farewell he grieved that he could not ever remain by her side to soothe every sorrow and dispel all the gloom that might darken her pathway, for he felt on her alone depended his hopes of future happiness. Idalia, on the other hand, too young to appreciate the tie that bound them, only grieved to be separated from one who had been a pleasant companion for some weeks, and had been a participant in the loss she had sus-

tained in the death of her father.

At the age of sixteen, Idalia returned

that a surpassing intellect, and untiring perseverance could win. Lovely, accomplished and engaging in her manners, she created no little sensation in the fashionable world.

Eugene Stanly still remained abroad, and her engagement not being publicly announced, she had many aspirants to her

She refused them all with that open candor that won for her immortal honors; but her heart was too pure to take pleasure in the incessant round of pleasures in which she was compelled to participate as the heiress of a splendid fortune and the ward of the most eminent lawyer in the city. Weary and faint, she would retire from the city crowd and sigh for some being whom she could love and rely upon, and whose heart would respond to all her wishes. Her desires were soon realized. Ernest Merton, a young gentleman from the South who had come north for his health, was introduced to her at a ball given by her guardian. His surpassing genius, profound intellect, together with a full, rich flow of social feeling, rendered him the feelingting center of an extended him the fascinating center of an extended circle of friendship. With Ida he threw off the reserve that usually characterized his actions towards the fairer sex, and conversed with frankness, ease and elegance. His conversation, so richly decorated with the drapery of classic lore, and so richly festooned with the rarest flowers of rhetoric, held his listeners spell-bound as if by a magic wand. They would often withdraw from the gay scenes of festivity and seek some pleasant retreat to enjoy an intellectual treat derived from each other's conversation. They spent their hours in this manner, fraught with the fairest scenes of earthly bliss. O days of bliss, too hallowed for earth! why was thy silver chord loosed, why was thy spell broken, or the golden carol severed? Idalia, ere she was aware of it, had given him her heart's wealth, and realized the awful precipice upon which she stood-her heart given to one and her hand betrothed to another. It was but a few days before our story opens that she had informed Ernest with as much calmness as she could, of her engagement to Eugene Stanly, who was abroad. She was informed by her guardian that he was daily expected home.

We will now take up the thread of our narrative. The night of Mrs. Welden's ball at length arrived, and the brightest star that shone in that assembly of female beauty was Ida Leslie. Arrayed with elegance and taste, she looked like a being

tive ringlets, floated over her shoulders, and partly shaded a cheek where the purity of the lily was partly infringed upon by the blossom of the rose. Her recent sorrow had lent, if possible, additional charms to her resplendent beauty, for as she entered Mrs. Welden's brilliantly lighted drawing-rooms, she caused a general buzz of "how beautiful—how transcendentally beautiful!" Several gentlemen endeavored to prevail upon her to dance, but she pleaded indisposition, and sat solitary in a window, apparently regarding the gay assembly, but in reality too much engaged in painful thought to do so. The woods, silvered by the beams of the moon, recalled the venerable shades of her childhood's home to memory. where she had so often wandered by the same pale beams, a light-hearted creature. But now how changed! her future seemed dark and dreary, for she thought she had parted for the last time with the only being she could ever love. Absorbed in these thoughts she was aroused by hearing a gentleman standing near her, say to

a very beautiful girl:
"Miss Leslie is like a troubled spirit, to-night. I believe all is not right between her and Ernest Merton, for he left town very suddenly—some lover's quar-rel, perhaps."
"Something then," replied the young

lady, "is in agitation between them. Are they engaged?"

"So says the world, but I do not always give implicit confidence to its reports," replied he, "for Mr. Hall informs me that she has been engaged to Eugene Stanly for four years, an engagement made by her father in his lifetime. If this be true, Eu-gene has the oldest claim."

"Ah! she has two strings to her bow, has she? Lucky girl !-but here is Luella Hall; we will go and quiz her, for my curiosity is excited about the matter."

As these giddy-headed votaries of fashion retired to another part of the room, she arose determined to leave a scene so uncongenial to her feelings. When she arrived home, she threw herself on the bed, not to sleep, but to weep over the

past and future.

Bright and clear arose the sun on the morning after Mrs. Welden's ball; it imparted unusual splendor on an elegant mansion situated in a retired part of the city; brightly shone the gilded roof in the light of the morning sun. The terraced walks and extensive conservatory proved it to be the home of affluence and taste. From one of the upper casements a beautoo beautiful for earth; her hair, in its na- | tiful girl was leaning, with her head resting thoughtfully upon her snowy hand. She was gazing away into the blue heavens, forgetful of the busy world about her. She was very beautiful as she thus leaned from the window; her cheek was as white as the magnolia petal, with no fluctuating, truant tint of the rose to divide the empire; her half-parted lips were of the deep-est, richest cherry, while her large black eyes of oriental splendor seemed fixed steadfastly upon some distant object. The reader will easily suppose her to be Ida Leslie, for indeed it was. She had passed a sleepless night and arose early that morning to calm her somewhat excited spirits before she was summoned to the parlor to receive visitors. She did not remain long in this position before she was interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who presented a card upon a silver waiter. agine her surprise when, on glancing at the card, the name of Eugene Stanly met her view. The time had come that she must summon all her remaining fortitude, and meet the man she so much dreaded to meet; for she hoped that this meeting would not have been so soon. "But why," she exclaimed, "need I wish this suspense prolonged? I will immediately go to him and throw myself upon his generosity, and, if he be all that my foud father thought him, he will release me. If not, my destiny will only be sealed as the most miserable of human beings."

With these thoughts she repaired to the parlor, and what was her astonishment and delight on entering, to see on a sofa—not Eugene Stanly—but Ernest Merton, her own Ernest. He immediately rose upon her entrance and opened his arms, into

which she involuntarily fell.

"Forgive me, dearest Ida," he cried, "I have deceived you, but in deceiving you I have won your peerless heart. Yes, dearest girl, you gave not your heart to your ideal Ernest Merton, but to Eugene Stanly, the man to whom you are bound by the ties of an honorable engagement." She heard no more, but swooned upon his bosom. When she opened her eyes he was bending tenderly over her.

"Compose yourself, dearest Ida," he said, "and I will explain my strange conduct to you." Then seating her on the sofa beside him, he proceeded to give her

the promised narrative.

When Eugene separated from Ida on the death ot her father, his heart told him too truly that his was no idle dream, but a deep, earnest and devoted love, and he knew that Ida was too young to experience a love so permanent as his. It was this thought that rendered him so unhappy

during his absence. Possessed as she was of every personal attraction, and heiress to a princely fortune, he knew that she would have many suitors, and among the number she might select one on whom to bestow

her young heart.

He had kept up a correspondence with her during the first two years of his absence, but her letters were so formal and so universally characterized by no warmer sentiment than friendship, that it pierced him to the soul. He first thought of dropping the correspondence, but the idea of never hearing from her rendered him most unhappy. Although he kept up a correspondence with their guardian, Ida was never mentioned in their letters. At last, the thought struck him that he might hear from her through his friend, Arthur Maltrevers, whom he knew would be thrown much into her society on account of his attachment to Luella Hall, of which Arthur had made him the entire confidant, during their school-days together, each striving to win the greatest honors. But their ambition to excel each other did not cool the ardor of their friendship, for, when their school-days ended and Eugene started for the continent, they swore devoted and eternal friendship for each other. Arthur informed him that Ida remained perfectly indifferent to all the protestations of love that she received. In a letter to Eugene, he said:

"MY DEAR EUGENE:—I do not believe that she regards you with a warmer sentiment than that of friendship, and do not be discouraged when I tell you that I fear that under existing circumstances she will never love you; not that I do not believe you worthy in every respect, but the idea of having to love merely as a duty would cause a coldness that would not otherwise characterize her sentiments towards you. And now, my dear friend, the best advice I can give you is to relinquish your claim to her hand, and let her be free to make her own choice, and I am sure you will both be happier. For to marry Ida without her love, you would ever be a wretched man."

This letter almost rendered Eugene distracted. To relinquish her hand without a certain knowledge of her indifference to him, was an idea that he could not for a moment entertain; and it was under these circumstances that he resolved to make himself personally acquainted with the sentiments of her heart, for to travel under existing circumstances, he could not derive information nor pleasure. It was in this state of mind that the novel idea occurred to him that he would try to win his love through stratagem. Having traveled one summer in the tropics, he was very much changed in appearance, being bronzed by the sultry air of the southern

climate, and the burning rays of the tropical sun, and having no acquaintances in the fashionable circles of New York City, he with much ease put a plan into operation that he was much troubled to conceive. The first step in his programme was to acquaint Arthur and Mr. Hall with his designs and intentions; then to come home immediately from the tropics, and prize.

appear, as the reader already knows, in the character of Ernest Merton.

His most sanguine hopes being realized, it is needless to add more than merely to state that there was a double wedding at the mansion on Fifth Avenue, where Eugene and Arthur vied with each other, and both claim to have won the greatest

## THE ROBINETT BATTERY: AN INCIDENT AT CORINTH.

RAVELING, the other day, I fell in in with a smart, bright, black-eyed fellow with one arm. He had just filled his pipe-a well-smoked brier-wood and I was just lighting mine, so he asked for some fire. It was on a steamboat; those where we poor smokers are compelled to shiver in winter and roast in summer, anywhere except "abaft the shaft;" and we had recourse to the casing of the boiler, which kept us warm when we leaned our backs against it.

Being thus brought into propinquity, we mutually anathematized the wretched meanness of nearly all steamboat companies, as exhibited in the total want of accommodation for a very large and respectable class—the users of tobacco. With one exception, I never saw a decent place allotted to gentlemen who smoke, on any boat. That exception was the old

" John Potter."

All this en passant. It served to open a conversation; and before we got to the port where our paths diverged, I had learned something of my chance-acquaintance.

He was, I discovered, a sergeant of artillery, wounded at Corinth. His arm. shattered by a musket-ball, was amputated hastily in a field-hospital, and he was then on his way to New York, to have another amputation performed. Happy to serve him, I gave him a note to my old friend, Charley Howland -one of the best fellows, greatest story-tellers, and most skillful surgeons in America.

Of course, my artillery-man was grateful enough; especially as, with my rechim nothing; and he begged me to tell him what he could do to prove how he valued my favor.

"Tell me about the fight at Corinth," I "Give me some good sharp incidents that I can write up. It is my profession, and nothing but war stories will

do, now-a-days."
"That I can do, easy enough," said he. "I'll tell you about the battery I was inthe Robinett Battery—and how the rebels didn't take it; although I can honestly say, they fought a blessed sight better than some of our troops fight, now and

"That is just the sort of thing I want, Sergeant. Tell me simple facts, now, and never mind the pathos and rhetoric. I'll put them in."

Thus warned, he took a vigorous whiff, straightened his back out against the warm boiler-casing, and began the following narration. I can do no better than to give it just as he told it, pure et simple. Great deeds do not always require great words:

"Well, you see, the battery I was at work on was one of a line of earth-works that we had built around the town. Our troops were outside of these batteries-between them and the rebels-and on Friday morning, the first day of hard fighting, the enemy made a very plucky attack all along our line.

"I don't believe our fellows could have stood it alone. They hadn't enough artillery, except in the redoubts; and we couldn't open on the rebels, of course, ommendation, his treatment would cost without hurting our men more than them;

so our line gradually fell back, fighting like good fellows, but not quite able to stand before the heavy guns of the rebels. It was in this fight that General Hackleman was killed and General Oglesby

wounded.

"Finally, Oliver, who was in command of our left, sent for re-inforcements. They ought to have been sent to the right, instead, for that was the weakest, and directly the rebels found it out. They directly the rebels found it out. They flanked us there about noon, and for a while we came about as near being whipped as I ever want to be. I have heard, too, that a couple of our regiments made a mistake about that time, and fired into a charging column of their own side. say they did, and some say they didn't; but if it was true, it's a wonder we held out at all.

"The enemy had the advantage, anyhow, that day, and our boys were pretty glad to see them haul off, toward dusk, and prepare to bivouac in the woods in

front of our line.
"We didn't do much sleeping that night, sir, I can tell you. We received reinforcements and disposed them on our weakest points, picked up our wounded, and buried our dead till daybreak.

" By morning, we had got our forces in close enough for the batteries to play over their heads; and then came the turn of us

artillerymen.

"My battery was a good strong redoubt, mounting Parrott-guns—thirtypounders—and some eight-inch howitzers. We opened the ball by giving them a volley from the Parrotts, about four o'clock. They answered, but did no damage, and advanced their lines a little too far, for Williams' and Phillips' batteries were able to give them an entilading fire beside ours in front. I never saw such a scattering. Their guns were silenced right off, sir, and they got back to the woods again as quick as the Lord would let them. The Sixtyas the Lord would let them. The Sixty-third Ohio infantry rushed in and got some of their caissons and ammunition that they had to leave, and a detachment of regulars took a rifled gun. The Thirty-ninth Ohio also took back some guns they had captured from us the day before, and about a hundred prisoners were brought in at the same time.

"This was a little more encouraging, as you may believe, sir; and the rebels began to see that our battery was a bad thing to buck against. Lieutenant Robinett, who was in command of our work, knew well

us out, good-bye victory! The other batteries couldn't have stood ten minutes

"Then began some pretty work. The rebels took a new position and charged our lines across the railroad to reach the Our men couldn't begin to make village. a show before them. There wasn't any such thing as checking them. Our light artillery made no more impression on their front than throwing peas would, and our line was driven, neck and heels, into

the village.

"The two lines were formed over again about the public square, and a regular old rough-and-tumble fight began, hand to hand and foot to foot. Still, the rebels seemed the strongest. Our men fell back again until they got to Corinth House, when the enemy's reserve came in range of our heavy guns, and we began to drop some big shells among them. They fell into confusion at this, and General Rosencrans rode up and down our line, encouraging the boys to make a good, square, old-fashioned charge.
"They went into it with a will, and drove

the rebels clear back into the timber, bayoneting them as they went. Meanwhile we kept up a continual shower of shells, that made some of them see stars, I

suspect.

"Before this charge the enemy had formed a line of reserves to attack our redoubt, and when the first line was driven back the second advanced. It was a risky bit of business, and the troops that led the assault were volunteered for a forlorn hope. They were Arkansas men, and from what they did, I should say there wasn't a soul of them that had ever known what it was to be scared.

"They formed in line eight deep, and came up in close order, just like a ma-chine. You might as well have tried to trighten a locomotive off the track, as to

turn that line

"Battery Williams opened on them, throwing shells into their front, and every explosion must have knocked over twenty men, at least, killed and wounded; but that didn't make any difference that you could see. When a man fell, the line closed up, just as even as before, and kept straight on, as if they had been on dressparade.

"That's the way they attacked us. They came up squarely, the first time to within fifty yards of the works, where our fire was a little too warm for them. You can imagine, sir, what mischief a good enough they would try hard to capture it, stout battery could do against such a close as it was the front door to Corinth and all its defenses. If they could have driven have been so bad, if they had advanced in open order; but I don't pretend to know much abount infantry tactics. Artillery's

my business.
"They fell back a little, and we, inside the redoubt, raised a cheer, thinking we had driven them. But they were not whipped yet. They re-formed, and came on a bit faster, but we mowed them down so that they could hardly march for the dead and wounded under foot, so they had

to retire once more.

"The third charge, you'd ought to have seen, sir. The three principal batteries kept up a perfect shower of shot and shell, front and flank, and the infantry supported them with close volleys of musketry, firing by file the whole time. The noise was awful, and the fire and smoke filled the space between us and the timber so thick, that we couldn't see a thing. Would you believe it, sir, they took heart all the more, and made their best assault through all that. It was like charging through hell, sir; but they did it. Before we knew where we were, they were upon us, tumbling up over our parapets and planting their cursed flag there. shot away twice, and set up again both times. They fired on us, shooting down our gunners, through the escarpments, and hung on to their work like a swarm of bees on to a hive. I never saw such desperate pluck and daring before, and I

never want to see such a fight again.
"It was no use for us to stay by the guns; we should all have been killed on the spot. We fell back, then, to our supports, and the other batteries turned their guns upon Robinett. For some time they in the way, I suppose. C kept the big shells popping away every second inside the work, and flesh and seems to have gone out."

blood couldn't stand it, no way. The rebels staid as long as any live men could, but they had to leave, and not over half of those who entered, went out again.

"They poured out of the redoubt in some confusion, and made for the timber. Just as they got started, the order was passed to the two regiments that had sup-

ported us, to charge.

"They went tearing down on the rebel rear in a perfect river of smoke and fire, and you couldn't see either friend or foe for five minutes. All we knew was, that the rebels didn't get to the woods again in force. Only a scattering few of that Arkansas brigade ever got off that field alive. It was the bravest charge and the bloodiest defeat of this war, sure.

"After the battle-which was ended then—we had a chance to see what we had done. Our intrenchments were full of the enemy's dead, and piles of them lay along in ranks, just as they were marching when they fell. An officer told me that nigh onto three hundred of their dead lay in a narrow space a hundred feet long! What

do you think of that, sir?"

"It was a reception worthy of a valiant foe," I said; "but Sergeant, you haven't said a word about yourself—how you lost your arm-what you did, and so on."

"Oh, there's nothing to tell about that, sir," said the brave fellow, modestly; "I stood by my gun, and we worked her well enough till a cursed round shot came through an embrasure, from one of the rebels' field-pieces, and happened to smash my elbow. I was a fool to have my elbow in the way, I suppose. Can you spare me a pipe-full of your tobacco, sir? Mine

# A CHAPTER FOR HUSBANDS TO READ.

ES indeed, let us have a chapter on the duties of husbands, instead of this everlasting harping about wives. And many a weary heart could furnish a volume, if their power of expression but half equaled other endurances. In nine cases out of ten we believe women enter the state of matrimony with a heart full of love for their husbands, and a determination to make them happy, which if rightly never see why it is that a man would leave appreciated could not fail of producing no effort untried to secure a wite, and the

the desired effect. But oh, how often do we see the twining tendrils of their young hearts torn with rude hands from the stronghold around which they have en-

rapt them with so much tenderness!
We have heard it quoted "Woman, thy name is frailty!" but too many of our sex know by dire experience that "Man, thy name is selfishness!" We could

moment the object is attained, he begins to leave off, one by one, the pleasing attentions without which he never could have succeeded, for it is impossible for a woman of a refined nature to love a man destitute of courtesy. Why, you can distinguish a husband and wife on the street, or in any public assembly, by the lack of those ordinary attentions which a decently civil man always pays to every other woman but the one who has the best right to them. Did any one ever see a Benedict of a year's standing pick up his wife's handkerchief or gloves, or let her step before him at the turning of the corner, or hold the door open for her to pass in? And worse still, the wife may consider herself favored who has no greater cause of uneasiness than these little omissions.

We will not now allude to those worse than brutes who actually inflict corporal punishment upon those miserable creatures whom they call wives. Our mission is to those husbands whom the world calls respectable; who keep up appearances before the public and are gentlemen in all other places save their own homes.

By your leave, Mr. Husband, we will look over a page or two of the old-fashioned books of prayer, wherein is put down a form for the solemnization of the

rites of matrimony.

I'll warrant the time was when you could turn to it readily enough, and just now I want you to remember the time when you, in company with a fair young girl with lustrous eyes, perhaps now dimmed with your own unkindness, sportively studied it, that you might not make mistakes when you came to enact it in earnest.

Hum! let us see how it reads: "To love, comfort and honor, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish until death

do us part."

Solemn words, are they not, Mr. Benedict? Words never meant to be lightly spoken; but how many have lived up to the spirit of them?—ask your own hearts in all candor, as if standing on the verge of vast eternity. Have you loved, comforted, honored and cherished the wife by whose side you uttered those words? Have you shielded her tenderly from the chilling blasts of adverse winds? Have you, by genial smiles, and kind words, imparted a glorious halo of fight in her

heart, when convulsed by the rude, rough surges of sorrow? Ah me, I fear that too many of you, when weighed in the balance, will be found wanting. But it is never too late to mend. And now I want every husband of you who chance to read these lines, to take a retrospective view of the past; weigh well every act of your life towards your wife, and if conscience pricks you, because she may sleep in some pricks you, because she may sleep in some lone churh-yard, why, erase it by acting well a husband's part toward your next wife for you will be sure to marry again, if not already. Yes, Mr. Benedict, take home with you to-night, not your usual scowling look and fault-finding tone, but a chearful pleasant country uses and let a cheerful, pleasant countenance, and let your tired, discouraged wife see that you have not grown tired of her; that you have not forgotten those dear old days of courtship, and if you should put your arm around her waist and give her an old-fashioned love kiss, it would improve matters wonderfully; and instead of devoting the entire evening to your newspaper, or going up town to lounge with a gentleman friend, why just sit down and enter into conversation with your wife. There was a time when you thought her interesting in conversing on different topics, and if you find that weeds have grown up in this fair garden, just continue to devote your evenings to her, and I will insure you that she will resume her old habits of reading and improvement, until you find that your wife's mind is a purer casket of fine jewels than you can find on any hotel piazža or drinking saloon.

You all know how to make yourselves agreeable if you chance to be introduced to some other lady who has the reputation of being intellectual, without our telling you, and you can make the convulsed heart of your wife feel that you are drawing comparisons between her and some other lady by the interest you manifest in her society. Shame on you, Mr. Benedict.

Did you thus feel her inferiority when you culled her from the parent stem—a tender bud—as your preference to all womankind? Methinks not. Now if you will just follow our advice, we will give you a life insurance against Caudle lectures, vapors, hysterics and the like domestic abominations. Just try it, and if it does not succeed, I will admit that from man is due no courtesy toward woman after he marries her.

### MAUD.

UR scene opens in a farm-house, that stands far back among the hills. Entering a side door, nearest the road, we find ourselves in a large kitchen, whose rough deal tables and bare floor would look dreary and lonely in the extreme, were it not for the bright wood fire blazing and crackling away upon the A sullen-browed woman stands by an old-fashioned dough-tray rolling out biscuit. She seemed to be fuming and fretting about something, "nursing her wrath to keep it warm." At last it found

"Where can that child be? Bettie—Bettie—Bettie-ee!" screamed the shrill voice. "I'll box her ears well when I

catch her."

"Coming, Aunt Rachel." And a little, blue, pinched-looking child rose from a corner of the dark wood shed, where she had been trying to gather her apron full of chips, and passed quickly into the house

"Where have you been idling, miss?" and the woman's strong hand descended heavily upon the little curly head of the

half-frozen child.

"O Aunt Rachel, don't; please don't!" but the ill-tempered virago was already in the dairy, clattering among the pans as though they, too, had angered her. It was as well, perhaps, that the pleading "don't, please don't!" of Maud Alton did not reach her ears; else, for very spite, another blow might have fallen on poor Bettie's luckless head.

The speaker, a girl of some fifteen years, crossed the floor, and drawing the aforenamed little curly head close to her breast,

whispered, in tender tones:
"Poor little Bettie; sister's dear pet!
Don't cry any more, darling, and Maud
will tell you a nice long story to-night." And she lifted the child's little apron of cotton cloth, and wiped the blue eyes tenderly.

"But sister!" and the child's voice sank to a low, cautious whisper; "she said we are not to talk any more nights after we go to bed, or she will not let us sleep together. She says if we do, she will put me to sleep in the garret alone—alone, Maud with the rats!"

The elder girl's face flushed, and the

hand that rested on the child's tangled curls passionately.

It lasted but a moment, that staring mood; then the usual look of strong calmness settled over the white face, and the sorrowful expression returned to the gray

"Never mind, Bettie, dear; we will talk

in a whisper."
"Yes, but she can hear whispers. The

least little teenty whisper, sister."
The sweet, patient mouth broke into a smile; but before she could utter a word, Bettie said, exultingly:

"Oh, I tell you what we can do, Maud; we can put our heads under the clothes and then she can't hear; can't we?" "Hush! she is coming." And Maud

proceeded to lay the cloth for the evening meal, while poor little Bettie crept into a corner and went to shelling corn with her little tender hands.

The woman's face was still sullen; and she might have vented her spleen still further upon those orphan sisters, but at that moment the door swung open, and a bright, handsome face appeared in the

doorway, and a cheery voice exclaimed:
"Ugh! how it snows; I am almost
frozen, Mrs. Alton; and hungry enough
to do ample justice to your nice biscuit and fragrant tea. You are a famous cook, Mrs. Alton."

"La, Mr. Phillips, do come to the fire and get warm, Bettie, dear, bring Mr. Phillips a chair."

The young man sat down by the fire, and rubbed his hands in a genial. hearty

way before the bright blaze.
"Ha! little browney, you there? Why, you'll blister your little fingers trying to shell that corn. Leave it till after sup-And he lifted the child to his knee. Mrs. Alton's face grew dark, but she said nothing; for Mr. Paul Phillips was a good "catch," and she was a well-preserved widow of thirty-five!

When tea was over, Mr. Phillips shelled "little brownie's" corn, and then heard the lessons Maud had conned during the day. Mr. Phillips was the 'master" in the little red schoolhouse hard by; and by gray eyes gleamed; and she clenched the dint of much coaxing had succeeded in

obtaining Mrs. Alton's leave to teach Maud evenings; as the girl was too valuable a "slave" to be spared to attend the school. It was a pleasant picture enough, that bright face, bent close to Maud's, and the handsome head almost touching her shining curls. It was the one little green spot in the girl's hard life. She was hungry for knowledge; and her great eyes flashed, and her cheek glowed as she listened to his words. Mr. Phillips had taught in that district two winters, but had not been able to give Maud any instruction until the present winter; and, ostensibly, because the Widow Alton was "lone-like, since poor dear Alton died," he had consented to board with her; but in reality, it was that he might spend his evenings in teaching orphan Maud. Bettie and Maud were the children of the dead man's only brother, and he had loved them as his own. He had left the farm the only property he possessed-to his wife, on condition that she would give a home to his brother's orphans. She had fulfilled her promise and given them a home, but we have already seen what a home! Mr. Phillips was lynx-eyed, and before he had been in the family a week, he read the widow's character, and laid

his plans accordingly.

That winter was the happiest time Maud Alton had known since her parents died; and all too soon it ended. Then came the lonely, dreary summer, with its hard labors and bitter taunts. She had no time to study now; it was work, work, work, from the early morning till the gloaming. Then she must go to bed, as it "cost too much to be burning candles in the summer-time;" and at any rate, her slender frame ached and throbbed so when night came, that she was glad to gather her little sister close to her breast, and find rest in sleep. When the trees began to put on the rich coloring of the autumn-time, the rose began to creep into her pale cheeks, and the light to her sad eyes; for soon the time would come when her kind friend

would return to his school.

It was a happy time when he came, and the accents of kindness once more fell upon the children's ears. He kissed the sunny-haired Bettie, and remarked again and again how womanly Maud had grown. He might have said "beautiful," for the slender form was graceful, and the pale face almost angelic in its calm purity. Again came the happy evenings when Maud conned her lessons by the teacher's side, and then repeated them to him. Then Mr. Phillips—or Paul, as the widow called him—read aloud. He read his-

tory, poetry, and healthy romance-everything that he thought would ennoble, expand, and strengthen that young mind, and leave no stain upon it. The most of their reading was Greek to the widow; but Maud sat on a low seat by the fire, with her cheek aglow, and her heart throbbing. True, the young head was oftenest bent low over her sewing, for she knew Argus-eyes were watching lest she idled her time. But Paul Phillips was content with an occasional glance of the gray eyes—content with the brooding happiness and intense appreciation he read in their misty depths. He knew that she was a good listener; that she heard every word, and was storing them away in her heart. Though he looked upon her as almost a child, she was a beautiful study to him. He read the passionate tenderness of her heart in her eyes; a heart, as yet, unawakened; and he thought, at times, how rare a pleasure awaited him who should touch the calm pulses of that sleeping heart, awakening it to life and love; teaching it to thrill to a new, sweet music, whose after-fruits are sometimes like the apples of Sodom. But most times he only thought of her as simply a lonely orphangirl, which in his common brotherhood with all mankind, he was bound to protect; for Paul Phillips' creed was, that each and every one of us should try and lighten the load pressing upon the shoulders of our fellow-travelers—all traveling the same weary road—all to meet in the same "Father's house!"

Many hours of sorrow Maud Alton had, that no human eye had ever witnessed; and now a plan was rapidly maturing in her young mind which would enable her, when a year or two more had passed, a little more precious knowledge had been gleaned, to remove her pet sister and herself from the chill home that had been so begrudgingly given them. Mrs. Alton did not now, as she did a year ago, inflict cruel blows upon little Bettie; she dared not. There was a gleam in Maud's eyes that cowed her; but she did all in her power to oppress the children, well knowing, by so doing, she could best torture

Maud.

It was a cold, bleak day. Maud had gone into the village to do some shopping for her aunt. It did not matter that the snow lay thick on the ground, she wanted some eggs exchanged for some tape and needles, and the girl must go. Mrs. Alton was in a particularly amiable mood that day, and, as usual, vented it all upon poor little Bettie. There was no end to the chips and water needed, and the potatoes

and apples from the cold cellar, all of which Bettie had to bring. The child had which Bettie had to bring. The child had been almost ill with the cold, was still troubled with a hard, dry cough, and should have been in bed. But no one ever had time to rest in the Widow Alton's house. So when it drew near night, Bettie, the little, tender thing, was sent out to fodder the cows. It was a weary tramp for the little feet, for the barnyard was wet and slushy, and the wind blew the snow in her face. Bettie was a brave child, though, and she waded patiently through the snow, her heart beating painfully at every step. She reached the barn at last, and after resting a moment gave the cows some hay, and then went to work to pull some cornstalks down. She had given "Old Red" her share, but somehow the rest was hard to get at. She breathed on her little cold fingers, and tried again; for the kind-looking, motherly "Bloss" must have some, too. But, oh dear! it stuck so tight, and her fingers were so cold!

"O Maud! Maud! if you were only here!" And she wrung her almost frozen

fingers, and cried bitterly.

It so happened that as she looked up, a tall form, clad in a warm, fur-lined overcoat, darkened the doorway. Mr. Phillips had heard the sad wail as he was passing on his way home from school.

"Why, Bettie, what on earth are you doing?"

"O Mr. Phillips! I can't get any cornfeed for 'Bloss,' and Aunt Rachel will scold me for staying so long; and my hands ache, something hurts me in my throat."

The man's face grew black, and he fairly wrenched the corn-feed from the hole in the mow, and flung it at poor old 'Bloss.' Then taking the child in his arms, he wrapt his fur coat about her, and started to the house with mighty strides.

"Mercy on us, Mr. Phillips! where did you find that child?"

"Where she should never have been, Mrs. Alton—foddering the cows—a strong man's work. Never let it happen again, madam, whilst I am under your roof, or I will expose you!"

Mr. Phillips was angry, and Mrs. Alton knew it; so she wisely held her peace. Bettle cried with the pain of her hands, which the heat of the fire augmented; but her kind friend brought a basin of cold water, and laved the little purple hands till a part of the pain left them. Then he took her upon his knee and rocked her to sleep, before the widow's very eyes, as though she were a baby. And what was

she but a baby? A little, frail thing of seven years.

That night, little Bettie was raving in delirium, and her moans and wailings were heart-rending. Not an eye closed that night, for Maud was in agony, and Mrs. Alton was frightened.

The live-long night the child's voice

rang out, high and shrill:

"O Maud! it's so cold out here! I can't find any chips, and oh! oh! my hands are so cold, and poor 'Bloss' is hungry for her supper! O Maud! Maud!"

Then shrinking under the bedclothes,

she would exclaim:

"Oh, the rats-the rats! Sister, come home—come home. O Aunt Rachel! don't take the light away. Give me a little piece of candle—just a little teenty piece!'

It was many days before the little mind was clear, and many more before Bettie was able to move about the house; and then it was sad to see the little figure creeping about, so pale and spiritless

It was Christmas-time, and Mr. Phillips gave his school the usual holiday-week. Maud was very sad, for Christmas brought no joy to her; and Bettle was sad, too, for her kind friend was going to spend his holidays with his friends. Maud was in the wood-house, gathering the interminable chips, when the stage that was to carry Mr. Phillips home drove up to the door. Her eyes filled with tears when she saw her kind teacher come out on the door-s.ep, and thought how lonely it would be without him. Paul Phillips went into the shed, where the girl stood in sorrow and tears.
"Good-bye, Maud. Cheer up, and give

me one bright smile through your tears. I have no time to talk now; but when I come back I have much to say to you."

And stooping down, he kissed the wet

eyes, and was gone before she had time to

speak.

The girl stood like a statue; then and there a mighty truth flashed upon her the status of an that changed her, in the twinkling of an eye, from a child into a woman. She read her heart in an open book, and the words she read were:

"I love Paul Phillips!"

It was a trying week for Maud; and, this time Mrs. Alton had really something to complain of, for the girl seemed to be in a dream all the time. Sundry scoldings she had for things left undone and things done, till, in truth, this poor girl was well nigh "daft," and wholly discouraged.

It was Friday night, and Maud was tired almost to death. She had baked and

churned in the morning, and ironed all the long afternoon, and her limbs ached and throbbed with weariness. But what if she was weary? To-morrow night her

teacher would be home.

Bettie was in bed in her little room off the kitchen, and Mrs. Alton was gossiping with a neighbor; so Maud took her shawl and went out at the kitchen door. Passing round the house she sat down on the front door-step. That door was rarely opened in the winter-time, and, as she wanted to be alone, she chose that spot as most secure.

It was a glorious night. The moon flung her pale glory over hill-top and valley, resting almost like a benediction on the lonely farm-house, and far more lonely girl. Oh, that calm, pure moonlight, and the "floor of heaven thickly laid with patines of bright gold!" How beautiful it seemed after toiling hard all day in the close, hot kitchen! It almost seemed to Maud that the sad-eyed stars knew of her sorrows, and were smiling kindly down upon her. Maud Alton was strangely beautiful to-night—indeed, a new beauty had fallen upon her since the night of that hurried parting in the wood-shed. She had carried about on her forehead a something that seemed almost as precious to her as the kiss of her dead mother. Maud had borne her head proudly ever since her teacher's lips had touched her brow. that first kiss of love! how precious it is! How we carry it about on our brow years and years after the lips that have left it there are cold in death, or, perchance, false to us! Maud's broad, white brow and deep, gray eyes grew almost radiant as she thought of his parting words. Only in the solemn mouth could her sorrow be read. That feature can never lie: and Maud's beautiful scarlet lips wore the pained look that always settles about one's mouth when the heart is aching.

A little while, the girl sat lost in this secret dreaming; then the wind blew the snow in her face till she shivered with the cold; and the cold brought thoughts of her cheerless home.

In an instant every feature of this night seemed changed; its beauty was lost to her. The moon looked cold and hard now, and the stars had lost their smiling light. She bowed her head and wept; then started up wildly, for a pair of arms were thrown around her, and such words as "pet" and "darling" fell upon her

Paul Phillips drew her to his breast, and folded his heavy shawl carefully around her, the two sat down in the moonlight. Paul's favor.

There was little said at first. Maud only

"O Paul! I am so glad!" And he answered:

"So am I, darling!"

It was enough for Maud that he was "home again;" and though she was not sure that it was sure that it was right for her head to be lying on his breast, it was so precious to feel that some one cared for her in her sorrow and desolation, that she just let it lie there. Paul was busy studying her face upraised to his; and after her heart ceased to throb so wildly, he bent his handsome face close to hers, and whispered that he loved her more than he did his life—that she was more precious to him than anything but his honor and his hopes of heaven—that his kind aunt was

waiting to receive her and Bettie in the pleasant home they shared together. And

would she be his wife?

"Are you cold, Maud?"
"No—oh no, Paul! I will never be cold again! Oh, how kind and good God is, Paul! To think there was nothing

but a little paper wall between me and all this great happiness!"

" If God spares my life, Maud, you shall never be desolate again. My aunt has been a mother to me since I was five years old, and she says she loves you already. I have been telling tales, you see. But, Maud, if you are not cold, come with me over to Mr. Emerson's. You know he is my best friend here; we will tell him how it is, and be married to-night."

"O Paul! this is so sudden, so—so—"
"Never mind, dear; I want to put it out of that woman's power to grieve you further. We will leave in the stage in the morning. Come, Mr. Emerson is used to

sudden surprises.

"But, oh, Paul! it looks so strange." "No it don't; we'll only be called 'ec-centric,' and it's no one's business, any way. Come, I promised auntie that if you would be my wife, I would bring you home to-morrow. You had better not stand there flushing and paling; remember it is ten o'clock, and you have been out the evening, and may expect a lecture as long as the moral law. You had better as long as the moral law. You had better come and get married, like a good girl, and then she shan't scold you. As my wife she will not dare.'

There was a roguish look in the handsome face that almost tempted her to say "No;" but her heart kept pleading in

"But your school, Paul?"

"I will send my brother to teach the rest of the term.'

Maud laid her hand in his without another word. She would do as Paul said, and let Mrs. Grundy and Aunt Rachel say

what they pleased.
"It will be a novel wedding, darling.

Come."

The widow was thunderstruck when they entered that kitchen an hour later, together. It was the first intimation she had of Mr. Phillips' return; and it struck her in a moment that he must have come in the stage at seven o'clock, and they had been together ever since.

"Really, Miss Mand Alton, you are a prudent young lady, holding stolen interviews, and gallanting round with young

men all night. I am-"

"There, Mrs. Alton, that is enough. will not permit you to use such language to my wife."

" Y our wife!"

"Yes, madam; my wife. We were married an hour ago, by Mr. Emerson."

We will not attempt to describe the scene that ensued, or the words that were spoken. The widow talked till she was hoarse, and then sat in sullen silence till the clock struck twelve; then rising, she said:

"You had better leave the kitchen, Mrs.

Phillips; I want to shut up.

"You can retire, Mrs. Alton; I will see that no robber enter. I want to help Maud pack her trunk, after which she can lie down to five o'clock; we leave in the stage at six.'

Well, let by-gones be by-gones. You are tired, Mr. Phillips, and had better go up to your old room, and rest. I will

help Maud."

Poor Maud looked up appealingly at her husband. It was evident she dreaded to

be left alone with her aunt.

"You are very kind, Mrs. Alton; but I have letters to write, and my school affairs to arrange, and will have no time for rest

or sleep to-night."

A radiant look flashed over Maud's face, and Mrs. Alton turned on her heel without another word. She saw plainly that Mr. Phillips did not intend that she should have any further power over his wife. For once the amicable widow had met her | Phillips' wife. match.

The slender wardrobe was soon packed, and then the tired and excited girl lay down beside her little sister, and soon found rest in sleep.

At the kitchen-table, Paul sat writing busily. His pen went scratch-scratch, till the clock struck five; then he passed into the little dingy room where the or-

phans slumbered.

His wife! how sweet the words! His heart swelled within him as he looked at her fair sweet face; and a voiceless prayer went up that he might be worthy of the great trust he had taken upon himself. And then the poor little tossed-about Bettie—she should be as a sister to him from henceforth.

A kiss awoke the sleeper, and springing up quickly, she found that the happiness she had been dreaming of was real, and that she was indeed Paul Phillips' wife.

"Bettie, Bettie-wake up!"

"Oh, Maud, I am so sleepy! Did Aunt Rachel say I must get up?"

"No, Bettie; but wake up and hear what I have to tell you. We are going away in the stage—away from here forever. Mr. Phillips has come to take us to his home."

"He has? Oh, sister, I am so glad! And can Aunt Rachel follow us and make me gather chips and feed cows? and—but O sister! I am so sorry to leave old "Red" and poor "Bloss," and the chickens."
"Never mind, Bettie! I will buy you

a cow, and we will have plenty of chickens."

"Yes; but you can't buy such a clever cow as "Bloss". We didn't buy her; she grew up here."

Mr. Phillips laughed at little Bessie's

logic—which he'd good in more cases than that of poor "Bloss"; and was obliged to remind her several times that the stage would leave them if they did not hurry, before she would give up the idea of taking " Bloss" along.

Mrs. Alton did not rise to see them off, neither did she answer when Maud tap-

ped on the door to say good-bye.

Of Maud's reception at her new home, time will not allow us to speak. much we will say, that not many hundred miles from here, there is a happy home over which a fair woman presides, whose greatest happiness consists in being Paul

### MONA ALLISON.

UMPH!" That expressive ejaculation, delivered in a deep bass voice, came from the capacious throat of my worthy uncle Willis. I believe in warnings, kind reader, superstitious though it may seem-having been reared in Dixie's sunny land, and nursed by the swarthy daughters of Africa, who, in childhood's happy hour, filled my poor little head with so many ghost stories and miraculous warnings, it will take more than thirty years to wipe out all the impression made by themand, in the present instance, I knew that interjection was but a premonition of a decided expression of opinion. That opinion was not long withheld; for with a severe look at myself, he sternly exclaimed:

"Of all the evils that to women fall, Forever biting finger-nails I think the worst of all."

Down came my fingers with a jerk and

in a penitential tone, I pleaded:
"I cry your mercy, Uncle Willis, but I was in such a quandary, and fell into such a miserable train of thought, that I was perfectly unconscious of biting my finger-

"Well, I do believe that girls are al-ways in some predicament," responded my worthy uncle. "There sits your cousin, Mona Allison in the bay-window, motionless as a statue; because, for sooth, she is in love; and here you sit alike speechless, because you are in a quandary. I wonder if you, my matter-of-fact niece, have chanced to fall in love, too? Well, I can't imagine who has stolen away your heart, and carried your brains away with the prize—as is usual in such cases—but the cross-eyed deacon over the way or the red haired, gouty old bachelor, next neighbor. Which is it, my dear? My advice to you is to keep out of such scrapes. I am not surprised that Mona, with her great dreamy eyes, should fall in love, for it would be as impossible for her to live without loving, as a fish to swim out of

"Suppose a person has no choice in the matter," I ventured to suggest. "Cousin Mona may be excusable for her transgressions in your eyes, my dear Uncle—why not I? You will not surely condemn me, your favorite niece, to die an old maid, fun of seeing her open her large blue eyes

unloving and unloved. Fie ! you scare me. -I would rather be the wife of the crosseyed old deacon, or the red-haired old bach, than to be compelled to nurse a cat, and to speak in a sharp, cracked voice. Oh, dear! what have I ever done to merit such a destiny? But, Uncle, I am wholehearted yet. It was not being in love that caused my abstraction; but why Poke Sommers should send me this letter, long and narrow, like Barbara Allen's grave to tell me she was coming south to spend a few weeks, and proposing to visit me just now, when I don't know what I shall do with her. Dear me! it is enough to make the deacon look straight for once,

and the gouty old bach leap for joy.
"'Poke Sommers!" In the na In the name of wonder, what was she christened, where does she live, and who is she any way?" inquired my good uncle, almost out of breath, from the speed and vehemence with which he had put the interrogation. "Formerly, she was a school-mate of mine; latterly, a belle in some Northern city," I answered. Her signature is Mary P. Sommers, and, unabridged, is Mary Pocahontas Sommers, but we always called her Poke at school, for oh, she was so slow! She was the seminary snailso slow? She was the seminary shart—always tardy, inert, and unexcitable. Somebody always quoted 'lengthend sweetness' long drawn out, when she moved or spoke, for she substituted a saunter for a walk, and a drawl for occasional efforts in conversation. No one could sing with her, for she was always several bars behind time; and her music-teacher refused to let her take marches, for she had not sufficient strength of character to nerve her to strike the piano-keys with force enough to make a noise. Dancing worried her, study almost killed her, and most amusements were too exhausting for her delicate system. In short, our professor would remark that there was not one particle of the spirit of "get-up" about her, save to get up before the mirror and arrange her sunny curls, as she called them, or clasp some costly jewel around her little pink and white arm. We would often wish the seminary would take fire, just to see if Poke Sommers could be moved to exertion; we concluded we could afford to lose a season's clothing for the

and run, for once in her life. 'Oh, Miss Endie, 'she would say with a shrug of her little white shoulders, 'it tires me to death to see you splutter around so. You are almost as much of a trial to my nerves as my studies, for you give me the headache; '—as if she had nerves with her doll-face. She did not consider me in the light of a trial, however, when she needed assistance in writing her compositions and, for sundry services rendered her on important occasions, she is pleased to be grateful. Her grateful remembrance of me threatens to be more troublesome than her ungrateful forgetfulness would have been; for as she is now coming south, she cannot resist the temptation of visiting one who has performed so many acts of kindness in her school-days. I wish that I could impress upon her mind the fact that the debt is canceled; for what I am to do with her, I don't know. Cousin Mona is such an intellectual being that she will be unable to tolerate Poke and her stupid ways. As for you, my dear uncle, she will think you horrid with your perpetual motion and fidgetiness, and, for my own part, I do not want the trouble of waiting on such a helpless creature while it is so warm; I wish we had some disengaged gentleman about the house, with no conscientious scruples to an innocent flirtation; for she is a doll-like beauty that some men go frantic over. After a summer's trial, I have ascertained that the easiest way in the world to entertain young lady visitors, is to introduce them to a fit subject for flirtation. You can go your own way undisturbed; study your Latin, review your French, and get lost in the classics for all they care. Just give them a lover-they ask for no more, and will immortalize you as the dearest, most hospitable creature in the world."

"Oh, nonsense!" replied Uncle Willis.

"If she is such a sleepy individual as you describe, give her plenty of rare luxuries to eat and nice Madeira to drink, with a lounge, bed and fan, and she will be content?"

tent.

"Nay, not so, my good uncle," I answered. "These slow, mild, fair beauties, who you think have no spirit, are sometimes the most selfish and exact-

ing."
"Well, she will be quite interesting as a new study, at all events," remarked Uncle Willis—"a real curiosity in this house, where you and Mona flutter around like uneasy spirits. Go, awaken your cousin; she has been dreaming of the old one' long enough; bring her back to the land of reality, if you can, without giving too great a shock to her."

"He is coming back next week," Mona Allison, with a glad smile lighting up her regal face, as I laid my hand upon her shoulder. "He leaves New York Saturday. See, here is his letter."

And she gave me the handsomely written sheet of her lover, Fred Mayfield, who had been north on a pleasure-trip—to get a cool breeze, he said—visiting some of the most fashionable watering-places. You may ask why Mona and I were not with him, which I can readily answer that we chose to spend a few quiet weeks at our dear old country home, Magnolia Hall, before we started out on a bridal tour, as Mona and Fred were to be married in the beautiful autumn days.

"Why, he will come on the same steamer with Poke Sommers, "I exclaimed. "How happy you look, Mona," I continued, as I gazed on her brilliant intellectual face. "Suppose that I were wicked enough to insinuate that Fred may be captivated by some Northern beauty, to return with a divided heart; for you know he has already staid beyond the time he set to re-

turn to his lady-love."
"I have the most implicit confidence in Fred, "answered the trusting girl, "My love is free from jealousy, for I know that the being on whom I have lavished my heart's devotion is no ordinary composi-tion of flesh and blood, but one of nature's rare gifts. Oh, Endie, darling! woman never loved so wildly as I love my noble, high-souled Fred. I love him because he is the very embodiment of every thing that is pure and noble. I sometimes think that if I were aroused from the blissful dream in which I have so sweetly reposed for the last few months, that the shock would kill me.

Oh, Fred Mayfield! why did you not prove yourself worthy of a love and trust such as this pure young girl gave you? Had it been so, I need not now have laid

aside my pen and weep, as

"I think of one that in her early girlhood— The fragrant, exotic blossom, that grew up to fade by our side."

"Your friend Poke is very pretty, not-withstanding her indolence," was Mona's comment soon after the arrival of my Northern friend.

"Pocahontas would be a great beauty if she did not look as if she were about to depart this life, with her die-away looks and languishing airs," remarked Uncle

Willie.

"Miss Sommers is charming," said Fred Mayfield. "That careless ease and elegant repose is perfectly irresistible. It is so much more lady-like and high-bred

than incessant poring over books and talk-Gracious, Endie, you ought ing classics. to have, seen that girl at the springs; she received the homage of men just as a queen would—as if it were her right to command; and on the steamer, I felt myself her loyal subject."
"Must have been delightful," I re-

torted, indignantly.

"Another reason why I like Miss Sommess is because there is something so extremely pleasing in the idea of a woman's never retorting. To live with such a creature would be a little heaven below. Now, Miss Sommers is so meek that she would never take issue with the sterner

"Humph!" I ejaculated in my turn. "You are laboring under a delusion of the adversary, now. I will not deny that Poke is a negative character and her sins are those of omission. She has not sufficient ambition, energy or spirit to be positive; but yet she has obstinacy enough to make her as immovable as the everlasting hills, where her own pleasure is not concerned. She is one of those characters that are ever ready to receive admiration. but are never willing to exert themselves to give any."
\_\_\_\_\_.Well, anyhow, I like her, " remarked

Fred, "because she has plenty of leisure. You and Mona are always so busy writing, reading, painting, or sewing, that I am never certain that you are not neglect-ing some duty when you are entertaining me. Miss Sommers has no duties, and consequently has ample time to converse with, or rather, to listen to me."

"She may listen to you now if she chooses," I exclaimed hastily; "for I will not stay here to hear you do injustice to your afflanced bride by deprecating her noble qualities, and exalting self-love in their stead. So I wish you a happy inter-

view with your new inamorata.

I scarcely thought on this conversation seriously, for I had learned to look on Fred Mayfield with Mona's unsuspicious love for an interpretation of his conduct, and believed that he could not break his troth or sully his manly honor. Still it was with a glad heart that I entered the parlor of a friend the last eve of Poke's visit. "If indeed Fred admires her as his attentions seem to indicate, he will recover from his infatuation now, "I said to myself, "and all will be well." Alas! all was not well. Standing in an arbor where we had gone for a stroll, I heard Fred's voice modulated to a soft and murmuring tone. I started to go, hoping Mona had not heard, but with a face ashy

pale, she laid her finger on her lips and bade me stay. It was terrible to see the look of agony on the young face, when she heard her plighted lover whisper words of endearment to another, and tell the new object of his vows how much he was mistaken in supposing that he loved Mona Allison.

"I admire her talents, her perseverance and kind, kind heart," he said, "but she is too positive—self-reliant. You will need my watchful care more than she, my little fairy, and I believe your love will be less divided than hers. Mona is regally proud, and I believe that she will release me from my engagement when she knows that I love another," he said, as he moved away; "and then—"

The remainder of the sentence was lost

"And then!" repeated Mona, "oh, it I then might be dead!" With a moan of anguish, she sank upon the arbor-seat, but after that, no word or sob betrayed the struggle within.
"Shall we go home?" I asked, after a

long time.

My question aroused her. Raising her head, she seemed to collect all the past and present by an effort of her strong will, and rising calmly, said:

"Let us go in. You know I am 'regally proud."

"But you are deathly pale," I remonstrated.

"Am I?" she inquired indifferently; "then come to the dressing room. There are other roses than those of nature. "

"Oh, come—go home!" I pleaded as I caught the wild, dark eyes, whose glittering brilliancy was increased by the unnat-

ural glow of her cheeks.

"I will not," was her decided answer. "Did you not hear I was regally proud? What proud woman ever left a party early in the evening, because she chanced to hear a couple of individuals swearing eternal fidelity? Descendez vous, ma chere, will follow.

Her entrance into the parlor, leaning on the arm of an old friend, was like that of a stranger, so unusual was her appearance with her proud queenly look. I had never thought her half so handsome, for she had never passed from sweet, trusting girlhood to womanhood before.

"What magnificent eyes!" I heard one and another say; but I shrank from their unnatural light with a vague feeling

of terror at my heart.

"Mine host must possess a magical garden, where the lilies on beauty's cheek are changed to roses, "lisped a brainless for who obtruded his opinions on every oc-" Miss Sommers has been roaming among its beauties and returns with blushing cheeks, and here comes Miss Allison with such a tell-tale color as only a confession of love can create."

"Great pity mine host does not possess a garden in which impertinent fops could be transformed into sensible men," I re-plied, ironically, for I was in no amiable mood; but Mona covered my sarcasm by

replying in a gay tone:

"A Daniel come to judgment—yea, a very Daniel! You read the writing on the brow as well as the captive boy interprets the unknown writing on the wall."

"Do you confess so much?" asked one of our party; "and may we take the same solution as applicable to Miss Som-

mers?"

"I presume it is the same;" she answered quietly, but a shudder passed over

her as she spoke.

Mona Allison was never a belle until that night. She had never cared for the adulations of the throng, But she reigned a very queen that evening. Only once did she betray any emotion, which proved to me the scene in the garden was not all a dream. She was standing in a current of air after dancing, and some one remonstrated:

"You will break a score of hearts by your untimely death if you stand in that

draught long.

" It is not all of life to live, " she answered, so sadly, so bitterly, that all who

heard her were astonished

" It is the wildest freak for Mona Allison to walk home when there is the prospect of a shower," remarked the guests; but she whispered to me:

" I should die in the same carriage with him and her, and as there is none other convenient, I shall walk. Don't remonstrate, darling friend, for I am decided."

And Mona walked, escorted by a dear

friend, who endeavored to shield her from the rain, when it came, with an um-

brella.

I felt as I sat in the close carriage with Fred Mayfield and Poke Sommers, and witnessed the tender solicitude with which he drew a light wrapper around her shoulders, that a day of retribution would be

sure to fall upon their guilty heads.

"Oh, my!" yawned the languishing beauty, with a slight shrug, "what an eccentric creature Miss Allison is to prefer walking on such an evening as this, to sitting in a comfortable carriage with wraps sufficient to ward off the damp air."

noble women—being exposed to the raging storm without, with no other protection to shield her slender form from the piercing blasts that howl around her, than those noble forest-trees, which have withstood the blasts of so many winters, than to be shielded by a false arm and a still falser heart, that cannot withstand the dieaway looks and languishing airs of one of earth's nuisances, "I answered hastily, for I felt that Poke Sommers' shameless conduct had entirely released me from all courtesy due to her as a guest.

With this bitter experience Mona Allison might have acted the unreal part she did that evening, and as a gay woman of the world cover the bitter throbbing of her convulsed heart—but it was not to be

so, for

' In the damp cold earth we laid her, when the forest cast its leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a
life so brief. "

Side by side lay the wedding-cards of Fred Mayfield and Poke Sommers and the margined invitations to the house of mourning, for Fred brought his Northern bride to his father's stately old villa on the same day that my pure gifted cousin said to me in a low gentle voice:

"Wheel me to the bay-window, darling Endie, and you and Uncle Willis sit beside me, for I want those I love best on earth near me when I cross to the other shore, with the fresh evening air fanning my cheek." And thus our treasure left us, cheek. '' And thus our treasure left us, and thus the light of joy went from out

our hearts. "Poor girl!" said one to another, "to die so young! What was her disease?" "Hasty consumption," was the invari-

able answer. "She took cold at a party, and was out in a shower on the way to her home."

And careful mothers repeat to careless daughters how Mona Allison was warned she would die an untimely death if she stood in the draught, and her strange re-

ply was: "It is not all of life to live, "Hasty consumption!" I never thin I never think of her death in connection with the draught and shower, but go further back to that moon-lit arbor where the hopes of her life-time were crushed, and where I heard

the agonizing cry:
"Oh, if I then might be dead!"

And so repeated Fred Mayfield when he stood by Mona's grave a few years later:
"Ah! it is not all of life to live!" and

his haggard looks verified his remark.

Time had left deep furrows on Fred "Miss Allison prefers—like many other | Mayfield's brow, and the lines of care could be visibly seen around his finely cut mouth. Fred had learned when too latelike many others of Adam's race-that brains and decision of character are more desirable qualities for a wife to possess than indolence and selfishness.

Despite my old bitter feelings toward him for the unmanly part he had played my cousin, I felt deeply for him when he brought little Mona to me one morning,

and said:

" Endie, keep her for me for the sake of her who sleeps beneath yonder hillock, and whose name she bears. Teach her to imitate her noble example, for she has no mother's sacred influence to shield her from the chilling blasts of a cold false Pocahontas left the home she violated a sacred troth pledged to one of whole!

earth's most noble daughters, to cross the sea with a foreign adventurer.

I looked towards Mona's grave and thought: "It is not all of life to live. "

Ah! if the sacred and impenetrable hanging of a pure and unselfish love does not envelope the wife in its folds, how dangerous is her position! If she is not shielded by a higher principle than merely marrying a man for his establishment, who can furnish her with rich plumage, she will surely fall from the high and holy position of wife; if not in deed, she will in thought. Then how indispensably necessary it is for husband and wife to be united in soul, in sympathies, in aspirations-in a word, that their whole being grew weary of, and the man who for her should flow together in one congenial

### THE PROFESSOR OUTWITTED.

HAT in the world are you trying to do, Minnie?" said I as I awoke from a pleasant nap of about five

"Trying to do? can't you see for yourself; or shall I go and borrow a pair of leather spectacles for you. Oh, Endie, I am so sorry that you are getting so venerable that you are blind."

"No, I am not so blind, Minnie, darling, but I can see that you are making yourself hideous blacking your eye-brows and upper lips in that style. Why, Madame Allen will be charging us for a whole ton of coal at the close of this term. Come now. Minnie, do throw down that handful of coal, and be ready for tea once in your life."

"There, there, Madam Propriety, that lecture will do this time, as I see you are nearly out of breath, and I want you to save a little to start that fire with. But say really, Endie, don't you think a mustache very becoming to your humble ser-

vant? Come, darling, be frank."
"Becoming! Ha! ha! ha! Really,
Minnie, you look quite mortified. I should be afraid to meet you in the dark, you

look so fierce."

"Laugh away, Endie. I am glad to see you are really awake once more, and when you are out of the land of Nod, I will tell you something."

"Oh goodness, Minnic. I am wide wake. What sin weighs so heavily upon awake. your conscience that you must communicate it to your old chum? Have you been stealing a jar of the cook's sweet meats, or do your new shoes pinch your dainty little feet, so you can't wear them?"

During the last part of my speech Min-nie had been walking up and down the room, and did not reply at once, but kept on as if for dear life's sake. At last she

stopped all of a sudden, and said:
"Say, Endie, was not that last a manly stride?"

I lay back upon the bed and laughed till I could hardly breathe, for Minnie's

last step was half across the room.

"Oh, Minnie, you will kill me at this rate, if you still persist, and then you will

be hung for willful murder!"

At this Minnie came up and gave me such an awful shaking that it came nigh taking my remainder of breath; then giving me a pull, landed me in the middle of the room, saying:

"Hold your fongue, Endie, can't you? You will bring down upon your soft head all the teachers in the institute; then all my soft-soaping won't clear us. They mistrust us now; they mistrust that we have something to do with the avenue gate. So you see, my dear, that we have got to be very quiet, for a little while at least."

"Yes, Minnie, I will; I won't laugh any ore. He! he! that's my last giggle, I assure you, my darling, the very last I will indulge in for a whole week; but you do look so funny, your mustache is all over your face, and for my life I can't see where your hair leaves off and your eye-

brows begin."

And I stuffed the pillow into my mouth to stifle the laugh that was threatening to break forth louder than ever. At this Minnie ran to the wash bowl and dashed water on her face, and with the aid of the towel came out of the process my own darling Minnie Grant. She ran to the door and looked along the passage, and seeing no one, she listened a minute, then carefully shutting and locking the door, she came and sat down by my side, and

"Now, I will tell you what I would have told you long ago but for your incessant giggling. Do you know that there is to be a masquerade ball at the Stedman

House, to-night?

"Oh dear, oh dear, I want to go so bad.

What shall I do?'

"So do I," said Minnie. "And I am going, too—yes, that I will."
"Oh, but Minnie, how can we? You know they have found out our secret about opening the avenue gate: and now there is a double lock put on it; and this key" (taking one from my pocket, and throwing it clear across the room, where throwing it clear across the room, where it brought up alongside the house with a ringing sound,) "is perfectly useless. I declare it is too bad, and Harry went to so much trouble to get it for me."

"Hush, Endie; you will arouse old Grizzle-head, and then your refractory to get will be weare off then the told kery to get the perfect of the standard of the standar

tongue will be worse off than that old key But never mind the key, Endie, I will find some other way to leave this old dungeon!"

"Oh good, good!" said I, at the same time bounding to the door to see if any one was listening; and seeing no one, returned to Minnie, and seizing her around the waist, danced around the room in a frantic manner, until compelled to stop from exhaustion.

"What is the matter with you, Endie, are you insane, or did you hear some- was just trying the effect of a mustache,

body?"

"Oh, nothing; I thought perhaps old Grizzlehead was around, and I wanted to have a dance around the room with you for contriving a way for me to see my dar-

ling Harry once more."
"Well, to proceed, as I was walking in the grounds adjoining the college, this morning, all at once a piece of paper fluttered down at my feet, and I, mistrusting from whence it came, did not dare pick it up then, but walked over it; sauntering slowly to the end of the garden, I turned and walked back to where it lay, and stooping down secured it while pretending to admire some shrub just planted out. Here it is, read it."

I took it, and read as follows:

"My Darling Little Minnie—I waited at my window all day yesterday to get a glimpse of you, but every time you made your appearance old Aunt Grizzlehead was at your side, so I waited in vain until to-day. There is to be a masquerade at the Stedman to-night; can't you contrive some way to get out, you and Endie? Harry says he knows the pair of you can devise some means by which you can elude the vigilance of your well-beloved and much-respected teachers. If you thiak of any way, come out in the grounds after tea, and sing 'Mira, oh Mira,' and Harry and I will understand, and start off down town for a disguise for you. Use your ope ladder on your side of the wall, and we will use ours on our side. Until then, your own

"Oh, Minnie," said I, tossing her the note, "that will be just the thing, won't it?"

"Yes it would, only I have no rope lad-

der. Oh, Endie, ain't it too bad?"
"No rope ladder! Why, child, know Will gave you one last term."

"Yes, but somebody stole it out of my trunk. I mistrust old Grizzle. I wish I had the privilege of tearing all the false hair from her old scalp."

"What, then, can we do; oh, I must see

Harry to-night!"

"I don't know Endie; for once I am puzzled. Oh dear, this hateful old seminary! "

"But, Minnie, what were you doing when I opened my eyes from the sleep of innocence, to find you making a scare-crow of yourself before that tiny glass, which is such a poor apology for a mirror?"

"There, Endie, that long speech must have quite exhausted you. What was I doing? Why, don't you remember you brought back with you two suits of your brother Charlie's clothes he had outgrown? Well, I was just going to try them on, for if they will fit you they will fit me, and I and in five minutes I would have had the you." pants on; but just then you must open those great horrid black eyes, and make a noise as if Pandemonium and all its contents were just ready to fall upon us. Ab me, what a fix we are in! But do try,

Ah me, what a fix we are in! But do try, my dear, and think of something, can't you? There's a smart girl!"

"Oh dear," said I, "I really don't believe I can;" and I walked slowly to the window. "Oh, Minnie, I have it now; I've got it, I've got it!" said I, waltzing around the room. "Shout aloud for joy, Minnie dear, for I have got it now. Yes, I have it as sure as the sun rose in the

west this morning."

"For heaven's sake, Endie, stop that wretched noise, and tell me what you have got. If it's a bed-bug I don't blame you much, but if it is only a spider I will have you bound over to keep the peace. Why under the sun can't you take things cool and easy as I do? I always hated

confusion."

"Cool and easy? Yes, you took my last tooth powder mighty easy. But come here," said I, squatting on the floor, "and I will tell you what I have found. It is something better than bedbugs or spiders, for it is simply a lot of wooden steps; there, now there's a discovery for you," as I once more bounded across the room; and catching my new muslin in Minnie's trunk tore it half a yard, when I stopped short and gazed at in dismay for a mo-

"There, I am glad of it. Now I guess you will learn to imitate your superiors, and be more lady-like. Just see me walk for instance!" and she strutted across the "Go thou and do likewise."

As she uttered the last sentence she caught her toe in a loose bit of carpet and

fell sprawling to the floor.
"That certainly is a dignified position, truly. Thank you for the example; you need not repeat it, for I am sure it is a genteel sufficiency for an apt pupil like myself. Now here's for my discovery. You know the men who have been repairing the ceiling in the dining room brought wooden steps, and I heard them tell the house-maid they would leave them on the lawn and come for them to-morrow; and they are just the thing to put up on our side of the wall, and Will Buford's ladder will do for the balance. Now call me pet names—call me a wasp."
"Oh, you innocent little darling!" and

she caught me around the waist and gave me a terrible squeeze. "You dear little

"Well, don't choke me to death; for then you would have to move the steps alone. But come, there is the bell, and I am as hungry as a wolf."

"Well, give me your arm, you little dragon. Let's see how 'Mira, oh Mira,' goes. Oh, I have it;" and she comdragon.

menced singing:

"Still in our fond hearts one bright hope is beaming."

We entered the dining-room singing. As we sat down, the Professor remarked:

"You are pleased to be musical this evening, ladies. Well, I am glad to see you happy. Is there any particular cause for it?

"Yes, sir," said Minnie, "I have received good news from home, this evening. My brother is shortly to be to Endie's only sister; they have been betrothed a long time."

"Indeed, Miss Minnie; Miss Endie,"

Minnie made a low bow to conceal the smile that would come, and I stuffed bread into my mouth to keep from laughing outright.

After tea we walked down in the ground near the college, singing "Hear me, Norma," and soon a tenor voice from an up-per window of the students boardinghouse took up the strain, singing:

"Oh, what joy to hear thee thus cherish hope again!"

We then returned to our room.

At night Minnie went to the wall and found our disguises nicely hid under some

The one intended for her was a Turkish dress with a closely-fitting mask; mine a flower girl of Venice. So we laid them carefully away until after the monitress had made her last rounds. Then we quickly dressed ourselves, and with a rope let ourselves down from our window, intending to borrow Will Buford's rope ladder to get up again. We found the steps and soon placed them against the wall. Then Minnie gave a low whistle, which was answered from the other side, (Minnie always had the whistling to do, for al hough I could fix my mouth I could never make a noise) and in a moment we were in the arms of our respective admirers, and being lifted gently to the ground; where we found a carriage awaiting us. We reached the Stedman House all right, and had been dancing, promenading and making love for about rosebud; you perfect little treasure! I an hour, when in the crowd Will and Minwould as soon lose my ivory comb as nie got separated from us; so Harry and I retired into a recess to wait for them to come up, for we dared not remain long separate for fear something would happen. Harry was talking love to me in the most approved style, when all at once he pinched my arm and said:

"Look there, Endie, but don't scream." I looked in the direction pointed out, and there, "Oh, ye gods and little fishes!" loomed up the *Professor*, coming straight

for us.
"Oh, Harry, what shall I do? He will the old savage?" tear my eyes out—the old savage?"

"Keep still, and leave him to me, Endie. I've euchred him before, over at the college; perhaps he won't recognize you in your disguise."

The Professor came on, and pausing as he came near us, said: "Good-evening, Mr. Stedman," (taking him for the proprietor's son, Harry being also disguised) "No doubt you are surprised to see me here this evening, but I am in search of two of my pupils that I have reason to think are in this house; and I will be very much obliged to you if you will assist me in finding them."

"Yes, sir," said Harry, blandly, "I will do all in my power to assist you. Excuse me, Annie, and I will take the Professor to my fother, who perhaps will

Professor to my father, who perhaps will be more successful than I in tracing the

runaways.'

Very soon I saw Harry coming, and he caught me with a quick grasp.

"Come, Endie, we must leave here in a

hurry!"

I took his arm and we hurried to the conservatory, where we found Will and Minnie, and in five minutes we were in the carriage and the horses on a dead run for the seminary, which we gained with- hearts without scaling walls an out an accident. The hall door was un- savage old Professor to outwit.

fastened, just as the Professor had left it, and we gained our rooms without being seen. As soon as Minnie was out of her Turkish costume she darted into Mollie Brown's room, and jumped in bed with her and her chum. I followed her example by getting in bed with Gertie Ware

and Emma Garth.

The next morning the professor began very gravely to lecture us for being out the previous night, hinting that he would be compelled to expel us. Minnie arose with an injured look, and said she did not like to interrupt him, but she wished to speak a word in self-defense—that just for mischief, meaning no harm, she and I had planned to sleep with some of the girls; so she stole across the hall and slept with Mollie Brown and Sallie Melbourne, and she supposed that I did the same.

The Professor's face began to brighten,

as he said, turning to me

"Is that so, Miss Endie? I hope you would not deceive me."

"Yes, sir, I slept with Gertie Ware and Emma Garth."

"Very well, young ladies," he said, "I will let it pass this time, but henceforth you will please sleep in your own room, or I will be obliged to lock your door to prevent another alarm. I was quite impatient last night, but when I did not find you at the ball, I supposed you had gone out to spend the night with some female friends.

So it passed off for that time, and a few nights after we succeeded in returning our borrowed clothing, and outwitted the Pro-fessor after all. But the day came after a time when we could meet our sweethearts without scaling walls and having a

### THE SEA OF LIFE.

AUNCHED upon life's great sea, our barque, freighted with love, hope, and anticipation, sails gently on over the rippling tide, wafted by perfumed breezes, fraught with the fragrance of joyousness. The summer of happiness fills with pleasure the young breast that has begun its voyage on life's vast sea, and tions, and over the limpid waves we glide,

naught of sorrow's opaque cloud dims the translucent horizon that smiles serenely above and around us. The liquid music of silvery waters seems an echo floating up from the coral caves and crystal bowers, like fairy voices chanting a triumphant pæan of heavenly hopes and aspiralulled to rest and dreams by the mystic murmurings that fill the sanctuary of our youthful souls-shrines of beatitude we

wreathe around with bursting buds, culled from the shores of unalloyed joy. We see in the few transient days we call our past, no heart aches, no broken love, no shattered faith, no blasted happiness, no withered hopes. Gazing on in fancy into the mysterious, unknown future, naught meets the yearning youthful heart save visions of fairy-like splendor and everlasting bloom. Joys of perennial gladness till the volume of imagination. Images of love and hope rise upon isles of emerald carpeting that forms the archipelago of life's ocean. We steer our barque towards them step upon their blooming shores, cull the blushing flowers, eat of the fruit of sweetness, and drink of the waters that have naught of bitterness in them. Every time our barque nears their shore we revel in new beauties. We continually form new isles, plan new pleasures, and we wonder as our barque sails further out upon the waters, why these isles fade away as we approach them; why half their splendor is gone when we by chance do find them. The flowers that were wont to bloom so bright, look pale, drooping; the founts are bitter and noxious; the waters that were wont to gush up so clear and sparkling, look dark and murky. We turn from them without once quenching our burning thirst, and depart from the shores of disappointed hopes with a saddened heart and sorrowing soul. And upon life's sea we espy no isle of beauty; no enticing shores allure us to near them. The stern hand of reality has swept them all away; the Utopian dream of our childish imagination has given place to the stern destiny of human life; and no sylvan dreams of fairy lands, of terrestrial abodes, echoing with witching melody of blessedness greet our ears, and thrill our souls made sad by the woes that wreathe in night shade around our casket of thought.

Ah, as the Scottish bard sang, "Man's inhumanity to man, makes countless thou-sands mourn." Would each and all lend a helping hand to guide our wandering barque aright, how many more would be the joys with which to cheer our lives! The crowning blossoms of existence, that the heart ever yearns for through its solitary way, would rest in felicity upon the chastened heart. And would not the angels, the guardian spirits that hover ever near us, smile in their ethereal home upon a soul that gives comfort to one of earth's weary ones? Would they not send love down, and bless in angel whisperings the generous heart prompted by the sufferings of others to alleviate the sorrows that life shadows enshroud them in?

Alone upon life's billowy sea we wan-r oft-times, our barque well-nigh der oft-times, our barque well-nigh wrecked upon the rocks of frailty and falsity. The cold euroclydon wind, laden with temptation's storms of sorrows, fill the fragile sails—often rending them into

shreds

Life-flowers plucked from the parent stem; the hopes, the hallowed hopes, that once loomed up in the glowing future, all lie withered and dead. The temples of our childhood's dreams, emblazoned with the glittering foil of expectation, filled with all life seeketh for, have crumbled away, leaving, unlike the gorgeous Egyptian pyramids, no trace of their former grandeur for the heart to dwell upon. Like the famous Atlantas of the ancients, they have sunk beneath the waves, as though to escape the deadly simoon of

The magnetic needle of life's compass points ever to a far-off shore; and albeit our barque sails but slowly, we know ere long we shall enter a sea more mysterious than that of life, that is now hidden from us by a promontory which a wise Providence has placed there. A marble slab gleams upon its summit upon which we trace our name, our age, our death. So

ends the voyage of life.

# PHILIP CARVER'S PRIZE.

OW perfectly absurd! How can you repeat such stuff, Susie?" And Cecile Lawrence laughed lightly and carelessly, as she would have done at any absurd, impossible story.

The voice that answered was very low

and sweet.

"That was just what I said, Cecile, when it was told me. It seems impossible of Philip Carver. But I don't know. I hope it is not true." And the young girl addressed as Susie dropped her head thoughtfully.

The quick blood mounted to the beautiful cheek of Cecile Lawrence, and she turned to Susie quickly and haughtily. It was evidently a matter of interest to her.

"Why, one would think, Susie, by that lugubrious air and tone that Mr. Carver is a gambler."
"It does seem incredible," Susie re-

peated.

"It is incredible. Do you not know?" Susie looked serious, hesitated and then

"I will tell you all the circumstances, and perhaps you can explain them better

With an impatient, scornful expression on her beautiful face, Cecile leaned back in the crimson depths of the fauteuil, and resigned herself to listen to Susie Lawrence, her late husband's young sister.

They were beautiful both-and young. Their different styles of beauty contrasted well. Cecile, tall, dark and stately—Susie, small, fair and childlike in expression and manner. On the death of her husband, Cecile took his homeless, penniless orphan sister, who till then had been at school, into her home and her warm, noble, but lonely heart at once; and the young girl had appeared to repay her kindness with the most enthusiastic love and admiration.

It was hinted that the beautiful, charming Cecile Lawrence had not been happy in her late marriage. Beauty and fortune are not always an advantage to a young girl and they proved a snare for her, for they attracted Edward Lawrence, a cultivated, handsome, fascinating man, but cold in heart and unprincipled in character. Her guardian was an upright, honorable man and wished to do his duty conscientiously by his young ward. But he vous caressing motion of her little hand.

was a retiring, studious man, better versed in all ancient and modern lore than in reading the characters of those with whom he came in contact. Mr. Lawrence was so gentlemanly and plausible that the unsuspicious guardian gave up his charge with a sigh of relief and without a misgiving as to her future happiness, and was

again engrossed in his books.

But a day of awakening from any dream of domestic happiness she might have cherished soon came to Cecile Lawrence. One moment, one glimpse, and Cecile saw her future spread out as a map before her shrinking, horrified vision. She was a shrinking, horrified vision. woman, noble, self-sacrificing. She accepted her fate. Ignoble persons beat vehemently and impotently against the bars of an inexorable destiny. But she, young and weak as she was, accepted it. All that the affection of a most beautiful and charming woman, wise in her extremity, could do, was done to win him back to honor and rectitude. She failed. The respectability of both their families kept his conduct from being openly talked about, and the beauty and fortune of his young wife still procured him an entrance into fashionable society whenever he could be induced to accompany her.

He had spent all of her fortune that he could touch, when his sudden sickness and death saved Cecile from that terrible fate-the wife of a confirmed drunkard

and gambler.

All this the world in which Cecile lived told but in whispers. Certain it is that fashionable as wine and cards were—they never were and never would be found in the house of Cecile Lawrence. No drunkard whose quenchless, insatiable thirst the strongest, deepest draughts of brandy could not allay, had ever taken the fatal, initiatory wine-cup from her white and tempting hand. No apparently innocent game of whist or euchre at her tables had given or fostered a love for the excitement which had ended only at gaming-tables. All honor to Cecile Lawrence, even though her resolve may have been the result of bitter, painful experience.

Susie glanced up furtively into the beautiful, unconscious face of her listener from time to time. She knew that she suffered from her increasing paleness and the ner-

There was a moment's silence when she had ended. Then Cecile said, with en-

ergy:
"It sounds specious, but I am not in
the least convinced. I do not believe a word of it-there is a mistake somewhere. It is one of the slanders of this wicked town. However, if this story originated from Mary, the slander can be very easily nipped in the bud."

She rang the bell.
"Tell Mary that I wish to speak to her," she said to the servant who answered it.

Mary, the seamstress, a sober, honest, sensible-looking girl, soon made her appearance. Very quietly, but with heightened color, Mrs. Lawrence asked:

"What is this story, Mary, about Mr. Phillip Carver? I wish to know the real truth of the story. One cannot be too careful how they spread reports that affect

a person's reputation."

The girl colored painfully, partly at the implied rebuke, partly at the necessity of exposing a brother's conduct. She gave a plain, straightforward account. younger brother had always been the gentleman of the family, and cheerfully his two brothers and four sisters had toiled to procure him a good education, that he might be exempt from their harder lot. The result was a common one. He was poor and proud-not a noble pride-but ashamed of his poverty. Ambitious for dress and expensive pleasures, he soon got into bad company, and lost a good situation in a store, and since then lived by gambling. He was called one of the best and luckiest players in town, and this distinction, such as it was, was not conducive to his reformation. He still kept up a respectable appearance. Mary maintained with a sincerity not to be doubted that she had often heard her brother speak of gambling with Mr. Philip Carver. She could not be mistaken. It had impressed her because that was the name of the gentleman that she knew sometimes called

There was no doubt of the real grief and distress with which the poor girl re-

lated this.

"Impossible that Mr. Carver should be on such intimate terms with your brother, Mary," Mrs. Lawrence exclaimed impul-It was an unfortunate remark. Mrs. Lawrence was aristocratic and exclusive, and her tone too surely conveyed her thoughts. She could not brook the idea, aside from the vice of which he was reported guilty, that one by position and

ceived as an equal, should be on intimate terms with the brother of her seamstress. The honest, still tearful eyes of Mary flashed, and she colored scarlet.

"The best men in town are glad to play with Bennie, ma'am. If you don't believe

she drew from her pocket a note soiled and crumpled. Cecile took it mechanically. She could just make it out:

Don't be discouraged, Ben, old fellow. Your usual luck will return by to-night. Come in at Ham's to-night, at the usual time. Will be on hand and will give you the needful, wherewithal to start with from my pocket.

PHILIP CARVER.''

Cecile grew pale and paler, but she murmured again, as if striving against the growing conviction that the girl had spoken only the truth:

"I will never, never believe it. It is some dreadful mistake!" Then after a glance at Mary's face, she said, presently:

"I think you have spoken honestly, Mary, and I will not detain you longer." Mary started towards the door, hesitated and then came back a step or two.

"If you would please—if you would be so very kind, ma'am, as to ask Mr. Carver not to persuade my brother to play any more? I have thought of finding him out myself and begging him not to persuade him. Maybe he would mind it more it you asked him. He has a great influence over Benny." And without waiting an answer the poor girl left the room.

Half buried in the crimson fauteuil, Cecile still remained. Susie had too much tact to break the silence that ensued after the departure of Mary; but her little soft hand was passed caressingly and lovingly over the dark hair of Cecile. Then she took Cecile's passive hand in hers and pressed her lips to it. By a dozen mute efforts, she endeavored to please and soothe.

Cecile rose, stooped and pressed one kiss on the brow of the pure young girl, and

then left the room.

There was a curious expression on Susie Lawrence's face, very different from the sweet, guileless one of a moment be-fore, as she looked after Cecile's retreating figure. It was strange, and it may have been injustice arising from envy or jealousy, but Susie had not been a favorite at school. They said she was insincere and intriguing; they even stigmatized her kisses as Judas kisses, and privately accused her of rupturing many a friendship. But we know that there are some always birth a gentleman, and who had been re- ready to detract where there is one as fair

as was Susie. Her sister-in-law, at least, loved, petted and trusted her.

Cecile went to her own room and sat down to consider what had happened.

She confessed to herself that she had received a blow-a blow that dashed to the ground at once and forever a fast-rising fabric of future happiness. She had suffered, endured so much in her marriage that she never thought of the possibility of marrying again. In fact, as she could only judge from her own experience, she had grown a good deal skeptical about the entailed happiness of the marriage rela-tion in any case, whoever or whatever the parties were. Long before the mourning had changed to lavender and white, as now-indeed, even before it had changed to purple—the beautiful widow had been entreated to wear again the bridal robes. The decided "no" then uttered she had never thought to change. She did not know Mr. Carver then. She had not known him long; but sufficiently so to come to honor and respect him as she had never done any one before. His character seemed so noble and exalted; his manner so kind; and—did Cecile guess it?—his heart so warm. He was not an acknowledged lover. He had never spoken to her of love, but in the depths of the dark gray eyes beamed a tenderness never there for any but her; and his voice took a different expression when it addressed her. Cecile scarcely knew how it had come about, but the calm uneventful, solitary life she had looked forward to for the rest of her life, ceased to charm. Bright, changing, rainbow hues were in her sky now, blending in one fair scene. She could understand now the possibility that a union— one of hearts as well as hands; congeni-ality of tastes, principles and sentiments could be a happy one. And now all this was changed—broken the fabric; vanished the rainbow hues; back again was she in that mountainous, blank, joyless space bounded by no happiness—attended only by a vision which only tormented and pained her.

"Ah! it is easy to forget when one is proved unworthy," thought Cecile. "It is only to cast out an image just entering on my heart-not yet enshrined thereand to blot a few weeks from my memory. I was happy then. I shall take myself back to that time and be so again. By tomorrow I shall have forgotten.

Nevertheless, although some hours of the intervening time had passed, Cecile, still in her room, found to her dismay, her heart beating fast at a well known ring. She had come to a general decision

to have none but a formal acquaintance with Mr. Carver, as soon as it was practicable to bring it about after their friendly and familiar acquaintance; but she had forgotten to decide upon the ways and means of doing this delicate task. Therefore she had given no instructions to the servant, and Mr. Carver was ushered into

the parlor where sat Susie. She rose and greeted him frankly and cordially, putting both her little hands artlessly into his own, and in her pretty, childish way, urging him to take the great easy chair. It was pride of strength and manhood, she believed, that made him disdain easy chairs. Perhaps he thought it weak and womanish to take his ease-did he? And she looked up at the noble, powerful man with such a pretty, admiring glance. Would he take it just to please her? And let her see if he could look weak or helpless for once? It would

be so nice if he would please her! She gave a little sigh of satisfaction as he took the chair, which was very near where she had been sitting.

The servant returned, saying that-" Mrs. Lawrence was engaged and must be excused from seeing company."

He looked surprised, then concerned.

"I trust Mrs. Lawrence is well," he said to Susie.

"Poor, dear Cecile has been complaining all day of a headache." And added in a lower voice: "I am sure she has been thinking of my brother. I saw her poring over some old letters that looked like his handwriting. She has been in her room all the afternoon."

He became grave and silent, but Susie,

in her childish, confiding way, continued:
"Poor darling! I wish that I could bear
her pain and sorrow for her. She should
never have a head-ache, or a heart-ache if I could prevent it."

An ardent flush crossed the face of the young man. Perhaps he felt that he with his strong arm and stalwart frame would gladly shield her from all ill also.

Susie Lawrence understood thoroughly the use of flattering—by manner more than by word. She did not say much, but in a short time he found himself conversing freely and gaily with this young girl. He had never observed her very closely before, neither had he addressed much of his conversation to het, though she was invariably present during his calls. She had always seemed shy and reserved, a mere school-girl, more childish even than her appearance warranted. How strangely he had erred. She proved a merry, arch, bewitching Hebe.

Alas! for Susie, that Philip Carver had a preoccupied heart! Recognizing all her attractions, yet his heart wanderered from this charming young girl who was creating every endeavor to entertain him, to a vacant chair, to a little table where Cecile

usually sat.

Susie bit her lips, when under some slight pretense, he left her side, and after walking once or twice across the room, sat down as if accidentally in Cecile's chair, and toyed with her work-basket, as he maintained a gay conversation with Susie, who still kept all her gayety of voice and manner. This was no easy task, as she could detect his real listlessness under his urbane and gay demeanor. When he departed he left half-a-dozen messages for Mrs. Lawrence. Susie said when she had heard them that she was sadly afraid she should forget them-that she never did have much memory for messages of regard and solicitude and that sort of thing; and when a half-dozen followed in succession, it was too much to expect any one to remember. She should not wonder if she never thought of them again. tain it is that Cecile never heard of them from her.

After he had gone, Susie turned the gas still higher and stood before the full-

length mirror:

"He shall see beauty in me! What! is not a young girl with a fresh heart and free, as desirable as a widow whose affections are worn and hackneyed? Will not my beauty compare with hers? I looked furtively into the mirror yesterday as we stood near it together. She looked almost black beside my brilliant complexion. And such great black eyes—I do not see how anybody of taste can fancy black eyes. They are bold and unfeminine! I declare she looked ten years older than I, though she is really only four. She is rich, and perhaps that is why he prefers her to me, although he is rich too—else why should I trouble myself about him? Oh! but he is splendidly handsome! Besides Cecile does not need a rich husband, and I do. I have told no lie—I only told her the story just as I heard it. Where is her the story just as I heard it. Where is her boasted intellect and discrimination? I did not credit the story for a second. To be sure, I had received a trifling bit of information previously, which assisted me to understand it. But I was under no ob-ligations to impart that to Cecile. She has lived in the world, and in this town especially, much longer than I, and should have as much information of the people. I have inquired. Then she answered: really, taking all things into consideration, succeeded remarkably well. But I one this evening. That tiresome head-

have still a difficult task-it would be indeed difficult did not Cecile so thoroughly trust me. I am sure I love Cecile and am acting for her good. She is rich and independent, and had better remain so. I do not think that she made my brother very happy-she is always silent about him.

But I must run up and see her."

Perhaps Cecile expected that Mr. Carver would send some message. She certainly looked a little disappointed when Susie left her without giving her any. The next morning she colored very deeply and certainly not with displeasure, when she chanced to go to her work-basket. She knew whose hand had disarranged the contents, perhaps thinking of her as he did so. But the flush faded quickly and an expression of countenance far from happy succeeded it.

"Come here, Susie," she said, putting her arm tenderly around the young girl's waist and drawing her toward her. willing as I was and am to believe Mr. Carver unworthy of our friendship, I have been compelled to believe so. There is only one thing now to do-to drop his ac-

quaintance."
"Yes, so we must, dear, darling Cecile. But I am such a faint-hearted little thing that I never can treat any one coldly. I determine to do so, but when I

see them, all my courage vanishes."
"Then I must assist you, dear. It will have to be done gradually, I suppose, as he has visited here so familiarly. If I had the courage to tell him why I wish to discontinue his acquaintance, it would be more honorable, I know, " she added mu-

singly.
"O Cecile!" cried Susie, in real alarm.
Most likely he would "Nay, I shall not. Most likely he would

"But Susie, you will remember?" Susie put her arms around Cecile and leaned her head very lovingly upon her shoulder.

"Darling Cecile, you know that I will do as you wish. I have really hardly any acquaintance with him to lose. He never looks at or speaks to me when you are

present—as he ought not to."

Mr. Carver and Cecile did not happen to meet for a few days, when the gentle-man called again. Somehow, Susie happened to be in the hall and open the door. Susie greeted him as before. He came in smiling, genial.

Cecile was not in the parlor and Susie was careful not to mention her until he

ache again. However, I will go and see how she is."

She returned shortly.

"It is as I feared: I am obliged to bring er regrets. She desired me to fill her her regrets. place—we all know how impossible it is

for me to do that."

She did her best to entertain Mr. Carver—and that best was charming. She took a new character to-night, and was spirited, witty, poignant. Mr. Carver felt compelled to exert himself not to seem to be bearish or tiresome to this singularly fascinating girl. The time passed quickly—even pleasantly. Spite of his disappointment at Cecile's absence, he discovered with amazement the lateness of the hour, and apologized for his long call.

It may be that there was some purpose in this-that in spite of the headache Susle had so generously given Cecile as an excuse—that he felt a little piqued that she did not appear, if only for a few moments—that if she had wished to see him as much as he wished to see her, she would have managed to do so. Susie on his de-

parture, went to Cecile.

"So unfortunate as I am! What do you suppose put it into my head to pass through the hall at that unlucky moment that the bell rang? I thought, of course, that it was Alice Headley, who promised to run in and practice a duet with me. Imagine my dismay and astonishment when, on opening the door, to find Mr. Carver! I could have dropped through the floor with the greatest pleasure imag-inable. Dearest Cecile, it was just as I told you. Off my guard, I treated him just as ever-in truth, I think, more cordially, trying to make him forget my expression of dismay and disappointment, when I opened the door and saw him instead of Alice. More yet, sweet, darling Cecile: knowing that you would not see him, and seeing his disappointment, and pitying him, I made all sorts of apologies for your absence; gave you a headachedidn't I hear you say something about one this morning, or yesterday, or sometime?
—that is the soft-hearted coward I am, you dear, hard-hearted darling. I was afraid it would be so. But I have con-Do with me as you will, my own fessed. Cecile."

Not much did she fear the ever-indulgent Cecile, but her look of gravity had not disappeared with her lively relation of the circumstances, or her fond caresses, and, with a penitent air, she buried her head in Cecile's lap.

curls, saying, gravely still, but gently: "It is of no avail to regret it now; perhaps it will be as well, dear, to let the ser-

vant answer the bell, in future."
Cecile met Mr. Carver the next evening at a party. His fine features became irra-diated with pleasure when he saw her enter. He answered yes, or no, at random, to the remarks and questions of the lady with whom he was in conversation, and making some excuse, left her. Cecile somehow did not see the offered hand, and to his eager, even anxious inquiries after her health, answered formally and coldly, though the color rushed to his cheek, and her heart beat rapidly as he approached. His countenance became a little clouded, and his manner had less impressment. But, unwilling to understand her coldness, he remarked "that it was long since he had the pleasure of seeing her." Her answer was laconic, her manner more frozen. It was no longer possible to understand her. Surprised, indignant, wounded, he gave her a look full of pride and reproach; but she did not meet it, for she turned to speak with the lady near her. He walked away from her to the most distant part of the room, puzzled, mortified, angry. What did it mean? She evidently had not wished or intended to talk further with him. A sudden thought struck him! Was this mystery connected with the headaches which had prevented her seeing him when he called? It would have been kinder, more honorable, he thought, if she had told him in what he had offended; perhaps she esteemed him unworthy of an explanation. He should never ask her. It mattered not,

and his lip curled haughtily.
"Does Mr. Carver entirely disdain to notice little people to-night?" laughed some one beside him, while a little whitegloved hand touched his arm to attract his

attention.

For answer he drew the little hand through his arm, and led its possessor through the low French window to the piazza without. Susie's native tact led her to say just the right things to the inwardly chagrined, indignant man, though he appeared gay and careless. Her manner was so soothing—so innocently flat-tering, that he shortly recovered from the mortification, if not the indignation and disappointment. And how could he help being pleased with the beautiful, fascinating girl, who evidently knew how to appreciate him if Cecile did not? They promenaded back and forth upon the pi-Cecile passed her hand caressingly over azza for sometime, undisturbed by any the fair head, into its wreath of brown other company. But by and by, when others left the hot and crowded rooms for | a breath of fresh air, they returned unnoticed, as they had remained unmissed.

This was the first of many similar evenings. Mr. Carver and Cecile growing, if possible, more frozen—the former and Susie, more intimately acquainted. Cecile, ignorant of the latter, tried to forget Mr. Carver, and knew she had not succeeded. And Mr. Carver tried to persuade himself, and was quite sure he had succeeded—that he had ceased to love and regret Cecile; and that Susie, artless, yielding, and affectionate, would really suit him much better. If he had looked deeply into his own heart, casting aside that hiding vail of bitterness and pride, he would have seen only Cecile's face imaged in its deepest recesses; the fair one of Susie scarcely mirrored on the surface.

One morning, Susie's heart gave an exultant throb when she heard a well-known ring. She knew that only one determination, one purpose, could have brought him to this house. Flushed, sparkling with triumph and excitement, never had she looked more beautiful than when she entered Mr. Carver's presence. He had not been sitting, and turned to greet her. He took her hand, while he inquired after her health-retained it, and drew her to a sofa and seated himself beside her; he looked down into the lovely, blushing face, and warm words trembled on his lips. By what chance was his glance withdrawn to rest on Cecile's favorite chair and worktable, on which was the work-basket, whose contents his daring hand had so often entangled, while Cecile had playfully chided. In place of endearing words to the fair, expectant girl beside him, came a deep, involuntary sigh. It was a danger-ous experiment coming to that house—to that room. He tried to throw off the haunting memories and associations, and to think of the-well-business; yes, it was business—his heart in that moment owned it-which had brought him there owned it—which had brought him there to ask this sweet young girl, who he felt would be a true, loving wife to him, to live with him always; and then, with her consent, to ask her of the woman who had treated him, of late, with such chilling, almost insulting hauteur. Whatever she objected to in him he should then know she would feel comprehed to then know; she would feel compelled to tell him. O strange human heart! that, perhaps unknown to itself, this was the chief incentive to the solemn step he was meditating—a pleasure bitter to a pain, to find out the mystery of a conduct which had been so inexplicable; to hope to be

able to compel her to retract anything and everything unfavorable to him—to compel her feel that she had wronged and condemned him without reason or justice. To what end, he did not ask himself; he had not thought further than the sweet vengeance of forcing her to confess that she had accused him wrongfully. Perhaps he was, indeed, unconscious that this was any motive in the step he was meditating.

The remembrance of Cecile's conduct nerved him. Again words, if not this time warm, at least important, trembled on his lips. They were arrested by the opening of the door. It was Cecile who entered. She evidently did not expect to see him; she started back, hesitated, then advanced directly toward him and held out her hand, smiling. He drew back, back, and a stern expression settled on his handsome countenance.

handsome countenance.

"No?" she asked, gently, "you refuse to take it? You are right. I will make my confession first. Mr. Carver, I was led to believe you were addicted to the vice of gambling. It was a wicked mistake. Can you—will you forgive me?"

"Certainly I forgive you!" he replied, coldly. "But I regret that your estimation of my character was such that you could believe such a charge so readily."

could believe such a charge so readily."
"Oh! no, no, Mr. Carver! It was not believed readily nor willingly—not until proof was brought me which I could not disbelieve. How could I know that there was another man of your name?" and she put the paper Mary had given her into his hand. She waited until he read it.
"Will you not forgive me? Shall we not again be friends?" she said, entreat-

ingly—almost humbly.

Pride even yet struggled against love.
His feelings had been outraged for weeks, and did she think a word could atone? How could she, if she had esteemed him, believe so vile a slander? Confidence, love, must have been wanting. Still stern, un-yielding, he looked down at the beautiful penitent. Her gentle, tender womanliness, disarmed him. He looked for Susie -she had disappeared, and Cecile alone stood before him, with drooping, downcast face.

"No! we will not be friends; no!" She looked up sorrowfully; met his

eager, ardent look.
"No, Cecile, we will not be friends," he repeated, passionately seizing her hand. "Something nearer, dearer than friends, or forever strangers; which shall it be?"

"Not-not strangers, Philip."

# AULENE CLAYTON.

IKE a strange, bright jewel she flashed among us, and just when her light was brightest went out forever. Sad indeed is my heart when I think of my young friend, beautiful, gifted Aulene.
All day long my soul has been wander-dering in quest of sad things, and like a

shivering ghost the image of Aulene comes looming up; and the scenes of that glorious summer-time, when a breath from the altar and a breath from the way of death met and shook hands ere they blanched her cheeks, and bore her away to a land where strong souls wrestle never

any more with strong agony.

Was she beautiful? Ever since I knew her I have been wondering was she beautiful. I have ever been tame and passive in the presence of doll-faced beauty; I have gazed unmoved on waxen faces, and, sunny ringlets, and heavenly smiles; but my blood coursed through my veins with a wild ecstacy, such as one feels when gazing on a brilliant rain-bow, or a dark, beautiful storm, or a burning volcano in all its sublime beauty, when I first beheld

regal Aulene.

Have you not seen them, gentle reader?
Faces that might almost have been deemed plain, and left you wondering why they were not. A blending of form and features through which the soul shone forth with a flashing, irresistible radiance, warming up your whole being with a thrill—causing you to forget for a moment the cold bleak winds that blew above and around you, but that you were breathing the air of magnolia groves, fragrant with perfune of bright evotic flowers, and the perfume of bright exotic flowers, and the bird-song and brook-melody of Dixie's sunny land.

Aulene was no sylph in form, no ray of the moonlight, that is so often pictured to us by our *popular* writers, but a full, regal woman, with the step of a queen that needed no crown to teach her power.

Her's was a rich brunette complexion, flushed on either side with a blood crimson, and relieved by a pair of glorious black eyes that fell upon you with a light that made you shudder, for they seemed to read the hidden things of the soul.

The midnight hair was brushed away from the forehead, and tied in a lustrous mass at the back of the head, and on the of her hair.

full curved red lips lived a kind of haughty trembling, as though the proud heart scorned to be still.

Of her past life we knew nothing. She came to us a stranger, with the power of attraction few could resist. None questioned her. No one dared to meet the rebuking fire of those magnificent orbs. Beardless boys were bewildered, and boasting bachelors subdued; gay belles went into decline, and patent milliness to develop the subdued of the subduel of the su into double diligence and despair. If she knew her power it never changed her; her life never changed from its haughty smiling in all the time I knew her, till one pale, beautiful night it came to us that she too had a heart!

Judge Millford's mansion was ablaze with light, beauty and jewels. It was the heart of summer, and his only daughter's eighteenth birthday. She was the cheeriest little creature, with brown eyes and auburn curls, and the whitest face and pink cheeks that ever set a poet dreaming

of angels.

Everybody was there that night, wandering through the crowded rooms— everybody but Aulene and I. The glittering leaves of a silver wood and the roundfaced moon was above us; the beautiful flowers and trembling fountains of my dear old native Kentucky were at our feet, and we were talking of life—its hopes, its fears, its triumphs, its end.

There was music in that stately mansion, but we forgot it, or it fashioned itself amid our dreaming, into the semblance of some old serenade, sung by passion-souled swain to his tropical lady-love, floating upon the trembling orange blossoms of Aulene's native land. We were in a zone of cooler heads and less-impulsive hearts; but we forgot that, too, while listening to Aulene's burning words—her brilliant de-scriptive powers in painting life as it should be, and the life that she longed for, where no cold breath of human scorn or nature's air should ruffle the quiet scene. She went straying out in spirit to her sunny skies, reveling in their dark voluptions, wreathing flowers akin to those which beautify Eden's virgin soil; and I wondered, gentle reader, if she would aver wreather the stray of the stray would aver wreather the stray of the stray of the stray would aver wreather the stray of the stray of the stray would aver wreather the stray of the stra would ever wreathe them in the dark coils

There was to be a stranger at the party a nephew of Judge Millford's, and, as I thought of it, I turned to Aulene and observed that "there was another conquest for her to make ere her victory was com-

pleted."

"One more conquest yet to make?" and her voice was low and dreary. "One more conquest to make, and what are they worth? Do they make the heart happier, or the life holier? Are they among the things I have asked for?"

"What have you asked for, Aulene? Did you ever condescend to ask for any-

thing?"

There was a kind of threatening flash in her proud, intellectual eye, as if I had trod upon forbidden ground; but it went out

as it met mine, and she replied:

"Never to earthly power could I ask. The children of the world know no justice. It must be taught to the full-grown men and women of that better land ere the hidden thing be revealed. They who fawn on Aulene Clayton now would have scorned the motherless child who won her way to independence, Scarcely credible, the world would say."

"Was you ever—it cannot be that you were ever dependent, my beautiful, regal Aulene?"

"Endie, my darling friend, I was

brought up on charity.

Her eyes were fierce as she spoke; her lips were white and compressed, and her voice shivering with bitterness.

"Brought up on charity! Oh, Au-

lene!"

"Yes, brought up on charity, Endie. Is it so strange that you need to won-der?"

"Strange, Aulene! Yes. You look like an empress - peerless Aulene.'

"An empress—did you ever see one? Are they formed of finer dust than me? Are their veins rich with purer blood than ours? Has our Father given them haughtier spirits? The proud may be crushed, Endie, and it may be God's will, but it does not follow that the smitten are mean in soul. The children of the earth have made laws and laws have made princes in rank, but in life princes have come into life within unknown walls, perhaps even in the wilderness, with no other parent but the cold, blue canopy. My Father has given me trials, Endie, to make me strong in spirit: I fear sometimes they have made me bit-ter. If I had been reared in the halls of luxury, I might have been narrow-souled, as most of the children of luxury are. The milk of human kindness flows freely

to the cold, and hungry, and friendless, and homeless, and unloved; and widens the heart toward the lowly-born. But that is only half the lesson, Endie. must stand in the halls of luxury and eat the bread of affluence before he can see how those who dwell in splendor can forget the homeless. Life is not half long enough to learn the lesson of charity, and how many of earth's children die, even in old age, with its alphabet ungained!"

"But tell me, Aulene, in all your wan-derings, did you never love anything— never?"

"Did I ever love anything? What had I ever to love? A vision of a beautiful dead mother, and rough hands that laid her away from me; of a weak father dragged by the wine cup to poverty; of harsh voices and unloving faces that stood up on either side of my path as I walked, like demons, that I shudder to look back. Is the picture beautiful, Endie; one to inspire love?"

"But had you never a better angel, Aulene—one to impart life to your path? Never a temptation to love?"

A shadow flitted across her beautiful crimson cheeks, and for a moment left

them pale.

"Never a temptation to love? Yes, I had once-only a temptation. A pair of blue eyes, a mass of sunny curls, a rosy, haughty lip, a smooth face, a form perfect in its lightness, its beauty, its grace. Yes, I had a temptation once, Endie; but I was the child of charity, the pet of the public; but it is gone now—yes, gone!" "Gone where, Aulene?"
God knows!"

"We ought to go in, Aulene; it is getting late, and they will miss us in that gay

"Late! So it is! What have I been telling you? I am startled!"
"What you ought long ago to have told

me, Aulene; you have been cruel."
"Ought I? Well, let's go in."

Nothing new in the crowded rooms; old faces, old voices, old smiles—nothing new. Yes, there was one new form, a slight, graceful figure standing by Lena Millford and the piano. He turned round as we entered. Aulene Clayton's face was not whiter when I saw it among the green trees and white monuments of Love Hill cemetery. The stranger might have been eighteen; he might have been twenty-five; but his was one of those faces that lose all their beauty by the dreamy ro-mance of youth; I knew he could not be older. He was the expected cousin, and from the spirit-wound; it widens the heart | Lena Millford came forward to introduce

him to Aulene, the brightest star in our galaxy of beauty. He looked at her searchingly, as if wondering where he had seen her before; but those liquid orbs, so proficient in reading the thoughts of others, told no tales of their own. The crimson cheek grew a shade deeper, and her beautiful hand trembled slightly as she took his arm for a promenade—that was all the visible sign of recognition.

I didn't want to stay there then; I was busy thinking, and felt too dreamy to act, so I stole out in the garden, down to the arbor seat where Aulene and I had been sitting. I did not want to sit down either; I was dreaming out the secret of a romance, and I crept in the shadow of the low bushes, and laid my head down on a mossy stone and slept by the fountain. watched the fleecy clouds moving and listened to the low monotony of music and voices till I grew drowsy. Soon voices grew more distinct, and two figures came near me, and sat down on the arbor seat, which awoke me in truth, for they were Aulene and the stranger. The pathos in their voices was akin to love, and I fell to thinking again. How beautiful it would be for a proud heart, after a long quest, to find something worthy of its love.

"Is the temptation gone, Aulene?" Thus I spake late that night, as I was sitting on a low ottoman, my head lying among the crimson folds of Aulene's wrapper, and my hands holding both her's. The tears flashed up in the liquid eyes, and down two by two on the white hands.

"What is it, Aulene? Tell me."

"Are you my father-confessor?"
"Yes."

"Then I must make a clean breast of it, I suppose. Did you ever make for your-

self an earthly idol, Endie?"

"This has been forbidden, Aulene, but I know my weakness. Thus far I have prayed, my darling friend, Deliver me from temptation."

"So have I—so have I! But the temptation is here. If it were not, I am strong. It is intertwined with my heart strings, Endie, and I must break them off, one by one, with my own fingers—break them off, and let the life blood ooze out; know-

ing, too, I might purchase happiness by

deception."
"What do you mean, Aulene? I don't understand you.

"I cannot confess, not to him, that I

The waters of March have flowed at its feet, ever, and drank up its life and wasted its beauty. It will not matter, Endie; there will be no one to mourn me. I can die here as well as beneath the skies of my Sunny South; and Endie, darling, don't let a flower ever bloom upon my grave. For remember that but one ever bloomed

upon my life, and that slew me."
"Why must this be, Aulene, my gifted,

beautiful friend?"

"Fate has willed it so. I can die now, with the knowledge that he loves me. I might have lived longer had I never known it. I was a great actress, Endie. Why do you shudder? Do you think no virtuous woman ever earned her bread on the stage?"

"Yes—yes! but there is such a ban on them. It is well for dainty ladies to set for hours under the bewildering spell of a star actress, but how they would gather their robes if they should meet the en-chantress on the street, and exclaim 'Oh

my!""
"I know all this, Endie; but it was the only way offered me to earn independence; and there is a kind of glory in act-

ing those grand old tragedies."
"Clarence Milford would not marry an actress. It was on the stage that I first met him. He came every night, and looked at me with such a heavenly light in those beautiful eyes, that it renewed me-I could not bear it, and left the stage forever, to shut out the sweet beauty of his face. But he is here, and oh, so weak! What will I do, Endie?"

Again one of the village mansions was decorated—but this time for a bridal. There were tears and smiles there, but no face so white as Aulene's. The gentle arm she leaned upon might have guided her through the world, but had no power to drive the death-shade from her face. Not even when he whispered a wish that they were in the place of newly-wedded pairs, did the wild light go out of her eyes, or the crimson find its way back to her cheeks.

I had wandered into one of the rooms alone, and was sitting behind a curtain in a bay window, musing on the destiny of my cherished friend, when they entered. He was flushed and excited; she was agitated and ghastly. I heard him saying over some loving, pathetic words that he would never cease to love her; but he would never marry an actress. Why, he am the last branch of a withered tree. mouned, did she not tell him sooner? heart's blood. You are killing yourself, Lilian Ware. Tell me, darling friend, why is all this? If this fearful thing is true, you can at least let your bosom friend know why. I appeal to you, Lilian, by all the sacred memories of the past."

Lilian Ware dropped the mocking smile she had worn—dropped the tone she had assumed, and threw herself at the feet of her most devoted friend, and crouching there with her head buried in her lapburst into an agony of tears. To her friend there was something terrible in this paroxysm; it was so unusual to see the icy hauteur of her friend disturbed in any way, and especially to see such violence as this. She passed her hand caressingly around her, endeavoring with soothing words and gentle caresses, to lull her to calmness, but in vain. The flood-gates of her heart were opened, and the angry tide of grief swept along nnchecked. After a time it exhausted itself, and she looked in her friends eyes once more with comparative calmness.

"There is something fearful in your weeping, Lillie dear. With me it is sometimes a daily occurrence, but I thought you, my stately, dignified friend, was not

one of the weeping kind."

"Althea, I have not wept thus for years. I never remember weeping many times in my life; but, my darling friend, if I had not wept now, it seems to me I would have gone mad. Oh, Althea, my earliest and best friend, pity me, for I am the most miserable of human beings."

"Lilian, I am sure it is this marriage that renders you so miserable. Tell me, my precious friend, in heaven's name why do you do it? Oh, why sacrifice ao you do it? Oh, why sacrifice your bright young life on the altar of gold!"
"Althea Mason, have you ever felt the

curse of dependence!"

"I have not."

"Then I can explain to you why I commit this sin against myself, and against heaven. If you knew the pride in which my heart is intrenched, how mighty and enduring it is, and then if you knew the galling and festering chains of dependence, the daily and hourly misery I have endured for years, you would not ask me why I am determined to escape it, even at the cost of my life."

"My dear little friend, how much I pity

you! but are you not leaping into a life

whose agony will be worse?

"No, Althea; my imagination cannot picture a life more miserable than mine

has been."

" You do not know, Lillie, how infinitely fierce are the pangs or sorrows caused by

sin. Think of this before you leap, my

dear friend."

"I only know the life I lead cannot a day longer be made endurable. No. Althea, I never will, by the help of heaven, be taunted again with my poverty and de-pendence. I will never go forth again to mingle with the gay, clad in garments grudgingly given. There are but two ways of escaping from it—marriage or suicide!"

"If you cannot bear dependence cannot

you work, Lillie?"
"What can I do, Althea? I have been so brought up I am perfectly helpless; I have no way of earning a dollar. I am accustomed from infancy to every description of luxury. Thrown on my own retion of luxury. Thrown on my own resources I would starve. It is no use talking, Allie, dear. This story has haunted me for months; my doom is sealed, and no one can change it."

" My poor Lilian!"

"Don't pity me, Althea, but rather despise me, scorn me—anything but pity me, for heaven's sake!"
"But tell me one thing, Lilian. Do you

not love another?"

"No, thank God! I have not that misery. I have had my childish fancies, and my school-dreams, but I have never loved as a woman should love, as I am capable of loving; if I did, death should not drive me to wed another; for I feel, Allie, dear, that when I do love, that mine will be no common love.

"You are to marry a cold, world-loving, selfish man, who never had a tender emotion in his heart. You are young, with a heart overflowing with tenderness, which you cannot lavish upon him, for he will repulse you with scorn, telling you that happiness does not consist in kind caresses, and under such influence your heart will starve for the want of sympathy. Lilian, you may learn to love another, when alas! it will be too late."

"God forbid, Althea, my true friend—I say, God forbid."
"In the nature of things it can scarce be otherwise. It is as natural for a warm, susceptible heart to love as to live. The heart will go out to seek its affinity. It is heart will go out to seek its affinity. It is impossible for such a being as you, Lilian, with such depths of tenderness and passion in your heart, such founts of lavish love to be expended upon some one with royal extravagance—it is impossible for you to go through life, with your enthusiastic na-ture, with all the imperial agonies and blisses of a grand passion without loving."
"God will help me, Althea."
Althea Mason saw there was nothing

and upon one great balance did as it were, wonder at the world's account; wonder how little good it has been credited with, and how great a charge of evil appears against it. Then hope challenges despair, against it. Then hope channel es us gran, steps in to our aid, and rescues us from the wretched condition of believing that our case is hopeless. Ah! Hope is our guardian angel! She watches us; she hovers over us, and spreads her shining wings over our pathway; she guards the iron railing of life that hems us in; she raises us from the mire and clay; she points upward to a celestial city. The last words of Keats are full of pathos and beauty. "I feel," he said "the flowers growing over me." How great is hope! how lofty, how noble, how satisfying in the hour of triel. the hour of trial.

Faith and Hope are twin-sisters, beautiful in symmetry, in whose countenances beam sweet smiles of affection and love.

How valuable was hope to Bishops Latimer and Ridley!

To Zwingle, the great German reformer,

livening rays down into the deepest, darkest recesses of the human heart!

Hope reaches the most degraded and fallen of our fellows; whispers in the drunkard's ear, "Reform! Reform! turn back to the happy days of old." He dashes down the poisoned cup and hopes to be a man once more. She reaches the criminal in the lonely dungeon, and, with her still, small voice, bids him repent, ask for pardon, and place his hope on high. Hope led Orpheus to the infernal regions, to the palace of Pluto, seeking his long-lost Eurydice. Hope led Menelaus and his Grecians to demand the beautiful Helen at the very gates of Troy. Hope is the rudder of every barque, the compass that guides us in the morning, in the noonthat guides us in the morning, in the noon-tide, and in the evening of life. She is the north star of the heart, the golden link in the chain of life, the silken cord that keeps the heart from breaking. Without hope the vessel goes down. Worn with despair "the palace of the soul, that temple where a God might dwell," becomes a fit repository for shattered reason; the lamp is extinguished by the breath of despair: wild winds of disappointment chill the soul, and life is transformed into a great where a God might dwen, becomes a new filled in battle. Gazing upon the blood issuing from his wounds he exclaimed: "They may kill the body, indeed, but have no power over the soul!" How beautiful the Sun of Hope, rising upon a world chilled and benumbed by despair, in all its full beauty, sending its warm, en-

# LILIAN WARE; OR THE HEART STRUGGLE.

LIAN Ware, are you mad?" and the speaker glanced up at the beautiful girl, whom she had ad-dressed with a look of almost terrified sur-

prise.
"On the contrary, Althea, dear; I was never more sane in my life, nor calmer."

"Then you surely do not mean what you have said; tell me that you do not-

pray tell me that you do not, my darling Lilian, and I will bless you forever."

"I mean just what I say; no more nor no less. I am to be married just one month from to-day. It will be June then—a delightful month. A friend of mine used to call it the nightingale of months." "Married to Herbert Garth?"

"Certainly, my dear Althea, what do you see out of the way in that? Hasn't he a hundred thousand of that precious your eyes burn like a glowing coal, and he a hundred thousand of that precious your cheeks are redder than your own

gold which all the world are seeking? Shall not I be perfectly happy in that gilded palace of his, with the brown-stone front in the most aristocratic part of the city? Will not my diamonds be more radiant, my pearls purer, and my laces more costly than any other woman's in all Vanity Fair? Fie, Althea, dear, isn't this all a woman needs in this world? Say, shall I not be the most envied woman in the great metropolis, when my name is Lilian Garth?"

"Stop, Lilian, my darling friend, you shall not talk in that way, when you know that your sarcasm cuts your own heart like a knife; you know that your con-vulsed heart is suffering agony even now, while your lips are wreathed with smiles,

in our inmost heart. Lilian Garth, in the home of her unloving husband, did not know what made her so happy, sitting there in the warmth and light of her room. If she had known, she would have shuddered, and fled from herself with a wild cry of fear. She only knew that she was wrapped in some indefinable, bewildering spell of subtle pleasure—that the world glowed with rose tints, and the life of the last few months with its repressed affections, its cramping, warping restraint, and its barrenness of emotion, seemed a hideous nightmare from which she had escaped, and that now her heart seemed to be flowing forth with tenderness which she had never realized before. She did not yet acknowledge that toward one her heart went out, that one pair of eyes had power to thrill her, that one voice alone awoke certain chords in her heart, that the pressure of one hand moved her to the depths of her being. Yet it was so. Un-conscious to herself, love was weaving its silken meshes over her heart; and alas! for her to love was sin.

Clarence Merton was a man made especially to be loved—one of those grand, splendid specimens of manhood whom nature delights in putting forth but once in a century, just to show the world she has not forgotten how—a man whom women love naturally, as they love to be loved—a man, too, who understands and appreciates woman to the fullest extent—upon whom no shadow of emotion of tenderness or feeling was ever lost. He devoted himself to Lilian Garth at first as a study. He was too deeply versed in the mysteries of the human heart to believe her to be the cold, unfeeling, haughty being she appeared to the world. He believed she had a heart—he believed her unhappy, and pitied her. He attempted to console her—and ended by loving her. Loving her wildly, deliriously, madly—loving her as few other men could love—as few men in all the congress of creatures have lovedas few men in all the hereafter of the world will love—loved her until his eyes seemed athirst for her whole soul and body; his lips seemed formed but for breathing passionate adoration in her ears, until all sources of life to him assumed but one tone of love.

Oh, the wretched sadness of such a love! and yet what an infinite glory it gives life; and yet it requires a surpassing intellect to generate such a love. It reveals wonderful capacities of the soul.

For a time they forgot the sin of their loving in their blessedness. They remembered nothing but that they were delic- passionate entreaty, he went on:

iously happy, that the world reveled in bliss, and that the heavens seemed hanging in elysian delight. Week after week fled by in this delicious trance. They were constantly together, and knew-for quickly comes such knowledge—that they were loved; but as yet no word was spoken, no expression given to what had grown to be their lives; and yet they knew they were loved. Oh, if we could look beneath the surface of things, how many such unlawful loves should we discover, how many hearts into which we should shudder to look; for there is noth-ing more terrible in life than such a love. In how many hearts should we find buried idols, draped and shaded away from all the world, but to whom they burn incense in their heart's most holy of holies daily.

It had grown summer, and the earth had put on its coronet of leaves and was dancing in the plenitude of joy. A large party were gathered in one of the country seats up the Hudson, and were spending the time in dancing, song and mirth. Clarence Merton and Lilian Garth were alone on one of the shaded porticos, leaning there, arm in arm, watching the brilliant aurora in the northern sky. They had been silent a long time, each feeling too deeply for words—but at last he spoke in a low tone that harmonized well with the evening hush of nature:

" How beautifully the shimmers spangle the northern sky to-night! All the rest of the heavens are dark—dark as my life would be without your love. You are the bright northern light of my life, darling. Do you not feel how much I love you, Lilian?"

The slight form leaning so close to his began to tremble; the little hand upon his arm fluttered like a frightened bird but she did not speak.

He continued:

"Lilian, my love is martyring me. It can no longer be held in check. It has been beating against my life like a torrent these many weeks. It has worn away all the embankments of what the world calls honors; it has overleaped all the bul-warks of public opinion; it has conquered me, hard as I have striven against it, until now I care for nothing but to fold you to my heart and defy the world and death to separate us!"

He felt the slight form of the woman he loved sway to and fro as if contending with some overpowering emotion; he felt her breath come thick and fast—saw the deathly pallor of her face and the unearthly light in her eyes, and in a voice of

"Tell me Lilian, in blessings name, tell me that you are mine. I know how madly you love me—you can imagine something of my devotion. Tell me, darling, in the name of mercy, that all this love is not in Tell me it is not the curse, but the ing glory of my life. Tell me, my crowning glory of my life. Tell me, my precious one, that you will forget the world, its cold customs, its restraints, its censures, and will flee with me where our own love may have free expresion; where you may be mine—my own sweet wife!"

Could the heart resist such passionate pleadings from the man she loved more than her own soul? Could her heart resist the temptation which was more potent than death itself? How the angels looked from heaven that night to see how far a soul could resist! How their pitying eyes moistened to see the battle that was then raging in the poor tried heart!

Lilian Garth had no power to utter a word. This last trial had come upon her so suddenly that she knew not how to combat it. She had never thought of this before. She had yielded herself up to the entrancing passion of loving and being loved blindly, without any thought of the future. Now this great revelation of dread dawned upon her with overwhelming powers. She felt his arm steal softly around her waist with no power to resist. She felt herself struggling in the folds of the net of destiny. Should she ever extricate herself?

He drew her closer and closer to him, all the time with his passionate pleadings in her ear, his breath upon her cheek, and at last, his lips pressed fondly to hers. All at once a wave of bettter times, the times of her childhood's days, swept over her, and she remembered, as if by inspiration from heaven, the time when she kneeled by her mother's knee, and prayed: "Lead

us not into temptation."

She gently, but firmly disengaged his arm from around her waist, heaved a sob that came from the bottom of her heart, and knelt at his feet, crying in agony: "God help me!"

Calmness came with that cry both to

her and to Clarence Merton.

She felt that she had been delivered from a great sin, and he thanks God that she did not yield to his implorings, and in the calm which followed they both grew stronger and better until they resolved to lead noble and honorable lives—to feel all the sublimities of terrible suffering, but to do no wrong.

Their parting that night was like the parting of the dying. To whatever hope or joy their lives might have been looking | darling ! Ah, I know your poor tried

they bade adieu, and took up the burden of life once more with a lone voice in their hearts: "It might have been!"

The waves of two eternities, past and future, closed, and the hour we have depicted, and none but the recording angel knew the strength of these two grand souls. Let us hope that he blotted out the record of it with his tears.

O fiercely tried hearts throughout all the graud battle-field of the world! when sorely pressed at the right and at the left, when surrounded by temptations in thickcoming battalions, when nigh to yeilding, let your cry be:

God help me!"

Clarence Merton, after bidding Lilian a long farewell that night, arranged his affairs and left his native land, and wandered for years in distant climes, but passing like night from land to land, with an ever restless sorrow in his heart; but fighting manfully against his heart-rending fate.

In the quietude of her own home, Lilian Garth spent the fleeting years, seeking only to know her duty and to do it with exactness. She grew gradually to learn the deepest meaning of this life of tears, and to feel more and more fully the truth that no substantial happiness is found on this side of the grave. She endeavored by genial smiles and gentle words to soften the rough places in her husband's nature, but alas! their natures were as different as sunshine and shade. No unison of feeling existed between them and she was power-

less to change their natures.

Death at length with sudden hand removed the hard, cold man from her side, to whom she had faithfully done the duties of a wife, if one can be said to do a

wife's duty without loving.

Then she lived on quietly, almost happily, for years, but with that gaping void in her heart that every woman has, who has no one to lay his hand on her head and say with a thrill in his voice: "Darling, I love you!"

One evening, a stranger came to her at her home, when she was alone, retrospecting the past-a stranger bronzed with years spent under a foreign sky -a stranger who was no stranger in days gone by ; none other than Clarence Merton, and he resumed his old place by her side, and once more he took her tiny hand in his, and his head bent close to hers, as with passionate tenderness, he whispered to her

"Lilian, do you not feel that I love you still? It is not a sin to love you now, my

heart is hungry for my love; your poor head weary to repose fondly upon my faithful breast! Come, my precious one, to my arms and I will endeavor by my devotion, to make you forget the blight of your past life. I will strew soft sweet flowers all along your life-path, which can only bud and bloom in the garden of a congenial heart. Say, will you be mine, dearest? "

There was no struggle this time; no cry or prayer for mercy-for Lilian felt that God had smiled upon them now.

No love is blesssed without his approving smile. God help all those who love wrongfully to see it! And may heaven grant grace to those who are uncongenially suited, to bear the burden of such a life with christian fortitude, for it is a sore trial.

# NORTHERN ARISTOCRACY.

ARGE, serious, self-communing, midnight eyes; a finely chiseled mouth that expresses more than ordinary sensitiveness, with a great degree of reserve; masses of lustrous brown hair over a forehead too prominent for beauty, but characteristic of intellect; a slender, graceful figure—such was the governess, sitting in the recessed window of the dining-room and making low answers to the rambling shots of Ida and Ella, the two youngest daughters of the proud and aristocratic Mrs. Norman Kingsbury.

Frowning over her morning paper, her glass in hand, and her morning cap coquettishly perched on the side of her head, Mrs. Norman Kingsbury reclined luxu-riously on her wide fauteuil. Her large person afforded ample space for the display of the astonishing pattern of her wrapper, the scarlet facing of which fell away from an elaborately embroidered underskirt, which in its turn revealed two pudgety feet encased in gay toilet slippers and comfortably resting on a crimson tootstool. The very impersonation of the pride of life was this gaudy, luxurious, indolent woman, reading with heavy drooping eyelids, and turned-down corners of the mouth, expressive of dissatisfaction.

Ethel, her eldest daughter sat opposite, sipping her coffee slowly and glancing occasionally at an open letter lying before her. The corners of her mouth turned down also, and her large blue eyes met yours with the same insolent stare as that yours with the same insolent stare as that of her mother. At forty, she would be a with my high-bred daughter! Why it is second edition of Mrs. Norman Kings- preposterous. I would as soon live south bury, but at twenty, with the advantage and own slaves, where I could keep them

of youth and freshness, she was decidedly a very pretty girl. Sipping her coffee, she commented on the letter before her.

"Raymond will be here at ten o'clock. Ma, have you given John any orders?"
"Miss Hickman was requested to do so. Pray, Miss Hickman, did you comply with my wishes?"

The governess answered by a very cool

"Thank you. Ethel, what does Raymond say?" "Here is the letter; or if it is too much to decipher hieroglyphics, read the editorials in this morning's paper—it amounts to the same thing. Raymond is vulgarly enthusiastic.

Mrs. Kingsbury's eyes drooped in dis-

approbation.

Enthusiasm! The idea of a Kingsbury having enthusiasm with every mechanic and common person in the Union! It is very well for him to fight if he likes to amuse himself that way,—the race he comes from are no cowards, but as to the enthusiasm, I wish they would leave the settling of that to me—I would pack all such low persons as mechanics, off south with the negroes, and keep them there and keep them down," and the slippered foot went down with emphasis on the gay footstool. "There would be but two classes-ours and the white slaves. Republicanism is all very well to talk about to get men into office, but the very idea of under with a rod, if it were not for the great national sin of slavery, that our holy men have so often warned us of from the sacred desk. Do you remember Miss Dean, who lived near us and went to the

same school with you, Ethel?"
The daughter lifted her languid eyebrows, and shrugged her drooping shoulders, with a peculiar Yankee style, as an indication of the faintest possible shade of remembrance of the vulgar existence of

some such person.

You know she is only a farmer's daugh-Well, she has married young Leaton. Yesterday, I met her at Mrs. Elliott's and you should have seen the airs she assumed. I really believe she thinks herself our equal because she has been admitted into our set."

"Kate Vaughn is coming here this morning," broke in Ethel, sublimely indifferent as to what her mamma was saying about the aspiring Mrs. Leaton. asked her here to meet Raymond."

"She is a fine, stylish girl, and will have quite a fortune," said Mrs. Kingsbury; though I understand that her grandfather

was once a poor man."

Nine rang out from the little gilded clock on the mantel. Mrs. Norman Kingsbury at the sound, left sundry air castles which she had been building to stand or fall, as best they might, while she turned

her attention to the governess.
"Miss Hickman, will you "Miss Hickman, will you have the goodness to give the young ladies their skating lesson? And Miss Hickman, will you have the extreme kindness to send Sarah here as you pass the laundry? And Miss Hickman, recollect that this lesson is not to last above an hour. Dr. Ellis says that is quite enough for beginners."

"An eminently proper person," said Mrs. Kingsbury, turning to her daughter. " She is always so quiet, and so thoroughly understands her place. I fancy that she appreciates the manner in which I always address her. I never forget that my servants have souls—I have been so much better than those people down south who believe that their servants are destitute of souls."

And the aristocratic Mrs. Kingsbury leaned back in her fauteuil, looking like unrecognized and unrewarded virtue itself

Oh, if she could have read aright what was passing in the mind of that "eminently proper young person!" If she could have read aright the flush that rose on her cheek when addressed—the quick dropping of the large, intellectual eyes, not as for a moment, saying:

indicative of timidity, and the proper embarrassment of an inferior, but of the angry leap of blood at that insulting courtesy which set her apart from ordinary humanity, and bade her observe and be grateful for the condescension of a low, vulgar and overbearing woman—the fierce revolt, the secret self-assertion, the impetuous longing to give stupidity and arro-gance the lie, kept in check by an iron will-what would Mrs. Norman Kingsbury have said?

What sacerdotal sighs she would have heaved over the ingratitude of poor persons, while reading the heart of that eminently proper young person walking to-wards the little pond with her daughters, where they were wont to take what their mother loftily termed their skating les-

Snow covered the sloping lawn and lay thick and soft over the pines of the low hills beyond. The sky was lovely, not with sunlight, but with a tender subdued brightness, as though light shone through a vail of soft gray mist. On just such days Ettie Hickman had not given skating lessons, but had taken them with her dear, only brother, at their beautiful cottage at Riverside, whose death had left her pen-niless. Tender recollections, loving reniless. membrances shone out in her expressive eyes. Vigorous exercise gave her com-plexion the bloom of which confinement had deprived them—wrong and insult, self-watchfulness and reserve were forgotten, the fire of a loving, joyous nature burst through the ice of cold reserve, and Ettie looked what she really was-won-, drously beautiful

As Fate would have it, just then came up Raymond Kingsbury. He had hurried down to the pond after embracing his sister and mother, to see his little favorite Ada, whose gentle, loving character contrasted strangely with the atmosphere of his uncongenial aristocratic home.

Ethel was forced, in spite of her prejudice against everything bearing the name of Kingsbury, to acknowledge that he was

at least agreeable.

"He is like them at heart," she thought,

"and he does not know that I am poor."
So when he laughingly asked for an introduction, which his little sisters had forotten to give, with a proud curl of the

lip, she said:
"I am the governess."
Raymond Kingsbury did not look dismayed, did not shrink from her in holy horror, but he only looked keenly at her "Ah, that is fearful! I do not wonder that you announce the fact in so solemn a manner; still I presume you have as much individuality as is pressed into a name?"

"Oh, Miss Hickman, look here!" Ada

exclaimed.

"There! I was sure of it!" parenthesized her brother, "I was sure you had a name."

But Ettie gave no answering smile, but only a cool good-morning, as she left him

at the door of the house.

"Poor, pretty, and proud as Lucifer," was Raymond's mental synopsis, as he strolled down the walk. "Pity she is a

governess. I rather like her."

And then he forgot her, as she kept out of his way, and appeared as much as sible like an animated statue, if she happened to meet him, until, one day coming into the library, he surprised Ettie and his little sister at a game of romps. All her splendid hair was down upon her shoulders, falling to her waist in brown, lustrous waves. Flushed, gleeful, sparkling was the pale girl he had seen gliding about the house like a ghost. On seeing Raymond, she began hastily to gather up her hair and to fall back into her ordinary expression.

"Don't, don't!" pleaded he, as he saw dimples, smiles and color all gone, "don't put on the governess again—at least, not just yet. I won't betray you. On my honor, I promise never to tell any one

that you can look-"

He was going to say, "Tovely", but he hesitated and substituted: "as you looked just now, if you won't go back to Nova

Zembla just yet."

Ettie was silent, but her looks were not arctic, and sitting down, Raymond entered into a conversation with her, and ere she was aware of it, she had poured out her pent-up thoughts to him in a storm of sublime eloquence.

Thus time passed until the sound of a clock recalled Ettie to her duties and a recollection of what she was saying. The next time she met Raymond Kingsbury, she was colder than ever. If he had been a blank wall or dead leaf, her eyes would

have expressed as much.

One evening, smoking a cigar in the conservatory, Raymond heard full, deep chords coming from the dim unlighted drawing room. Some one was playing. It was not his sisters, for it was no unpracticed hand, but the touch of an artist. Clearly then, it must be the governess.

Now, if there was anything that en-

tranced Raymond, it was music, and getting up, he went towards the door of the drawing-room. As he reached it, she began a mournful ballad, singing low as if to herself.

The twilight darkened around the slender figure at the piano and the listening one in the door. The song suddenly came to an end in something like a sob, and Raymond Kingsbury saw the pretty head sink lower and lower until it rested on her clasped hands. Then came such an outburst of sorrow, such passionate exclamations, such a tempest of sobs as seemed fairly to rack her frame. He would as soon have committed sacrilege as spoken to her then, and he stole noiselessly to his room to meditate. He could not carry the remembrance of that weeping girl to the

room.

In the morning, to the astonishment of the household, Raymond Kingsbury did not dash off in a sleigh or on horseback, but lounged about the house until the children's morning lesson was over, and he caught a glimpse of the black dress going out a side-door into the grounds.

light and unmeaning chat of the drawing-

ing out a side-door into the grounds.

Any one would have supposed that he had been waiting for that from the alacrity with which he followed the light figure down the snow covered walks, until she paused near a group of pines, familiarly known as "the grove", standing there motionless, as if lost in thought.

"Miss Hickman," commenced Ray-

mond after a moment's pause, in which it is presumed that he was recruiting his courage, "last evening I, by accident, saw or rather heard you while you were at the piano in the drawing-room."

" Well!

He continued somewhat embarrassed by

her cool hauteur:

"I have no wish to force myself or my friendship upon you, but I cannot forget, —I cannot help feeling an interest in you. I am sincere and frank. You have stirred feelings in my heart that I thought had been frozen out by the heartless bearing of my mother and sister. If you could regard me as a true, sympathetic friend, I would—"

"How is it possible that friendship could exist between us—what have we in common? What claim have I on you?"

"The claim of humanity, to which I see by your curling lip and flashing eye that you will not stand indebted. Well then, we have at least this in common: education and refinement of feeling. You are lonely, desolate, and depressed. Let me be—"

" And so you offer me the alms of your

pity?"
"You do me injustice. I have told you previously that you have a peculiar attraction for me. I would have sought your acquaintance under any circumstances. I would be less than a man after what I saw last night, if I had not at least tried to offer you comfort, and, if possible, aid. Not from pity, as you scornfully term it, but from the warmest promptings of my heart. In walking about under the mask of impassibility, making reserve and self-dependence your motto, you are continually violating the laws of your warm and enthusiastic nature. You are deadening everything genial in your heart and are learning to distrust everything— growing morbid and petty, fostering every day the growth of a pride as intense and monstrous as that which so hurts and wounds you in the house. O Ettie! think of what you are doing, and save me and save yourself from becoming misanthropes. Let us not distrust all, because false pride is now governing society, float-ing over the surface of the world-tide. Forgive me, Miss Hickman, if I speak too plainly, but deadly diseases require sharp remedies.

Here he waited. Ettie stood silent with downcast eyes, but did not make an effort

to speak.

"You cannot forgive me—you repulse my friendship as false as the spirit that rules society. You distrust all mankind, and you so young. O Ettie! if you could read my heart, you would become my guardian-angel. But I have offended beyond forgiveness. Miss Hickman, I will leave this vicinity immediately. I cannot remain here and see you suffer from indignities heaped upon you without offering my sympathy. I would that you had a brother upon whose arm you might be always able to lean, and whose heart you could trust."

A little hand was laid timidly upon his arm as he turned to go, and tears stood in Ettie's eyes. This was enough: the ice was broken-they understood each other.

-In the three weeks Raymond Kingsbury was at home, he established a friendship between himself and Ettie. When a lady of twenty and a gentleman of twenty-five establish a friendship, and the aforesaid young lady is pretty, accomplished, and intellectual, and the gentleman whole-

souled, warm-hearted and sympathetic, how long does it take this friendship to ripen into love?

Kate Vaughn saw what the mole-eyed pride of Mrs. Kingsbury never detected. When their eyes were at last opened, then came storm and tempest; but the strong and inflexible will of Raymond Kingsbury cowed them into silence at last. But his most serious difficulty was with Ettie herself.

"I will never enter a family where I have been despised and treated as a menial," she vowed hotly one day when he had been urging an early day for their

marriage.
"Then you do love my mother better than you do me? Ettie, this is unkind." The hot blood rushed to her very tem-

"You know, Raymond, that I love you better than anything on earth," she said with downcast eyes, "but how could I bear to know what the world would say?"

"Ettie, that is your pride speaking—not your love, my little darling! If you really prefer me above all the world, stand up bold in your preference and scorn the false pride that governs society. "
A sacrifice of some sort is always a wo-

man's demonstration of her love: so Ettie thought and she yielded, though not without a struggle.

Last week everybody received their wedding cards; this week everybody is

saying:
"Well, what a remarkably fortunate woman Ettie Hickman is! She has done is almost a millionaire. What a pity he did not marry in his own set! He could have gotten any wealthy girl in the city; but Mrs. Kingsbury told me in confidence that he always had old-fogy notions that she could not estimate. Poor fellow, how I pity him!"

Little does Raymond Kingsbury and his happy wife care for sympathy, for they are happy in themselves and a few congenial friends whom they chance to meet, that do not believe that money constitutes the person, as is tolerated by Northern aristocracy, or that family will hide all deficiencies, as is taught by the Southern aristocracy, but that true moral and intellectual worth should be recognized as the most enviable laurel that can adorn our brow, that pertains to this life.

#### MY BROTHER.

my twenty-ninth year and my brother eighteen. My mother died when he was six years old and left him to my care. He was tall for his eighteen years, and a beauty that was almost royal. Fair-haired and blue-eyed, and a certain regality about his entire person that was noticeable in the most crowded and aristocratic assemblies. In my secret heart I worshipped that boy. O my God, how I loved that boy! holding him not second to Thee, but transgressing Thy commandments and placing him between us!

The winter he was eighteen, there came to B— a beautiful girl, a stranger, from the fair city of Philadelphia. I might say a beautiful woman, for she was four and twenty. There was a nameless fascination about her that won upon all hearts, and ere the season fairly opened she was the star of our circle, and no coterie was complete without the beautiful Helen Hartington. Reader, have you ever admired any one exceedingly, and yet distrusted them? Such were my feelings to the fair woman who had come among us, and it was with great throes of anguish and it was with great throes of anguish that I saw Victor yield himself to the spell of her beauty. That she was making a point of winding her spells around my boy, I could plainly see; but I was powerless to save. Had it been some freshearted young girl, I might have lamented this early loving, but not deplored it. But this woman of four and twenty, well were die the arts of country and well versed in the arts of coquetry and woman's wiles-what should I do to save him from rashly periling the rich jewel of his love? Had Victor been other than he was, I should have let matters take their course; and after the play was played out to the end, congratulate myself that the love (so coarsely called "calf-love") was safely over. As it was, I knew that for Victor there would be but one loving. I had marked the boy well as he grew up; the passionate tenderness of his nature; the noble purposes of his soul. Closer and closer she wound the unseen chain around my brother, until he lived but in her presence, and his glorious eyes grew

T the time my story opens, I was in | love that had crept into his heart, and I-God forgive me!-was fast learning to

hate her.

I sat in my chamber one night, looking out at the wintry sky and cold mooncold, like my own heart and prospects. An orphan and desolate—and the boy for whose sake I had lived, when life seemed worse than mockery, estranged from me. Away off on a Western prairie there was a grave on which this wintry moon looked down. There the one love of my life was sleeping. To-night, my soul grew hun-gry for death. I yearned to join my mate. I heard again his last words: "I will wait for you over the river.' Never since Victor was a little boy, had I been so an-guished. Then I used to moan and weep when the snow and rain beat upon that far-away grave; but of late years, the grave boy and quiet student had filled the waste places in my heart and I had ceased my outcries. To-night, heavy tides of anguish surged through my soul. I shivered and moans escaped through my tight-shut lips, as I thought of my utter deso-lation, if Victor was lost to me. A light step upon the stairs, and Victor came into the room. Quickly the bitter tide of anguish was rolled back, and once more I was Rachel Brandt, spinster.

"Ah, sister, you are alone!"

And the boy whose very presence was an exhilaration to me, flung himself, boy-ish fashion, upon the floor, and laid his dear head on my knee.
"Wasn't Mrs. Hale's ball splendid—and

wasn't my Helen beautiful? Ah, sister, you have often told me I was a man in stature, and now I am a man in heart.'

Then came a history of his love in glowing, beautiful language. His eves lit up and his face was like one inspired. I was afraid to tell him what I thought of this false woman he loved, lest I should lose

my hold upon him. I dared not, just yet.

"How soft your hair is, Rachel, and how purplish black!" he said dreamily.

"Did the world ever seem so fair and

bright to you, my sister?"

He little knew of the pale sleeper on the Western prairie! How beautiful he misty if her name fell upon his ear.

We mutually ayoided talking of the fair to ward off sorrow from your boy! and stranger. Victor was shy to speak of the shipwreck of a heart, bas overtaken him. O God, if we could have died then and there together!"

"What! tears, Rachel! You that never weep!" What is it dear?"

How fast he was learning to be a man! "Rachel" and "dear" in place of the "sister" he had used from his babyhood.

Some of the sorrow tugging at my heart must have flashed into his; for suddenly he burst into uncontrollable weeping.

I had promised mother to protect her boy from sorrow, and this weak shrinking from duty was cowardly. I must show him the rocks on which he was drifting even though I cut through my own heart

Then I told him of the character she bore—that of a heartless coquette—that she was calling out all the deep feelings of his soul, only to minister to her own

pleasure.

He sprang to his feet as if a knife had pierced him; if it had not been for my tears and sobs he would have left me in anger. Things seemed reversed. I felt like a weak, frail woman, and he, the child I had reared—that had slept next to my heart for twelve long years, my child in everything save that another bore him, he seemed like a man strong in his anger.

We parted at night with our usual good-night kiss, but he seemed far away from me. All night I lay prone upon the floor. Already I seemed to see the beginning of the end, and I wrestled all night in prayer

for my precious brother.

Next day, I called upon Miss Harting-ton: I told her of our idolized father's sad death at sea; of how my mother pined for the sheltering care she had been used to; and missing it so much, how she had died for the want of it; and with her dying breath, had left my little fair-haired

brother to my care.
She listened with polite attention—nothing more. Not one softening shadow stole into her beautiful face. I told her of my great love for Victor; of how he was all I had left to love. I spoke of her own great beauty; of how that beauty had won her many lovers, and begged her to spare my younger brother. She smiled scornfully,

and said:

"The boy was a fool to think that she loved him. She was but passing the time

away."

How I reached home I never knew; but I fell in a dead faint upon the threshold. When I revived, Victor was bending over me with ashen lip.

"Rachel, sister, what was wrong? You never fainted in your life before!"

Then I told him all. He grew pale as death, and sat down suddenly. From a child he had never doubted my word, and I saw he was much shaken. He sat with his face bowed upon his hands for a long time; then raising a face that seemed to have grown old in an hour, he said:

"From henceforth and forever, Rachel, you are the only woman whom I will ever you are the only woman trust. This story you have told me explains a letter I received an hour ago from Miss Hartington addressed to 'Master'

Victor Brandt."

Next day, Miss Hartington left B—. Days, weeks and months passed away, but they brought no change to our changed household. Victor was Victor no more; but in his stead, a grave, pale man sat by me at table and at the fireside. At the close of the year, he went to Europe, and for five weary years, his home was on transatlantic shores. Then came a letter that he was coming home. I watched for his coming, but though he had landed in New York a month, he still lingered. Then came another letter that he was ill. and needed my care, In two days I was with him. Surely that bronzed man with the dark hair and beard could not be my brother! Only by his voice should I have known him. And yet he was singularly handsome with his bronzed skin and chestnut hair—darker even than chestnut. I playfully hinted at hair-dye. He was very ill for some days, and then the danger passed away, leaving him fitful and rest-less, unlike the calm Victor of other years. He proposed our spending the summer months in a pleasant town in New York. I gladly agreed, for just such country air he needed. But flowers and birds and country air brought him no peace. They did not reach the malady that was consuming him. Oh, how I prayed that the spell that was on him might pass away! that I might hear again his gay laugh and quick, firm step. But I lingered long over this, dreading what was to come. I soon noticed a change in him; the feverish restlessness had passed away, and in its stead came a manner calm and assured. To me he seemed like a man who had been deliberating some question and had now come to a decision. I had not long to wait ere the secret was revealed to me. He came into my room hastily, one night.

"Rachel, Helen Hartington is here! Look! She is even now walking in the garden, next door; it is a boarding-house. She has come there to spend the sum-

mer."

"How know you this, Victor?"

"I knew it before we came here. For-

give me, Rachel! I planned it all. I met her in New York the first night I arrived. That is why I lingered so long."

My soul sank within me.

"Do not grow so pale, Rachel; her power over me is gone. Rachel, I loved that woman with all the wealth of loving of which my nature was capable, albeit I was but eighteen—a 'stripling' as she said. The quiet life I had led with you, and the great love you had given me and encouraged within me, had made a man 'of me before my time. I gathered up all the most precions things of my life and laid them at her feet, and she set her heel upon them." (The latter words were almost hissed between his teeth.) lured me on to love her by a thousand wiles I should know how to value nowa thousand winning looks and stories, whose memory is present with me now. Rachel, I met her in New York; she did not know me, and I rapidly formed the idea of being introduced to her under my middle name of Deans. She was more beautiful than ever, but my heart hardened when I thought of the past. Jones was the only acquaintance I had in New York, and to him I told my secret, asking him to present me as Mr. Deans. He did so the more readily as he despised her for a false, scheming coquette. You often told me, Rachel, that I was the handsomest man you ever saw; this sounds like vanity, but it is not. All the vanity I ever had-all my ambitions, hopes and joys were swept into the maelstrom of my mad love. I was weak, I know. The world would call me a fool or a madman, but to me it matters not. I cast my all upon a single die-and lost. I thought that only women do that, but there was one man fool enough to do the same thing. Well, the cut of my coat or the cut of my face pleased the lady, and she desired an introduction. For a fortnight, I made daily visits to her house, and, Rachel, I have lived to see those fine eyes, once so scornful, melt and glow beneath my tone and glance, like a timid girl's. The boy has grown into a stately man, and the lady's heart is in his possession. What shall dy's heart is in his possession. he do with it?"

(I saw he was much excited.)
"Return it, my brother; sully not the
brightness of your spirit by revenge!"

And yet, my sister, revenge is sweet." "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord."
He left the room without a word, and in a moment more, I saw him in the garden with the arm of Helen Hartington drawn

showing the smooth, broad brow and the clustering curls. O my brother, my dead mother's only boy! would that you could have escaped a false woman's wiles! I knew by the light in the woman's eyes, that passionately as Victor once loved her she now loved him. How this fair, smiling woman had spoiled life for my brother! how his sensitive spirit had been stung by her scornful words? She looked lovingly upon him—"another Helen for whom an-other Troy might be lost." For a moment a feeling of bitterness arose in my heart, and I wished that she might suffer even as she had made him suffer. But God is never very far from his children, and before the wish was fairly born, it

I was kneeling by the window, watching the stars and thinking of my mother, when Victor came in. Her memory was full upon me, and the wail at my heart must have crept into my eyes, for he sat down beside me and drawing me close to

him, said tenderly:
"What is it, little sister?" (A name he had adopted since his return from abroad.) This tall six-footer had forgot my five and thirty years, and, as is com-mon with men of tender and sensitive natures, had a protecting care over me, and showed a thousand tendernessess (if I may use the word) which were most precious to me who had always stood next to the storm—that had never been shielded, except the brief time he had environed me with his love and tenderness. But I dare not think of that grave on the distant prairie to-night.

"What is it, little sister?"
"O Victor! if there were only you and

He understood me, though he affected not to, for he drew me closer to him and his lip trembled.
"It would be a strange world, Rachel,

with only you and I."

"Well, then, if Helen Hartington were far away—or dead. Oh, if her path had never crossed ours!"

The tenderness all fled from his face,

and rising, he paced the floor rapidly.
"Rachel, I love that woman, and yet nothing on earth would make me call her wife. She is false-hearted and unprincipled."

"Then give her up."

"Never, till I hear from her lips that she loves me."

He stood by the window gloomily. "Victor, come and sit by me. I have through his. He wore a becoming for-eign coat, and a cap without a visor, am very lonely. You were but a child,

and do not remember the last few hours of her life. All night long she lay dying. When the day dawned the messenger came. I carried you to her bedside, when laying her hand tenderly upon your rumpled curls, she prayed earnestly that God would always keep you pure in his sight. O Victor! if you could but remember that night as I remember it, it would be the saving of you now. The look of unutterable tenderness that lighted the dying eyes as her poor sleeping boy was led from the room."

It seemed as though words came without any effort of mine. I talked till I grew faint and worn, Victor sometimes replying, but oftenest sitting quiet. But not in vain were all these words, not in vain was the faintness and dizziness that almost overpowered me, for suddenly he sprang

up, exclaiming:
"Rachel, are you able to pack up tonight? If so, we will leave this town by the morning train. Henceforth we will suffice for each other, for surely you are

my guardian angel."

I sprang up hastily, all my weariness and faintness gone, and by two o'clock all was in readiness. We left at six in the morning, leaving the fair Helen sleeping, and dreaming doubtless of the new conquest she had made. But there; I wish I had not written that last; it savors of the bitter spirit I am trying to crush out of my heart. God forgive us, we are very weak.

Three quiet, happy years passed, bringing but little change, save that the silver threads crept in among the "purple-black hair" my brother thought so beautiful; and that brother's watchful care grew more tender as my cheeks grew paler, and my spinsterhood became more apparent.

But at last there came a change. fall of Sumter roused the nation's heart. My brother sprang to arms, or rather wished to; and I know not whether I was most glad or sorry when the examining physician pronounced him physically unfit for a soldier's life, he having been in frail God knows I loved my health for a year. country, but I loved my brother more. However, he did what he could. A friend wished to go, but dared not leave a frail wife and two babies alone. Victor offered to carry on the farm, and I to watch over the wife and babies—so Herman went to war. Perhaps God wrote opposite our names: "They have done what they could." How I watched Victor's limbs round into symmetry as the fresh, pure air brought him new strength, never thinking that the rounding of those limbs Can you forgive her?"

and the gaining of that strength was to bring me new sorrow. But I anticipate. Time passed on—the battle of Bull Run was fought and lost! Herman came home slightly wounded, to be nursed into health; then kissing his pale wife he donned his soldier trappings and went to the war again. Autumn and winter came again, and then spring. Herman lost a leg and arm at the battle of Ball's Bluff, and after weeks of suffering, came home to limp about his beautiful farm, a cripple for life; but with the same hero-heart he carried away. Victor and I returned to our home. He often spoke of the war, but I begged him to wait a little, till he grew stronger. He smiled quietly; but I knew he was none the less determined to raise his arm for his country's defense. But why defer the end? When the President's last call for troops thrilled through the nation, Victor left us, and selfish though I was, I was glad to have him go. What a handsome soldier he made, with his noble form, dark, flashing eye, and princely carriage!

At the second battle of Bull Run my Victor was wounded—" dangerously" the bulletin said. I was soon by his side in the hospital. Was it—could it be my Victor—this pale, battle-stained man? He was not suffering much, but he was fast entering the shadowy road, whose end is death. Here was the end then; there was no escape from it. True, I did not suffer alone. Here, in the same hospital, were others dying, who had wives, mothers, sisters to grieve for them. But it would not lighten my load though all the world should die. A young boy lay heavily sleeping his life away, under the influence of an opiate. A woman was bending tenderly over him, who started suddenly as my brother said:

"Get my little bible out of my pocket, Rachel, and read me the fourteenth chapter of John; then hold my hand in yours

till all is over."

One glimpse of her face was enough. It was Helen Hartington! I sprang forward, my finger upon my lip, dreading the effect upon my brother, but I was too She was already at his side.

"Stand back, woman! Are you mad? Do you not see my brother is dying?" "And so is mine; youder he lies. Oh, for God's sake let me hear your brother say he forgives me, before he dies!

She looked old and faded, and my heart was touched. I stooped down and whis-

"Victor, Helen Hartington is here; she is spirit-broken, and bowed with grief.

The stupor of death was fast creeping around him, but at the mention of that name he roused.

"My poor Helen. I have learned, in this dread hour, to think I had little to for-

"O Victor! I knew not till your letter worship was the Victor Brandt whose true, deep love I had scorned and slighted. But, Victor, the noble way in which you spared me made me a better woman. I saw my conduct in its true light, and from that hour I have been a changed woman.

I saw that my brother's attention was fixed upon her, and saw at the same time that his eye was filming over, and the inexplicable something creeping around his mouth that has stricken anguish to so many hearts. O God, would she never have done? After all these years would his last look be hers, his last thought be of her?

But he was true to me, my precious brother. He put his hand out, and feltall over the bed-clothes.

"Rachel, come!"

I was kneeling by his side in a moment. He drew my head upon his breast, and whispered:

"Darling, you are more precious to me than anything on earth. Your love and prayers have reclaimed and redeemed me.

Pray for me now."

With my lips close to his ear, I prayed. Though I saw, even then, he was struggling in death, strength was given me to pray. The chaplain, in his rounds, came to his bed. He saw how it was, and, kneeling reverently, with uncovered head, he repeated the prayers for the dying. At their close, my brother's spirit had flown to regain that of our mother. Poor Helen, wretched as I was, I pitied her. She knelt, or, rather, crept out of sight. I was selfish after all, or I would have given her a place near him.

I took my brother home, and buried him out of my sight. His horse still neighs in the stable, and his sword hangs

above my head.

To those who have not suffered as I have, it seems but a little while since the second battle of Bull Run, but I think it must be years.

Yesterday I read the death of Helen Hartington. She died of a fever contracted by nursing a sick soldier. God forgive me! I have felt almost jealous that she has gained my brother first!

# A LOVE STORY.

RENE Stuart was the most superb girl in Saratoga. It was difficult to tell to what peculiarity she owed her decided and acknowledged superiority to all others. There were others as tall as she was, with as graceful shoulders, as full bust, as regal a walk, and yet every one said "the most majestic woman in the It must have been the carriage of her head. There is something imperial about that, which few are gifted with by nature, and which art can never attain. It comes through long generations of good blood alone. I venture to say no peasant's child ever had it. It is the pe-culiar and distinguishing mark of aristocracy. That feeling of family pride which belongs to most well descended people-

and that exemption from all necessity of struggling to secure or retain a place, scarcely ever fails to give a half haughty and dignified carriage of the head, which, descending through generations, is discovered at a glance in any one that possesses it. You have all seen persons who had no pretensions to beauty, who yet possessed something which you would infinitely have preferred to beauty. This is what I mean. This certain air, this indefinable something which distinguishes those who come from a cultivated stock from those who spring from the masses. I am far from meaning the descendants of rich families in particular. Vulgarity may descend through generations of wealth as easily as through generations of poverty; that serene consciousness of one's position, and there is far less cultivation among

families of great wealth than in some who possess scarcely a moderate independence. What I mean may be called essentially the aristocracy of intellectual refinement, and may be found as often in the cottage as in the mansion; but in whatever place it is found, it carries all the graces and manners of good society with it, and draws a circle around it which all cannot enter, though they be bedecked with jewels and attired in costly silks.

And I am proud to add, being Southern born, that this peculiar character is found in the Sunny South proverbially. There, gentle reader, if you mingle in society, you will find that ladies are not recognized by the number of flounces they wear on their dresses, or the size of their waterfall, or the diamonds that may emblazon their doll faces, but are regarded according to their true intellectual worth, though they may be attired in plain apparel. How often have I heard our friends North complain of Southern ladies being too much inclined to mingle in political discussions, in which they mistake them, for I never heard of a Southern lady delivering a lec-ture on woman's rights; but I frequently meet those who are endowed with rare intellectual faculties, who read and inform themselves regarding the great funda-mental principles which constitute a good government, which is their privilege, and I maintain, their right; for is not woman the moulder of the minds of our youth, and is she not indissolubly connected with all that makes man good and great? She is his morning sun-light and his evening star. The grace, intellect and conversational powers with which she is gifted have their place in the mighty sway which she holds over his affections. Let the drapery of classic lore be festooned handsomely over her, and let her be decked with the rarest flowers of rhetoric, then she will be a fit companion for man. For when the cares of life press heavily upon him, and his feelings are lacerated to the utmost point of endurance by perpetual collision with heavy breakers in life's great drama, then let him have an intellectual companion, who can enter into all his feelings with zest and ability, and he will feel refreshed and vigorous to com-mence life's battle anew. But I have digressed; please pardon me, gentle reader, and I will resume my story. Irene Stuart had this high-bred intel-

lectual air with all its untold elegance, and the charm of it was not lost upon any who came within the circle of her influ-ence. Then she had one of those faces to

if intuitively. Pale, with but the slightest color in her cheeks, and with fair, clearcut features, dark lustrous eyes, with a world of thought sleeping in their liquid depths; then she had a voice whose silvery melody stirred up the deepest emotions of the soul.

Irene Stuart was no belle at Saratoga. She would not be a belle anywhere. She could not discuss the latest styles with sufficient fluency to be a belle, and was not fond enough of general and indiscriminate admiration for that, and she was proud of it too. She seemed to be admired by the many, but only the few upon whom she considered it worth her while to look.

Irene Stuart had a kind of a passion for superior men. Any man who was distinguished from the world by his talent, and who united with this true refinement, was sure of her attentions as soon as he presented himself. But talent, unless it was very extraordinary, did not make up for any deficiency of manners, nor manners however unexceptionable for any deficiency of talents. She treated the popular fobs of the day with the utmost hau-teur—hauteur all the more freezing because it was natural, and sprang from a total inherent indifference. Hence she could never be a belle, and most men gazed upon her as they would upon some chiseled flower of ice, of divine workmanship, indeed, but too cool to touch, and preferred some flower whose petals were easier to analyze, though less exquisite in design and execution.

But when a man approached who breathed an higher air, who had any of the odor of superior humanity about him, then the icy plant was endowed with life from root to blossom, and would burst forth with such effulgence that one would naturally suppose they were breathing the air ladened with the sweet odor of Dixie's sunny clime. Her intellect was of that subtle order which distinguishes between genuine and counterfeit at once, and when she discovered a genuine one it sent a gush of inspiration through her whole being.

She was, in its modest sense, a hero worshipper. Men of genius admired her as naturally as a flower loves the sunshine. It is the rarest thing imaginable to find a woman who really appreciates a man of some intellectual endowments. Many women have an admiration for them, but it is a blind and unappreciative admira-tion, but little prized by its recipients. But when they find a woman with enough which men bow down and do reverence as of their own nature to judge them correctly, and admire them at a true valuation—to enter into their feelings sufficiently to appreciate the depth of their nature with all their wants, longings and desires, such a woman is immortalized in

their hearts.

This is the trouble too often between men of genius and their wives. They despair finding such a one, or perhaps marry too young, before they know the wants of their own natures, and afterward in the full maturity of their powers, when their time of life is white with blossom, they suddenly feel themselves alone in the world, as far as sympathy or companionship is concerned. Then the infinite misery of an uncongenial married life begins, and ends only with death.

Fortunate indeed if afterward such a man does not find one who could have filled every desire of his heart, for then to love would be sin. This is the great uni-

versal tragedy of life.

Irene Stuart had been to Saratoga a week, and had scarcely spoken half a dozen words to any gentleman present, with the exception of an eccentric old bachelor uncle of hers, who formed one of her party. This Uncle Frank was one of those persons whose heart is so large that they can give a small portion to all whom they meet, and then seem not to be impoverished. Irene loved him rather more than any other person in the world, and made him the master confessor of her life.

Irene entered the parlor one evening about a week after their arrival, leaning on his arm. Irene knew all the untold miracles of dress, and she ever dressed different from the common fashionable butterflies of upper-tendom. So when they were flaunting ribbons and laces, she appeared in rich black velvet, with splendid white flowers for ornaments. She was looking magnificent, and every eye turned upon her as she entered. They had made half the circuit of the room, when Irene tightened her grasp upon her uncle's arm, and whispered:

"Uncle Frank, who is that?" indicating with a movement of her fan a gentleman who stood a little in advance of them. Even to an ordinary observer he was the most noticeable man in the room, and Irene's quick eye took him in at a

glance

He was of medium height, with majestic proportions, with a superb head set splendidly upon his massive shoulders, and his hair, which was thrown carelessly back from a high, white forehead, was threaded with silver. Then he had an eye, which

there is no describing, an eye with an indefinable peculiarity about it, which every one studied and no one made out. It was an eye with drooping lid; a soft eye full of dreams; an eye that would flash forth the fire of intellect when aroused. Such an eye as I have seen illumine the face of Wm. L. Yancey, when aroused in patriotic zeal, addressing his countrymen.

"My old friend Herbert Castle, as I live!" said Uncle Frank, his face bean-

"My old friend Herbert Castle, as I live!" said Uncle Frank, his face beaming over with smiles, as he quickened his pace, extending both hands toward the gentleman. The hearty greeting of the two friends being over, he turned to Irene

and presented her in due form.

Herbert Castle was a man of stupendous mind—a mind whose intellect grasped in, as it were, the universe, and seemed to comprehend everything short of the infi-A man of such versatility of talent. that he was a devoted lover of science, and one who had been admitted into her inner chambers, and was conversant with all her secrets; was a speculative philoso-pher as learned and subtle as any professed metaphysician; a thinker on political economy, second to none in the nation, and who had all the literature of both the classic and modern ages at the end of his tongue. A subtle disquisitor upon art, a learned philologist, and who knew the poetry of the world by heart; he was a man of more varied attainments than almost any other man in the country, and the versatility of whose genius prevented

his rising to fame in any one department.

And fame was one thing of which he never had the most remote dreams. To be the talk of the world was something he would have avoided in every possible way. He never came before the public in any way, save in wielding an arm in defense of State rights as an humble private. He was simply known as a highly learned, brilliant and fascinating man. He treated all women alike—politely, deferentially, but somewhat coldly—and never showed distinguishing attention to any one.

If Irene Stuart had not given herself up so completely to him he probably would have never thought any more of her than the rest at first, but he saw with his quick intuition that she was no ordinary woman; that she had a great deal of irregular genius, and a nature which was a great and wonderful study. So he talked to her as he had never talked to a woman before, talked to her till he struck upon new veins of thought which had never opened to him before; till he grew intensely interested in his own speculations, and was astonished to see that she was as much in-

terested as himself; till he found a pleasure in talking which was as a sweet, be-wildering dream—for he had never had such a listener before-till at last he grew strangely interested in this woman who was so different from any other woman he had ever met; and ere he knew it there was a spell around him which he could not break.

Irene Stuart gave herself up to the charm of his presence without one other thought or care than to enjoy as much of his society as was possible. She regarded every moment lost when she was not in his presence, and grew impatient of every interruption of their long and bewildered interviews. She grew to have no life, no being but his, and yet she lost no particle of her own individuality; if she had, his

interest in her would have ceased as suddenly as it begun.

When such a man as Herbert Castle loves it is different from the common love of common men, as rare old urns from a vintage of a thousand years ago is different from the products of last year's vines. And a strong, bewildering passion for Irene took possession of his heart with a hold which could not be loosed or weak-The days sped by them like one bewildering dream, and the hours were all drowned in goblets of rosy love. So little the common places of life entered into this strange, absorbing passion, that no words of love ever passed between them, for they did not think it necessary, for each knew the other's heart as if they had read it from an open scroll, and each was content with the knowledge, and did not care to put it in common language. The bright dream had gone on for weeks, when one evening Irene's Uncle Frank spoke to her as she came out of her room, and she stopped half impatiently, for she was going to set on the plazza with Herbert, to enjoy an intellectual repast.

"Put on your hat and mantle, Irene,

and go out with me this evening."
"Oh, Uncle Frank, I have not time to-

night; excuse me, won't you?" "Irene, there was never a moment before when you could not spare a little time to your Uncle Frank."

"Well, but it is different now."

"Yes, I know it is different now. Your life is no longer a life by itself; it flows like a river into the ocean of some other person-and I am sorry to see it, Irene,

my darling niece."
"Why sorry, Uncle Frank? pray tell."
"Because I fear something may happen from it which will bring you sorrow. It is a fearful thing to place all of one's life in another person's keeping; to have no other hope, or promise, or blessing. Think, Irene, of the possibilities of sor-row which be the more a love, and guard yourself a little more. Show some aim, or joy, or purpose, in life aside from this; then if any stroke should fall upon this absorbing love, it would not be so terri-

"What do you mean, Uncle Frank? What can possibly happen between Herbert and I?"

"That which happens to all—death

may separate you." Irene put her hand to her head, with a

grief pang, and shivered from head to foot as she murmured: "Oh my God, Uncle Frank, I had never thought of that!"

"There are other things even worse, The object of your love may prove unworthy. Is not this thought even more terrible than the first?" and Uncle Frank took her hand in his, and looked into her

"No, Uncle Frank, for there is no possibility of that. Oh, I never dread that.' "Come out with me this evening, Irene. I wish very much to have you go.

"Where are you going, Uncle?" "To see a girl about your age. Will

ou go?"
"One of your numerous protégées?"

"Yes. A young girl, whom I discovered by accident, and one who interests me more than any one else ever did. will sadden you, Irene, but you must go; you know the ways of society toward a woman who has fallen, you know how she is scorned and persecuted even unto death; while he, base, demon-hearted de-ceiver, is a pampered child of society. No frown ever meets him. The world takes him in its arms, and if it does not applaud it does not condemn. What do you think of this, Irene?

"That it is the rankest and most wicked injustice that ever cried to heaven for ven-That any one who would congeance. demn the victim and uphold the betrayer deserves the wrath of heaven in the most

fearful degree."

"Brave words, my darling; you are one of the women worthy of the name. And what do you think a lady should do who had given her love to such a demon, and should afterward discover his vil-

lainy?"
"That she should tear her own heart out and trample it with a malison upon the ground if she could get rid of it in no

other way."

"This is the place," and Uncle Frank

outskirts of town, and entered.

Irene followed him into a little room, where, upon a low bed lay a young girl, fair as a water lily, with eyes of maiden monument beauty. Nestled close to her bosom was a little babe, but a few weeks old. An aged woman, with the most heart-broken look ever seen upon a human countenance, completed the picture. Irene felt a cold thrill creep over her as she approached the bed, and took the thin white hand in her own. A strange feeling of terror crept over her like a cold wave. She felt a presentiment of coming evil when her Uncle Frank asked the young girl, whom he called Eva May, to tell her story to Irene, who sat shuddering as in an ague.

It was an old story which sad young hearts are telling all over the world—which angels are busy writing down in volumes. She told of days of careless girlhood; though poor, she was as happy as a lark, of gentle nature and careful culture in her humble home; and of all the innocent pleasures of her early and care-less life. Then how a stranger came with burning words and subtle smiles and won for himself a place in her heart. Of how gently he had wooed, and how fondly she had loved. Of how bewilderingly he had tempted, and how trustingly she had fallen into the snare. Then of desertion, and all the after misery which had worn her life away, and broken the heart of a doting mother.

Irene wept burning tears from a heart overflowing with sympathy, and her uncle stole his arm gently around her waist, and took her hand in his, and said in a husky voice, almost choked with emotion;

"Tell us the name of your betrayer."
As if every syllable had a thrill of heart-

break in it, she murmured: "Herbert Castle!"

With one shriek, which it seemed would sever the chords of her life asunder, Irene sank her head on her uncle's shoulder, and threw her arms frantically around his neck. She did not faint; she lay perfectly conscious, but motionless as marble; and when her uncle drew her close to his great, warm heart and imprinted passionate kisses on her lips, she lay cold in his embrace. He took her home, and watched by her bed-side all that night. She did not speak or move, but lay with her eyes wide open and her hands pressed tightly against her heart. The next day, she rose up calm, but did not leave her room, and her uncle sat with her and spoke

opened the door of a little cottage in the that he would take her to visit the Old World, land of poets and philosophers.

Irene listened to all this, and called him her great, beauteous, glorious, old uncle, but all in a mechanical manner, and with the very blood around her heart seeming

to freeze all the time.

She was benumbed and frozen by her great sorrow and seemed not to have a moiety of life left in her veins. She spent a week in this way, sending back no answer to the rejected and half-frantic messages of Herbert Castle, and then she yielded to her uncle's solicitations, and dressed to go down to the parlor one evening. They took their place by a baywindow which overlooked the colonade. and stood half-screened from observation. But Herbert Castle felt that she was in the room, and came towards her at once. Irene drew back as he approached, as if from a serpent, a shudder passing through her.

"Irene—Irene Stuart! what does this

mean?"

The tone was full of a reproachful ten-derness that went through her heart like an arrow. She drew herself up with a scorn that was perfectly regal, and, with a voice which was the essence of contemptuous scorn, answered:

" It means, sir, that I wish to have nothing more to do with so honorable a gentleman as Mr. Herbert Castle. Never dare to speak to me again! Never look at me again! never speak to me again, sir! I regard, sir, from this moment, that I never met you-never heard your name. Don't attempt to answer me! Good night, sir."

She turned from him with an air of imperial disdain, and was about to leave the room, when Herbert grasped her gently

by the arm, and gasped:
"For God's sake, Irene, tell me what this means?"

"Go ask the girl whose innocence you have betrayed; whose life you have blighted; whose heart you have broken what it means!" Ask Eva May, the victim of your wiles, her helpless child and broken-hearted mother."

"What infamous falsehood is this? What infernal deception has some one been

inventing?

"No one has invented this, sir," spoke up Uncle Frank. "We have the story from the young girl herself, as pure and truthful as ever was deceived."

"Come with me to her, instantly!"
And before either of them could say a word, he hurrried them from the room, and soon they entered the cottage door. of his plans for the future; of how he had Herbert advanced into the room, and the longed and hoped for her happiness, and others followed him. The invalid gave no sign of recognition towards Herbert, and, after a moment's pause, he asked her to look him full in the face and tell them if she had ever seen him before. She did so, and replied unhesitatingly that she never had.

He turned proudly towards Irene and her uncle, and they both held out their hands toward him, and Irene's head sank upon his bosom.

"The infamous scoundrel has made use

of your name, or perhaps owns one just like it," said Uncle Frank, comprehending the whole thing

'Thank God, old friend, thank God! '' When Irene and Herbert were once more alone, he whispered to her with a thrilling voice:

"Irene, will you ever doubt me again?" "Never, Herbert, God helping me!"

" And are you mine own Irene?" " All yours, Herbert, forever!"

# EBB AND FLOW.

T rushes strong and swift and mighty; ebbing never, but rising higher with added wealth and fame and power, and bold and rash must that one be who attempts to stem its resistless torrent. But many a bold and daring spirit has battled manfully against its turbulent waves, risen for a time to the surface; floated on and on, calmly as the quietude of a summer-eve-then suddenly been driven into oblivion's dark waters, never to rise again! But some there be, bold and manly spirits, in this cold world of ours, who never can be kept beneath the surface by adverse winds or the rising of the World-Tide.

Nations may arise, flash for a time across the political horizon, lighting up the dark scene with effulgent rays, then sink beneath the Tide—but remaining long enough to show us that those mighty spirits which have been driven down in the huge mass by the oppressor's tyrannical hand, will rise again; -if not in the same form, methinks, they will assume different apparel; but the same principles will be resurrected, pure as angels' solicitude

Thus do I predict that those grand spirits who raised and held the glorious Confederacy for a few brief years above the Tide, will raise it again by the helping hand of the Almighty. It is true many faint hearts would tell us that it cannot be, for many who assisted to hold the little barque above the waters of despotism, till honored graves in Dixie's sunny land, which, alas! it is painful to admit. But

softly as æolian harps of even, that such principles as State sovereignty, which has animated the heart and nerved the arm of such men as Breckenridge, Lee, Jackson and all who fought for the same glorious principles, will never sink into oblivion, but will spring up in the hearts of American patriots—and that the Tide will turn, and justice and right will again float upon the surface.

Let us now turn to the family circle. The bankrupt merchant has been carried to his long home. "Dust to dust" had the minister said; a prayer had been ut-tered, and the friends and relations had turned away from the mound, and clods rested upon the once noble, vigorous form forever.

In the drawing-room of the princely mansion, which must ere many days become the property of others, were gathered the family of the deceased. Fair, stately women, handsome, manly-looking men, and bright, rosy, wonder-stricken children were there.

The two elder daughters, in elaborate mourning, sat on a sofa, conversing in a low tone concerning the fashion of their mourning, with an occasional remark of chagrin and disappointment at the unexpected embarrassment in their father's Their husbands stood near, also affairs. talking in low tones. Across the room, half within the bay window, sat the third daughter, the pride and beauty of the family, to whom all looked to make a splen-did alliance; and with her patrician face hope whispers in my ear, and vibrates as and bearing, she would have graced

ducal coronet. Maud Mansfield was indeed gloriously, regally beautiful-that intellectual beauty which warms up with its effulgent rays all that comes within the circle of its influence—that beauty which is inherited, and is a principle characteristic of the daughters of the Sunny South—a beauty of brain, that wreathes the face with such a glorious halo, that we feel while under the influence of its spell, that we are breathing the air laden with the bird-song and the brook-melody of the land we love,

At a little distance was Clara; but one looked in vain for the beauty that distinguished her sisters. Beyond a good figure, she was not noticeable, and one would have decided also, from a look at her plain, dark face, that she had not received the gift of amiability to atone for her unloveliness of feature. Between Maud and Clara were two handsome and interesting boys. Clarence and Willis interesting boys, Clarence and Willis Mansfield. One could see at a glance that family pride was the distinguishing characteristic of the Mansfield family. Pride of birth, which no accident or caprice of Fortune could destroy—pride of position, pride of blood, pride of birth-place. By turns each of the older sisters had reigned queen of hearts and fashions in the beautiful city of Nashville, Tennessee, until now their mantles rested upon the beautiful Maud.

They, marrying with families scarcely less honorable than their own, had nothing to fear from the discovery of their father's embarrassments; but the rest of the family were totally unprovided for, except a small legacy bequeathed to Maud

by her maternal grandmother.

The door opened, and a tall, erect, manly form entered—a fine looking man. past middle age, with hair and beard streaked with silver. This was Sidney Mansfield, an only and unmarried brother of the deceased, who was received with much deference, for he was a person of importance, being possessed of a magnifi-cent fortune, and also being a man of letters. Having spent the most of his life in travel, he had only recently returned to his native land, and then had been engaged in the fearful struggle to rescue his country from the iron heel of despotism. He was therefore almost a stranger to his brother's children.

Immediately following him came a strikingly handsome and distinguished-looking man, still young, but whose grand countenance and calm, reserved manners gave one the impression of a much more

Owen had seen troubles and sorrows in early life; that the World-Tide had well nigh swept him beneath the surface; that the impressions and remembrances of which the wealth and honors that years hap heaped upon him had not power to efface. He had been highly regarded and esteemed by the late Mr. Mansfield, and had for many years been intimate with the family, and friendship for the dead as well as consideration for the living had induced him to accept the harassing task of settling

the affairs of his late friend

It was an informal business meeting to consult what was best to be done. Owen had made a hasty note of the debts and liabilities; but before proceeding to state the facts he thought necessary to mention, he looked around. and asked if all the family were present. The elder sisters exchanged significant glances, but did not reply. He still paused, and Maud Mansfield whispered to Willis, who left the room and shortly returned with a meek, pretty, fragile-looking woman, dressed in widow's weeds, with steps uncertain and feeble, as if from present or recent illness. As she entered, she raised her eyes, red and swollen with weeping, and gave a timid and deprecating glance around, that should, whatever her offenses, have softened the hearts of those proud women, and then sank into a chair. The elder and then sank into a chair. The elder ladies tossed their stately heads, but neither looked towards her nor otherwise noticed her. Clara, near whom she had chanced to sit, rose with unnecessary abruptness and took a seat with her sisters. Maud only seemed oblivious of her presence; her beautiful head rested upon her hand, and she appeared absorbed in deep thought; but it might be that she understood, even better than her sisters, the art of annihilating a person by ignoring their presence. The color came and went into the young widow's cheeks and the tears into her large blue eyes at Clara's rudeness. But how could she expect recognition or sympathy? She, an interloper, a creature of mean and obscure origin, who by her arts had inveighed the infatuated man, their father, into marriage, and had been brought by him to his palatial home to be placed over his elegant and high-bred daughters; and moreover, had resolved that she should be mistress of his home, and one morning he had informed them that if they could not treat his wife, their mother's seamstress, with the respect and consideration due, they might seek a home elsewhere. The elder daughters, already married and therefore independent of their father's will, mature age. It was said that Colonel | never deigned to notice her, but she was

not therefore exempt from the quiet sneer and covert insult of which fine ladies can

occasionally be guilty.

And what favor could poor Mrs. Mansfield find with the others?—with selfish, self-willed Clara—with Maud, high-spirited, haughty, beautiful Maud, who had never associated with any save the highbred and exclusive of her own social circle-or with the boys who at the same time liked and disobeyed and tyrannized over her.

Remembering what they all were, the bitter past—bitter, even when protected by the powerful will and influence of one who was now removed—could she—ought she, to expect an encouraging glance, as with a thought of her helpless babe, her delicate health, her destitute condition, she looked earnestly, supplicatingly into

each face?

Her heart sank like lead in her bosom, and a sigh of despair broke from her, for she saw only the cold, averted faces of the elder ladies, the scornful one of Clara and the quiet, indifferent one of Maud, still pale from recent illness, when it was said the young step-mother devoted herself to her, night and day, when no other nurse who was willing to brave the malignant disease could be found. But what of this? Was she not better fitted for menial duties than for the position to which she had been raised? What matter if her life be sacrificed to save the peerless Maud? Her place in the world, how easily filled! How

difficult, Maud's!
Under these circumstances, who could expect a belle and a beauty to be grateful, if at all, longer than the occasion for her services existed, even though her own sisters kept safely away, contenting themselves with sending rare delicacies to the sick room, which she could not eat, and inquiries which she could not answer?

In the mean time, Col. Owen had spo-ken a few words and concluded. It was as they had anticipated. There was nothing left of the merchant's reputed princely wealth. It had gone beneath the World-

Tide.

There was a pause. The elder daughters waited, hoping their wealthy, childless uncle would make some generous provis-ion for his unprovided-for nephews and But he kept in rigid silence, until it was evident that he considered himself, and wished to be considered by them as a disinterested spectator, determined to make no suggestions, offer no advice, atthough frequently appealed to, lest he stole into her cheeks, "Clara is provided should be wrongly construed. It was defor with Uncle Mansfield; Willis with you, Sister Elmore Clarance with Helen, for cided that Mrs. Elmore should take Willis Sister Elmore; Clarence with Helen, for

as an inmate of her family. Her sister Helen was to take Clarence. Evidently, neither wanted Clara; both claimed Maud. Mr. Mansfield's lip curled with scorn as he listened to the reasons each gave why she had the best claim to the regal Maud. The expression of his face as he looked at the plainness of the one and the beauty of the other, said that he divined the reason of their choice. Mr. Mansfield was a cold, eccentric, keen-judging man. Beauty would evidently find no favor with him. To the surprise of all, he now remarked that he intended to invite one of his nieces to preside over his establishment. course of the day, he would proffer his request to that effect to the one he had selected, which he hoped would not be re-fused. He glanced smilingly at Clara. A blush of exultation made Clara look, for a moment, almost pretty:—for to preside over Mr. Mansfield's elegant mansion was significant of much more in the future, for he had no heir to his immense wealth.

"There is nothing more, then?" said

Mr. Elmore.

The eye of Col. Owen rested for a moment upon the young widow. Mr. Elmore followed his glance, paused, looked at his wife, and said:

"Mrs. Mansfield will, of course, return

to her friends."

Now this might seem something of a mockery, as it was well known to all present that she was an orphan, who had been from infancy dependent on the late Mr. Mansfield for home and comforts; but it sounded well, and Mr. Elmore had a regard for appearances. He was one of those flery patriots, who, during the late strug-gle, was eloquent in soliciting others to raise an arm for State rights and freedom, but never put forth himself a helping hand—scarce even fed a hungry soldier. The poor young widow had hoped nothing, expected nothing, from the cold, un-feeling hearts there; but with these words a realizing sense of her utter helplessness came over her, and she sobbed aloud.

"'Pon honor, don't see what she can expect," Mr. Elmore muttered to his wife,

as he stroked his mustache.

Mrs. Elmore looked annoyed at her agitation; Clara contemptuous; Mr. Mansfield's sphinx-like face unreadable to any; Col. Owen's grave, calm glance went over the assembled company. Maud had sat silently observing all with an indifferent

which I am glad, although it is hard to part with my darling little brother," and her hand passed caressingly over Willis' curly head. She continued: "My own place will be with my father's widow and my helpless little brother. The income coming from the small fortune left me will, I hope, with economy, suffice us." It was as if a thunderbolt had fallen

among them, so strange, so unexpected were her words. "Eureka!" cried Col. were her words. "Eureka!" cried Col. Owen to himself, "then it is possible for a belle to have a heart and a soul." And he looked curiously at this phenomenon as if seen now for the first time, although he had, in one seuse, known her for years.

She sat still, her dark eyes raised fearlessly yet expectantly for the storm she knew must come, the flush of excitement still on the rounded cheek, her mourning robes but brightening her brilliant beauty, and for the first time Col. Owen acknowledged her marvelously beautiful. If Maud expected a storm, she was not disappointed. Words of incredulity, entreaty, remonstrance, anger, followed, but she did not waver. To one and all she simply said: "It is my duty, I promised my dying father; moreover, she saved my lite, and I will not forsake her.

Mrs. Mansfield did not comprehend at first, but now she said in grateful tones, "No, Miss Maud, you are too good; it is too great a sacrifice. You must not—your father would not wish." But at the word which reminded her of all she had lost her sobs broke forth again. Maud took her hand gently, bent and whispered a few words in her ear, and Mrs. Mansfield with-drew, for Maud knew that many an un-kind word would be spoken that would

wound her sensitive heart.

Maud Mansfield knew what she was doing. She had prayerfully weighed the matter well. She knew she would have to stem heavy breakers in the world-tide of ambition and prosperity, and that in the struggle she would be drifted far out into the waters of oblivion and neglect. But there was a harder trial than even this for her proud, sensitive heart to en-She had given—though she would not acknowledge it even to herself-all the wealth of her best affections, unsought, to one who would not prize the gift, though he knew it not, nor for worlds And it gave would she have him know. her a pang, as of death itself, to know that in future they would never meet, though a few brief words, a courteous bow, a formal taking of the hand, was all he had ever given her; but henceforth

sought of all the world, rising higher and higher on the surface in the ebb and flow of the tide; she, a star just disappearing forever from the firmament of fashion. But perhaps it was best, and with a secret sigh she looked up to meet the searching gaze of the object of her thoughts-Col.

Mr. Mansfield rose to depart. He came to Clara and said: "It is then left for you to decide. Will you come and live with an old man who will do all in his power to make you happy?" Words were not needed to express her glad assent. "Tomorrow, then," he added, "the carriage will come for you, if you can be ready. After that you will always have one at your disposel." your disposal."

Ciara gave an exultant look at the un-conscious Maud. Truth to say, kind and sisterly as Maud had ever been, she was both envious and jealous of her. As Mr. Mansfield passed Maud, he said:

"Do you know that you are doing a very foolish thing, of which you are sure to repent?"
"I could not do otherwise," she an-

swered calmly.

There was a marked respect and tenderness in Col. Owen's manner, as he took her hand and bade her good-bye.

A few weeks after this we find Mrs. Mansfield, the baby, Maud, and the house-keeper, who had insisted upon accompanying them, nicely settled in a small but pretty cottage upon the banks of a

beautiful, quiet-flowing river.

March and April passed slowly, and somewhat wearily, to the inmates of this little home. Mrs. Mansfield was recovering her strength, though, and baby had become a miracle of health and beauty, at least so both his mother and sister thought. If the latter tired of the monotony of her present life, if the contrast with the brilliant, happy past ever gave her keen pain and regret, if she had ever yearned for news from her family, who had to all appearance forgotten her, if she was ever sad from any other cause, Mrs. Mansfied never knew it. Ever kind, self-forgetful cheerful, often gay, always busy, she seemed little like the proud, beautiful girl of the past, and Mrs. Mansfield almost

regarded her with feelings of adoration.
Warm weather now came, and Maudbusied herself in their little garden. "She would make it a second Eden, though on a small scale," she laughingly said. their worlds were different; he, honored, always had been fond of flowers, though

had never cultivated them, and her new employment gave her great delight. She succeeded admirably. Even the feeblest

slips grew under her care.

One pleasant June morning found Maud as usual in the garden. She looked blooming and happy. So busy and engrossed had she been of late, that she had given no time to indulge in sad thoughts. She tied up here and there a straggling vine, trimmed some plants, uprooted some intruding weeds, visited her strawberry bed, then, with a basket of cut flowers, returned to the house. As she passed the sitting-room window, which was shaded by vines, she saw, without observing particularly, some one sitting where she had left Mrs. Mansfield and the baby.

"Open your mouth," she said gayly, reaching the crimson fruit through the vines. "Does anybody's garden raise more delicious fruit than mine? Come, confess I am a born agriculturist."

The hand was taken in a friendly grasp. "I am afraid, Miss Mansfield, to appropriate what I am sure was not intended for me," said a mellow, manly voice, which sent the blood bounding through her veins, though she could not see the speaker. He could see better the beautiful face through the frame-work of green; and though neither a vain nor a very observant man in these matters, he did wonder at the tremor of the little hand, and questioned whether he had anything to do with the brilliant color that had so suddenly died her cheeks.

Maud recovered her self-possession by the time she entered the room. She greeted him cordially. "He was such a

stranger," she said.

"She would not have been able to say that with so much truth," he replied, "but that he had heen absent some weeks

on a professional tour."

Maud was yearning for news from home. Though in their anger they had disowned her, her affections for, and interest in them, had not decreased. He had seen them all that morning, and could tell her all she wished to know. She did not question, but he saw the eager, wistful expression of the face, and was led by it to remember everything that a man could be expected to remember, and by effort something more. The unshed tears in the dark eyes as he repeated some childish remark of her little brother, moved him deeply.

None of them knew of my coming," he said, "I did not know it myself, else they would have sent some message, some

token of their remembrance."

Maud turned away. She felt they were words meant for her comfort, but she could not appreciate them. He saw the more merit, and divined the cause, and a feeling of indignation against her heartless family rose in his breast. Mrs. Mansfield had been absent from the room during this conversation, but she now returned, and the subject was not renewed.

The gentleman visitor developed for the first time in his life a talent for gossip; related various items concerning those they had once known. Maud had never known him in such a mood. Always gay, witty, good humored, satirical, and she knew he had gone out of his usual course to please them, thinking they were anxious to know something of the great world they had just left; but they grew very merry withal, and it was difficult to tell whose was the deepest dimples, Maud's or baby's, who laughed and crowed with all his might. Maud took it for granted that their visitor would dine with them, and now quietly, with her little servant's assistance, prepared dinner. She never thought of banishing him to the parlor, though obliged to ask him to move, so she could get to the closet, for their sitting-room was also their dining-room. And somehow the place, the room, all suited him. He had cast aside his usual reserve, and talked freely and easily with Mrs. Mansfield and Maud, and actually tried, with Mrs. Mansfield's assistance, to get baby to set on his lap, and made an effort to talk a baby language to please the little cherub, at the same time losing none of Maud's graceful, quiet movements as she flitted back and forth, from closet to table, from table to kitchen. He saw with satisfaction that she felt no embarrassment or humiliation in being seen engaged in menial duties. The food was simple, and there was no great variety, but it was well cooked and well served, and it had been long since the guest had enjoyed such a delicious meal. No apologies were made for the simple fare and he felt that none were needed.

Nearly the whole way home that evening the wise and learned Col. Owen wondered upon one trivial circumstance. Why did Maud color so deeply upon meeting him? She was too self-possessed, too much accustomed to society, to blush from fausse honte. Why blush at meeting him? He was indifferent to the blushes while he observed them. Why then did that one single blush of Maud's so impress him? He must go again before long. They were Mr. Mansfled's widow and daughter, and it was a duty he owed to

family.

Besides, had he not resolved to read this phenomenon -a young girl who had renounced pleasure, position and luxury to share her income with this woman and child? And would she blush when she saw him again? He would go and see.

It was a month before he went to the cottage again, and then early in the evening he suddenly appeared before Maud, who was watering the flowers in the garden. Again that beautiful, vivid blush. Is it possible that common thing, a woman's blush, had anything to do with the longing pressure he gave her hand, which certainly did not tend to lessen the crim-son of her cheeks. Mrs. Mansfield was engaged with the baby, who was not very well that evening, and they sat together in the twilight. Here was the opportunity he wished for to learn more of this phenomenon, and he improved it. He was an excellent reader of human nature. he found in this brilliant woman to admire, much that he little deemed could be found in woman. A mind well stored with lofty knowledge, yet, withal, he discerned faults; but he was a rash man to come within Maud's influence unless he was willing to love her faults and all. came after this, and always saw that vivid It gave him strange pleasure, and he did not ask himself why.

"This view always reminds me of that from the library of my country house," he casually remarked to Mrs. Mansfield, as he sat at the window of the sitting-

room.

"You do not reside there much?" ques-

tioned Mrs. Mansfied.

"No, it is too large and lonely for an old Sometime, when bachelor like me. marry, I will reside there half my time. "Then you do sometimes think of mar-

rying?" said Mrs. Mansfield.

"Sometimes! my dear Mrs. Mansfield. Pray don't use so indefinite a term. than six months, I hope, will find me a Benedict.'

Maud had entered the room in time to hear the last words. She turned deadly pale. Talking gayly still, he turned to her. The words were arrested on his lips. What was the matter? Was she ill? He studied a moment, and then he trembled with strange happiness, and a proud, ten-

der light shone in his fine expressive eyes.

"Miss Maud, we are keeping this boy awake. The moon is just rising, let us

walk to the river."

Maud knew not how to decline, and was soon walking beside him. In spite of her they lost all.

them, neglected as they were by their efforts, her manner was constrained. She tried in vain to think of something to say. The evening was cool, the moon was bright; all this he knew without her affirming it, as she walked so with this intolerable pain at her heart, which he, beside her, had caused, and from whom it must be concealed. They stood silently looking at the waters where the moon was reflected. Clouds suddenly obscured the moon, and a cool breeze sprang up. Maud shivered.

"Are you cold?" he said, looking down at her with his grave, sweet smile, and he carefully folded her shawl more closely about her. "It grows chilly-let

us go home."
"Home!" he repeated, thoughtfully. "I use the word freely enough, yet I have none. Maud."—and he turned quietly to her—"I want a home, and a wife. Will you make the one in being the other? I have a fine country seat waiting to receive a bride. There is room for baby and its mother, and others dear to you. Maud, will you not say 'our home?' I love you as scarce ever man loved woman. My darling, come, warm up my whole being with your sunshine, my peerless one!"

She murmured something unintelligi-ble, but he understood, and folded this proud, regal woman to his heart, and felt that with her gentle words and genial smiles, he could now stem the current of the world-tide with a nerved arm and a

brave heart.

Happiness and fortune smiled upon Maud almost at the same time. weeks previous to her marriage with Col. Owen, her uncle died. He bequeathed five thousand to Clara, the same amount to the little boys and baby, and the remainder, the bulk of his property, to his beloved niece, Maud, whom he found to be the noble woman whose philanthropy had rendered her name immortal in the hearts of Confederate soldiers.

It is well to add that as the world-tide bore Maud to its surface, it plunged, her proud sisters, who should have been her friends, deep beneath the angry billows of

adversity.

A change in financial affairs often, in a day, will make the princely merchant a bankrupt. But it was not this that beggared the husbands of Maud's haughty sisters. Their feelings were with the South, but being like many others of the South's renegade sons not willing to sacrifice property, and life too, if need be, for principle; endeavoring to keep in safe waters by sailing in the bark of policy,

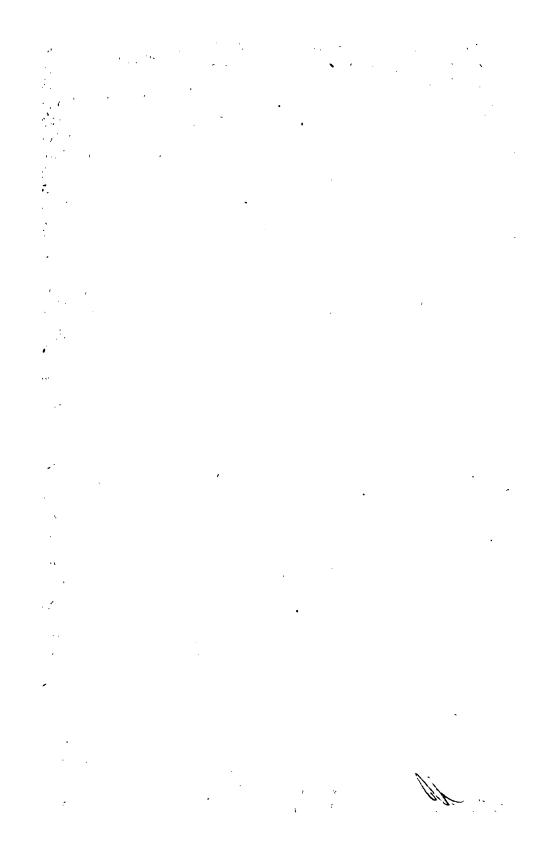
When the Federals first possessed themselves of the beautiful city of Nashville, they endeavored to sail on a popular billow by wearing the name of Union men, and thus practiced their deception successfully for a time; but murder will out, and when the tide turned, their good Union friends rewarded their many noble, charitable acts by coolly confiscating all of their

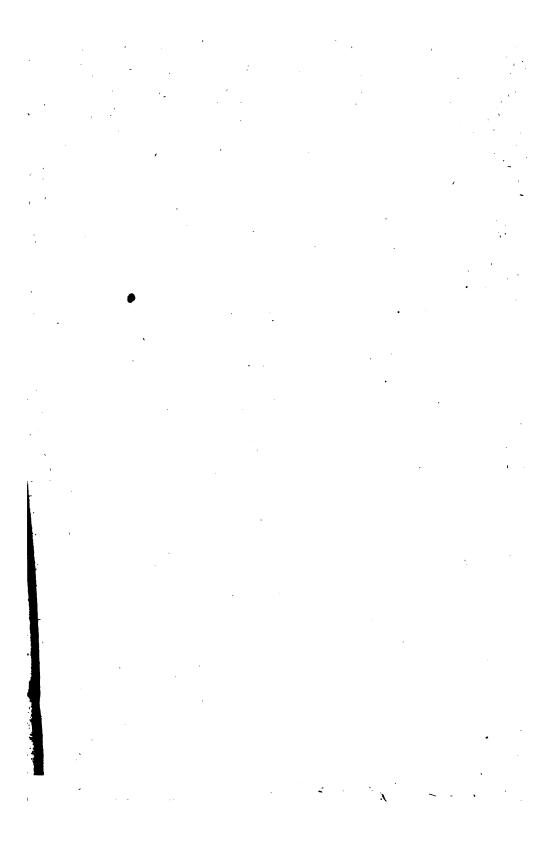
worldly goods to themselves.

And Clara, what of her? Why, she was one of those numerous young Southern ladies who became so suddenly converted in the cause of the Union that they united themselves to the first Yankee shoulderstrap gent who offered to share his blue with them. But Clara was unfortunate,

her shallow little head to visit Nashville and surprise her liege lord with her presence, which of course opened Clara's eyes sufficiently to see that all was not gold that was covered with blue cloth and brass buttons! But Maud and her noble husband are endeavoring by their kindness in taking the erring sister home, to teach her that happiness is only found in a strict adherence to principle, and not policy and deception.

And may many who are now bowing at the shrine of policy learn, ere they are swept beneath the billows of the World-Tide, that the only avenue through which they can obtain happiness, socially, relig-iously, or politically, is by boldly contendfor, ere her honeymoon was passed, her darling captain's Northern wife became uneasy at his long silence, and took it into principle!







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